MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 9 No. 1 35p

AUSTRIA 40 SCH BELGIUM 70 FRS DENMARK 6·25 KR FINLAND 5·90 FM FRANCE 6 NF GERMANY 5 DM HOLLAND 4·90 FL NORWAY 6·90 KR SWEDEN 6·90 KR SWITZERLAND 6·50 FRS CANADA $1·25

BARED: SWEDEN'S RISING SEX STAR

BLOODY JANUARY: the Army's most costly catastrophe

THE AMAZING ART OF THE KINKY COMIC

YOUR SEX QUERIES ANALYSED: new reader service

BIRGETTA IS BACK

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST-SELLING MAN'S MAGAZINE

---

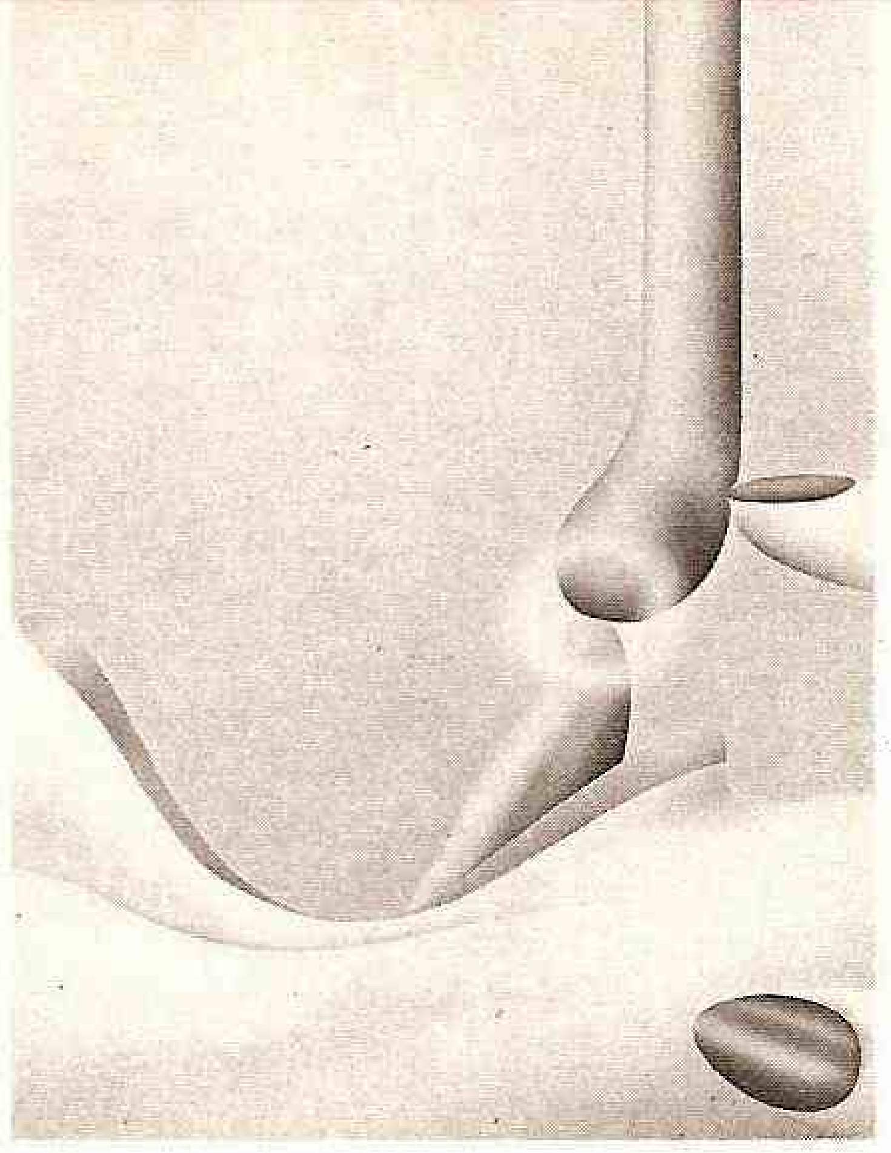
adultmagz.top

MAYFAIR

incorporating King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

VOLUME 9 NUMBER 1 ABC net paid circulation 409,442



On the tip of the tongue, page 8. Allards, page 60

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
Bloody January:	Massacre up the Khyber	*Gerald Rawling*	16
Tough Titty:	Comics with sex appeal	*Hans Siden*	40

GIRLS

Christine:	Stripped down model		28
Lisbeth Lindeborg:	Up and coming sex star	*Clive McLean*	51
Birgetta and Kay:	Barest bed-sit girls		64
Paula:	A spanking good bird		82

HUMOUR

Sick jokes:	Pep pill talk	*Peter Maddocks*	19
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Spicy tales for dessert		42
Horseplay:	Getting a kick out of fillies	*Illustrated by Ronald Cobb*	70
Carrie:	Wrapped in a bare hug	*Don Lawrence*	112

INFORMERS

Motoring:	Artful Allards	*William Boddy*	60
Second Opinion:	*Mayfair's* new medical consultancy	*Dr. Charles Vintner*	76
Quest:	When men aren't around		91

FICTION

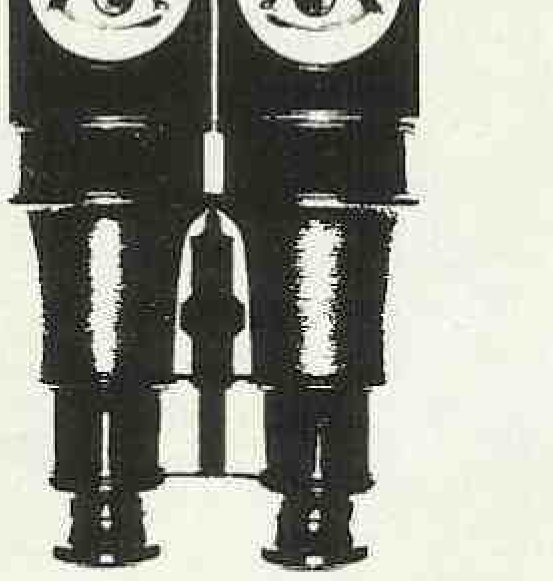
Bird in the Hand:	Sunday morning lay-in	*E. di Lorenzo*	8
Three's Company:	Boring her pants off	*Sam Buffington*	34
Virginia and the Big Bully:	How to score at hockey	*Mervyn Yates*	46

READER SERVICES **Calendar offer**/page 6 **Letters**/page 7 **Back numbers**/page 103 **Book Club**/page 22 **Record Offer**/page 38 **Subscription details**/page 107 **Film Society**/page 104

CRITICS **Books:** *Arthur Pottersman* **Films:** *David Quinlan* **Discs:** *Peter Hopkin* **Nightlife:** *Kenneth Dowd* 19

Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Art Editor **Jim Bunker**/Fiction Editor **Gerald Cole**/Production Editor **Roger Williams**/Photography **Clive McLean**/Motoring **William Boddy**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Brian Giddings M.Inst.M.**/published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 64 Ealing Road, Wembley/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Binding by W. M. Mackie (Bookbinders) Ltd./Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Welcome to a great new year. Here on *Mayfair* we have plans to make 1974 the most memorable yet in the history of the magazine.

Firstly, a few statistics. Apologies for pushing numbers at you but so many people shout so loudly about what they think their supposed success to be that when the real facts emerge some time later the truth is often overlooked.

Let us state plainly and particularly that *Mayfair* is the biggest-selling men's magazine in Britain. The only real test of this claim is the independent Audit Bureau of Circulations which accept the figures from auditors and has the right to question and query them.

The most recent ABC figures in the men's magazine field are now complete at the time of writing. The position at the top of the league for monthly men's magazine sales is:

Mayfair 409,442
Men Only 389,697
Penthouse 366,658

In addition, *Mayfair* figures are still rising. At the moment we are printing over 550,000 copies a month.

There is one further significance that these figures underline. *Mayfair* is now the third biggest monthly magazine *of any type* in the country. Only *Reader's Digest* and one of the women's magazines can over top us. A long long way behind are such famous names as *She, Punch, Nova,* and *Cosmopolitan.*

There could be no more convincing fact, that needs no endorsing from us to show the high level of acceptability of *Mayfair* and its importance to a wide range of people. No further proof is needed that we have long outgrown that dreary and dated description of 'girlie' magazine.

Which brings us quite suitably to the question of Mr Carr and the proposed new Bill to curb the display of 'indecent' matter. Many of you have asked us what it will all mean and where we stand.

It is easier to answer the second part of the question than the first. We stand strongly on two major planks. Firstly we unreservedly support the idea behind the Home Secretary's Bill. It is that people should not be forced to see that which they do not want to see. We have tried for years already to follow that policy with regard to the covers of *Mayfair*.

That is why although you occasionally have seen the nuance of a nipple on the cover of *Mayfair* you have never seen, as one reader crudely but honestly phrased it, 'a nice pair of nude knockers' on the front of *Mayfair*. This was on the principle that the Colonel may enjoy the full frontals in his favourite magazine, but the Colonel's lady, who may or may not share Kipling's characteristics, does not have to have her eyeballs offended by full frontals on the cover. The proposed Bill seems to make the touchstone of acceptability the word 'indecency' and then proposes to allow the courts to decide what 'indecency' is.

So until the Bill becomes law we must wait to see what will happen. We presume that in these 1970's partial nudity will not be deemed indecent or the beaches of Britain will be empty.

The second of our standpoints has to be stated as quietly and unbelligerently as possible. It it this. In six years of editing *Mayfair* we have learnt an enormous amount about the real likes and dislikes of most men, their weaknesses, strengths, feelings and emotions. The readership of *Mayfair* (not the sales) totals many millions of men. We know they like *Mayfair* because they buy it regularly (we do not have major sales dips or crests). They number peers and students, pensioners and teenagers, captains of industry, corporals of horse. Our contributors are the same. Two of our most regular writers are an Army captain and a West Country bank manager. This vast tapestry of people share one thing in common. They all like *Mayfair*. And that is great strength. The very normality of it means that in a reasonable democracy men would not vote for a political party that proposed to ban a magazine like *Mayfair*. Imagine the outcry if a magazine like *Honey* was politically stifled. And we can command twice the sales strength of *Honey*. All this is a far cry from hard pornography which may well be the main target of the new Bill. But as history so clearly shows backlashes have many unintended victims. If you care about the magazine as much as we do, then we should have nothing to fear.

On pages 76/77 of this issue we launch 'Second Opinion' our new reader service. This is a result of the letters we have steadily received over the months from readers. These letters clearly show that readers treat *Mayfair* as a confidant and can tell us problems and situations which they find difficulty in divulging to friends or even their doctor. At first this posed a dilemma for us since many of these queries needed advice that we were not qualified to give. Now, under the pseudonym of Dr Charles Vintner, we have engaged the services of a doctor and psychologist of great practical experience in handling problems of the sort posed by readers. We also feel his wide general knowledge will be of benefit to readers who are just seeking a second opinion, so to speak, on queries of sexual etiquette, or indeed any of the interesting topics which can arise for a man in pursuit of health and happiness.

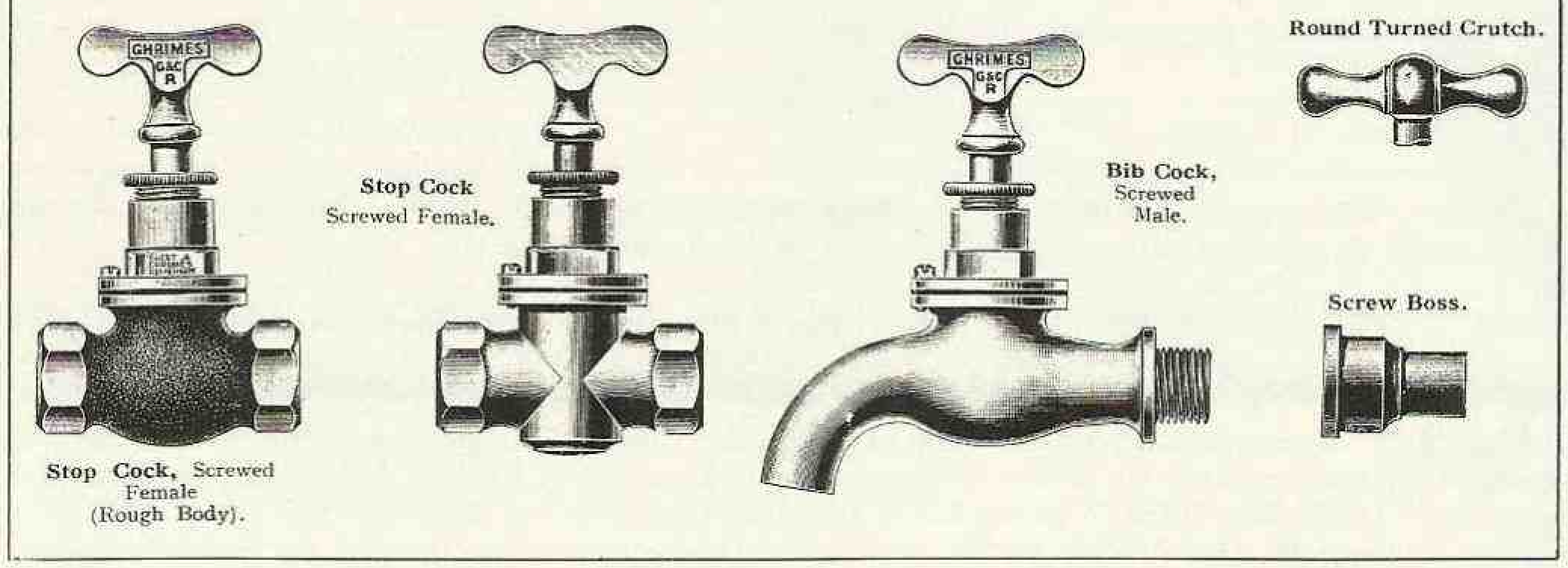
While the rest of the world has been whispering naughty words when the boss is out of earshot, plumbers have unblushingly incorporated them into their daily trade.

'Excuse me madam,' a young apprentice lad may well say on calling at a house, 'but the female ends of your lodger's steam cocks (with stuffing box) needs vital attention.'

The lady is advised to let him in, because as sure as eggs is eggs the ground plugs with draw off taps and a screwed male at the inlet with hexagon shoulders and cleansing plug nose is also going to need a swift going over.

And when the likely lad and the lucky lady get down to it the apprentice is ready at any moment to dip into his bag and pull out his lugs for screwing on the edge of wood cisterns, a handy little device no plumber is ever without.

This language is not a product of our newly enlightened age either, for the catalogue from which the pictures printed here have come is dated 1945 and was sent in by a reader from Gloucester.



The universal language of plumbers' parts, taken from the catalogue of 'British Standard Cocks'.

START THE YEAR IN SHEER DELIGHT

with Marie. She's guaranteed to keep you warm for a long winter month. She joins 11 other beautiful birds in the fabulous 1974 Mayfair Calendar. Sweet and sexy, suave and sophisticated, tantalising and tigerish – whatever your taste there's the girl for you in this unbeatable and richly coloured collection. And they're all available to you. But, don't delay. If the demand keeps up stocks will be gone in a matter of weeks.

Each calendar is sent to you in a plain, flat envelope to keep it crease-free.

This fantastic calendar costs just 85p – not a bad price to pay to have twelve gorgeous girls decorating your walls for a whole year.

Send your orders to Calendar 1974, Mayfair, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me..................copies of the 1974 Mayfair Calendar. I enclose cheque/postal order for

....

Name..................................

Address..................................

....

....

.... M91

Price includes postage.

Free. The card that saves you money in 3,250 places all over the country.

Use a Countdown Card for three months, and you'll soon begin to wonder how you managed without one.

Because with your card you'll get 10% off marked prices when you pay by cash or cheque in 3,250 places all over the country (including well-known high street retailers where you'd never normally get discounts).

And on some things, like electrical goods, you'll get as much as 40% off.

If that sounds too good to miss, send off now for your Countdown Card and your free handbook listing the places you can use your card.

Things you get cheaper with a Countdown Card.

Shoes: clothes: records: furniture: jewellery: watches: motor accessories: loans: car hire: insurance: hairdressing: sauna baths: beauty treatments: restaurant and hotel bills: membership of nightclubs and discotheques (free): sports goods: bridal wear: children's wear: gifts: dress hire: florists: leather goods: musical instruments: photographic equipment: wine: new cars: laundry and cleaning: gardening and DIY equipment: electrical goods (up to 40% off).

Some places you'll want to use your Countdown Card.

RAVEL SHOES
HARRY FENTON
MATES BY IRVINE SELLARS
JOHN STEPHEN
LORD JOHN
TAKE SIX
PETER BROWN
ALKIT
BLADES OF SAVILE ROW
SKINCRAFT
SUEDECRAFT
JOAN BARRIE
HELENE
CHE GUEVARA
JANE NORMAN
JUST LOOKING
H. SAMUEL
SHEEPSKIN SHOP
VERNON FASHIONS
LONDON FASHION CENTRE
YOUNGS DRESS HIRE
COLLINS CLEANERS
ROBERT FIELDING HAIRDRESSING
CRIMPERS
MANDERS PAINTS
NORLOND D.I.Y. CENTRES
LOUVRE CENTRES
WILLIAMS FURNITURE
LAMPSHADES
ATHENA ART
NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA
GALT TOYS
WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND
J. WEIR JEWELLERS
ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL
ANCHOR HOTELS & TAVERNS
REO STAKIS HOTELS
ANGUS STEAK HOUSES
FLANAGANS
MARIO & FRANCO'S TRAT WEST
JUSTERINI & BROOKS WINE
COGSWELL & HARRISON
VIRGIN RECORDS
GODFREY DAVIS
COLT CHILDREN'S WEAR

Three months free trial.

I would like to take advantage of your COMPLETELY FREE trial membership offer for 3 months. I understand that to discontinue membership I simply have to write to you within the 3 months Free Trial period, enclosing my card and handbook and you will cancel my Banker's Order. Send no money with this coupon.

Please PRINT name: Mr/Mrs/Miss____________________

Address:____________________

Please complete the name and address of your Bank below:

To:____________________Bank Ltd

Address:____________________

____

Please pay Royal Bank of Scotland Ltd. (70-11-14) 115 Regent Street, London W1 for the credit of Countdown (A/C No. 00129697) the sum of £4.00/£4.50★ on 15 April 1974 and annually thereafter until cancelled.

Your signature:____________________

★If you are married take advantage of our special scheme and get two cards for £4.50 but don't forget to give us your spouse's name:

Mr/Mrs____________________

This payment can ONLY be made on a current account. If you prefer to pay GIRO tick here ☐

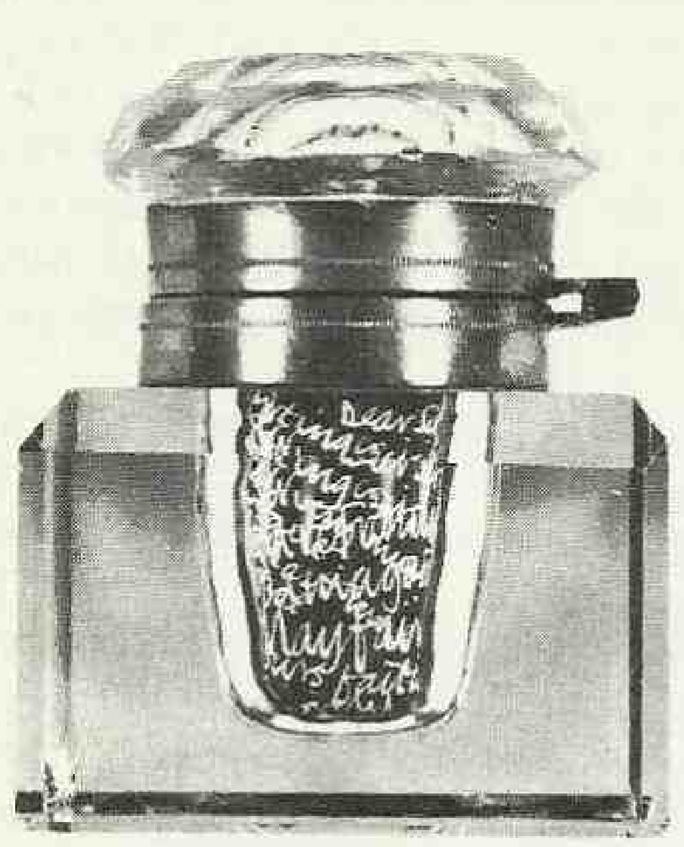
Countdown

To: Countdown, 102 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0JG.

MAY11

Registered Office, Countdown Ltd. 295 Regent Street, London W1R 8HS. Registered in England No. 986149.

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I read a case in the paper recently where a man in Ealing was fined £10 for tampering with the '5' on his number plate to make it look like an 'S'. His number was PEN 15. I have heard that Jimmy Tarbuck's number plate is COM 1C, but can anyone think of any embarrassments the new numbers, ending with a letter, might cause?
Lawrence Rose, Putney, SW15

Guess it's an AX 10M of grouping any sets of numbers and letters together.

In the seven years we have lived together my girlfriend and I have made love both in a car (as have many other couples!) and on a train. In your 'Quest' survey, in Vol. 8 No. 1 you state that a lavatory in a plane is an almost impossible place to have sexual intercourse. Sandra and I found it easy enough – easier than on the train, in fact. We made love on a train while returning from a trip to a South Coast resort, soon after we started living together. I was able to fondle her breast under cover of the loose fitting jacket she was wearing. Through her blouse and bra I could feel her nipple becoming firm. After a while she grabbed my wrist and asked me to stop because I was getting her too worked up. A few minutes later I started to caress her again. She then suggested that we went into the loo. As I locked the door she reached out to see if I had an erection. I did, and with a mischievous look in her eyes she pulled down her pants. I immediately unzipped myself and took out my rampant penis. 'You'll have to sit here,' she said huskily. And she stood up and told me to take off my trousers. I sat on the toilet and she straddled me, reaching down to guide me into her receptive vagina. The jogging movement of the train soon brought us both to a climax, one of the most satisfying we have ever experienced.

Last August we flew to London from Kennedy Airport, New York. Soon after take-off we had cocktails, followed by a snack and a film. The film was not very interesting and Sandra and I started to snog. She had a window seat on my right and the seat on my left was vacant. The passengers across the aisle from us were engrossed in the film so I was able to openly fondle not only her breasts, but also to put my hand up her short dress and caress her between her thighs. In a short time the crotch of both her tights and her pants were very moist. She begged me not to let her come and suggested, once again, that we went to the loo. 'You go first,' she said, 'and I'll follow'. I slipped away and a few minutes later Sandra came to join me. We locked the door and I quickly helped her off with her pants and tights. It was her turn to help me with my slacks and we embraced, with her dress and slip up around her hips. I pushed her backwards until her buttocks rested on the console that formed the wash basin and make-up table. She locked her legs about me and I entered her. In the mirror behind us I was able to watch both of us actually in the act of coitus.

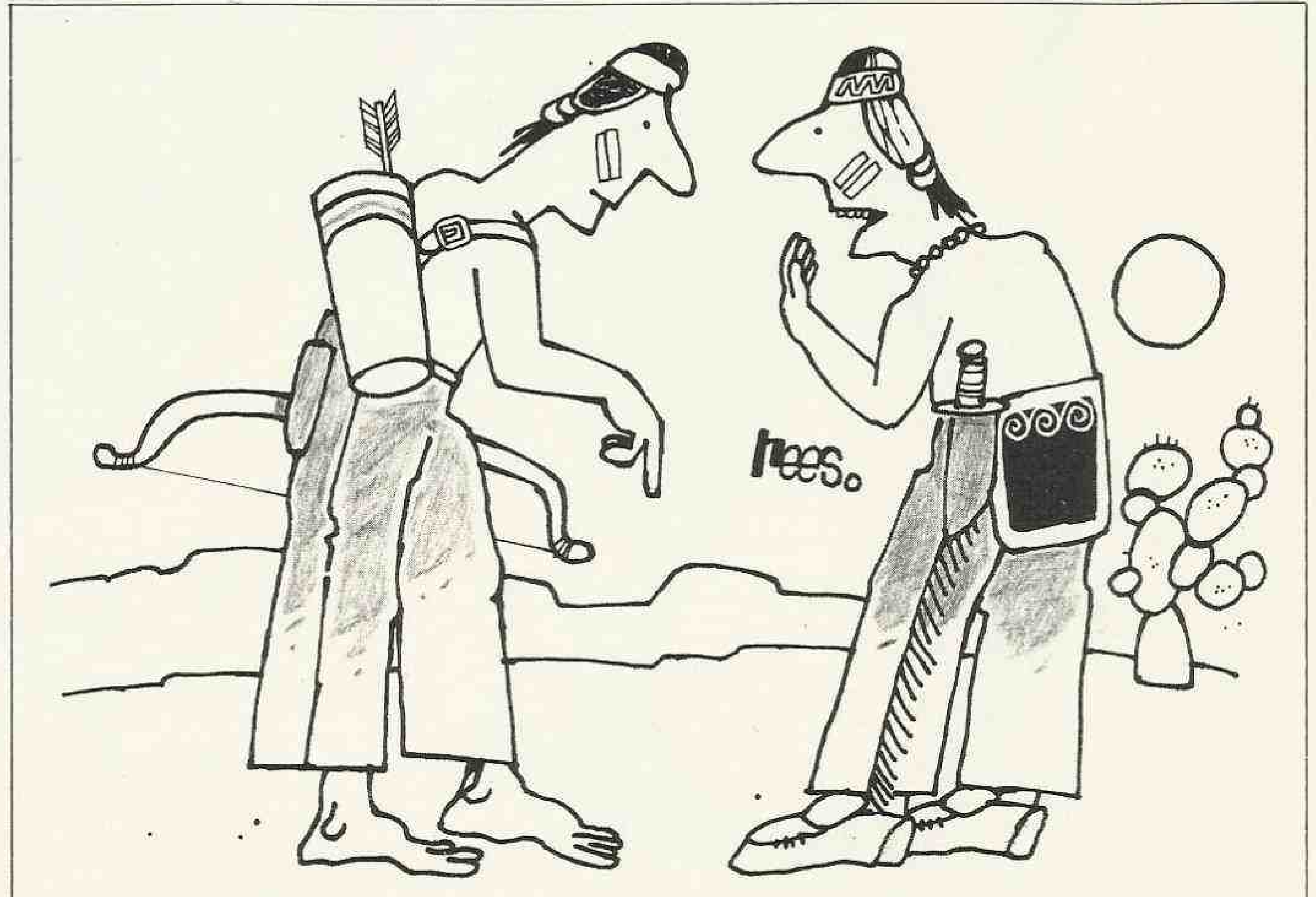
Both Sandra and I liked the pictures of Francesca (Vol. 8 No. 11). My first 'view' of Sandra was of her pantie-covered vulva. She was going up some ice covered steps at a railway station one February morning when she slipped and grazed her shin! Sometimes too, like Francesca, Sandra will suddenly, while seated, part her knees and show me the crotch of her pants. This is her way of letting me know she is feeling randy, and she knows that this is one sure way of getting me horny! When this happens in company I know that it is either time to take Sandra home – or get rid of the company!
G.P., (name and address supplied)

I am gradually becoming a convert to your magazine. The last issue (Vol. 8 No. 11) certainly lived up to its cover. What a delightful dolly you gave us in Miss Miranda Kay, and didn't the president's daughter have a wonderful bushy tail, depicted to advantage in the photograph at the bottom of page 65!

I would however like to reiterate the pleas of your correspondent C. Dixon of Dartford and ask for more and larger photographs of the girls in their normal clothes – but showing a little something all the same! An example is the shot of Francesca bending down in the doorway which really turned me on and in my estimation deserved a page to itself. And wouldn't Miranda have looked delectable in typical 'London Dolly' uniform of kinky black boots, red mini-skirt (with or without white panties) and tight white sweater or see-through blouse?
R.D.B., Bedford

As a London taxi-driver I've had my fair share of unusual experiences, including the occasional offer from the 'fairer sex.' I don't mean the mutual lustings that finish up with a visit to her flat, but the propositions you sometimes get with a fee guaranteed – a la 'Midnight Cowboy.' This happened to me recently when I picked up a very English lady from Claridges Hotel and was directed towards Chelsea. She was a big, buxom woman, the wrong side of 50, but wearing well. When I arrived at the number she wanted she got out of the cab and in an impeccable Roedean accent asked if I'd mind coming upstairs with her, because she'd forgotten her purse. With an accent like that the thought of the 'other' never crossed my mind. She left me in the lounge and went off some-

turn to page 12



'Actually they were a do-it-yourself kit from a shop in Oxford Street . . .'

LETTERS

continued from page 7

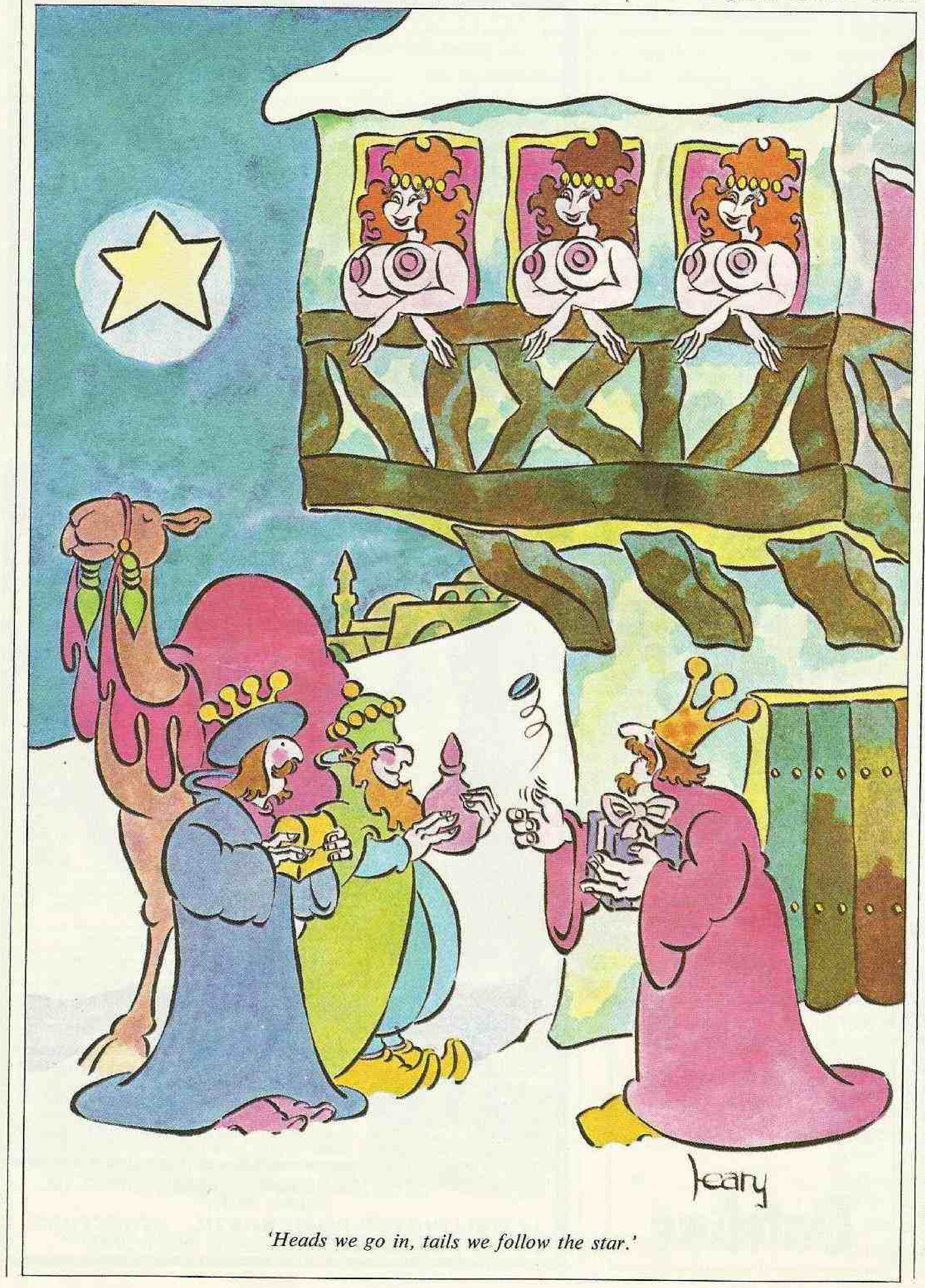
where to get her money, returning a couple of minutes later. Then out of the blue she said, 'Would you be embarrassed if I asked you for an intimate favour?' I said I wouldn't; it took a lot to embarrass me. 'Well, I'll be perfectly frank,' she said, 'I need a good screw and I'm perfectly willing to pay for it.' Before I could reply she started on about how she was married to an army man, a colonel in fact, who'd recently died, and now she was lonely and missed all her old sex life and so on. The punch line came at the end. 'I wouldn't insult you by offering you money,' she said, 'but if you do what I ask you can take any item in the flat you want.' How could I refuse a lady? She was so on heat that she probably created a world speed record for reaching her climax – I wonder if they have performances like that listed in the Guinness Book of Records?
A.E.T., London NW5

Very doubtful. But we're sure readers will be interested to hear from other cabbies, drivers, and sundry travellers who have had similarly unexpected experiences.

For several months now I have been meaning to write to complain about the layout of your stories and articles. Although witty, well-written and interesting, they all suffer from being spread over the whole of the magazine with jumps of sometimes 80-odd pages from one sentence to the next. And now what do you do? You publish Vol. 8 No. 11 with such delightful bottom shots as those of Annette (p. 35), Miranda (p. 54) and Ingrid (page 85). Gentlemen, you remove all cause for complaint – with photographs such as these who *cares* about articles.
T. Whitham, Sheffield

As a female doctor I feel I must take issue with A.E. of Brighton (Vol. 8 No. 10) who claims a great awareness of women's sexual needs and feelings. I, of course, agree with his first point, namely that – in the well-known phrase – 'long and thin goes too far in: short and thick does the trick.' I often find myself having to reassure young girls whose sexual education has been confined to a few lectures of an alarmist nature at school, with perhaps a film thrown in, and a pamphlet or book from Mum, invariably reinforced with 'old wives' tales' and discussion with other girls of their own age no more experienced than themselves. The points that register on these girls, apart from the risk of becoming pregnant, are:
(1) the woman's vagina is about 3½-4 inches long; (2) intercourse can be painful and certainly will be on the first occasion; (3) the man's penis can be seven or eight inches long; (4) in intercourse the man will be excited and therefore not in complete control of himself. No wonder the girls are worried! They have nightmares of a sex-crazed man advancing on them, brandishing an eight-inch erection, intent on the dreadful deed. They very seldom express their fears directly, more often complaining of some vague menstrual disorder, then clumsily and shyly steering the conversation round to the real trouble.
I make this point at some length to show that girls generally have a fear of intercourse and especially of a large penis. Thus far, I am in agreement with A.E., but on the question of a woman's reaction to a man having a copious and violent ejaculation inside her, though he claims the support of Kinsey, I disagree entirely, and have many patients to support my view. I prescribe the Pill freely to women who find the risk of relying on any other method of birth control unacceptable. When I next see them they will

turn to page 15



'Heads we go in, tails we follow the star.'

Prize Virginia tobaccos from the makers of Britain's finest cigarettes
A long moment of pleasure.
Piccadilly King Size
PICCADILLY
KING SIZE FILTER
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

The
Grosvenor Service
01-629 3315
London's
High-Class Visiting Massage

DARE YOU PLAY LIBIDO?

The best-selling adult board game of sexual relations, the swinging British game sweeping the world. Sophisticated, provocative, amusing, guaranteed to dispel inhibitions: LIBIDO is the perfect icebreaker for lively adults.

If you're prepared to reveal your passionate self, to pay the sex tax or the celibate's levy, go straight to bed and contribute to virginal protection week, you're ready to play LIBIDO.

Described by the Sunday Times as 'a very naughty game', LIBIDO is the perfect gift, welcome everywhere. Show us a better sex game and we'll return your money.

£3·45 plus 30p P & P
Dept. MA18, Catalyst Products Ltd., 3 Northwood Road, London N6 5TL.
Callers welcome Mon.–Sat. 8 am–7 pm

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

FIVE STAR VISITING MASSAGE SERVICE

Qualified Masseuses will visit your home or hotel. Reliable service.

Telephone us now
01-722 9791
From 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

(Copies of our diploma from the Arnould-Taylor Therapy College have been lodged with Mayfair Magazine.)

anne coult's
sauna FOR MEN
massage
Private luxury Sauna plus a complete range of heat and vibratic treatments.
01 486 6482 Access and Barclaycard accepted
55 blandford st W1
Under the personal supervision of Anne Coult SRN. ONC. and fully qualified staff in a friendly atmosphere of total relaxation

family planning
SAVE 40% OR MORE

Join the thousands who regularly use our confidential 'by-return' postal service to purchase their requisites. First quality factory-fresh goods only – plus best-ever discounts.

DUREX GOSSAMER
9 21p packets sent for £1.

FETHERLITE (or NU-FORM)
6 27p packets sent for £1.

New form-fitting **AMERICAN CONTURE** for supreme sensitivity
8 27p packets sent for £1.

Full price list, free sample and 95p introductory voucher included with all orders and enquiries
SUPERIA SUPPLIES (Dept. M2) 8 Brunswick Place, Hove, Sussex

JANE SCOTT
for genuine friends
Introductions
opposite sex with
sincerity and
thoughtfulness
DETAILS FREE
3p Stamp to Jane Scott,
50/MAY, Maddox St., London W1R 0LY

Linda
massage
Treat yourself; be pampered at your place or ours.
London Saunas
47 Bedford St., WC2
Tel: 01-240 2748 (24 hour service)
London Saunaversity
140 Marylebone Road, NW1
Tel: 01-486 2218
ALSO London Masseuse Agency offers interesting careers to young attractive girls.

IN LONDON?
remember.....
Two's Company
We are new and aim to please. Let us provide you with attractive and interesting company.
telephone 328 5314 between 12 noon and 12 midnight

LETTERS

continued from page 12

often admit that while they continue to rely on the Pill their husbands are still using condoms 'so as not to make a mess.' This attitude is sometimes distressing for the men who regard their ejaculation as the supreme gift of their love. Nevertheless the women's point of view is completely understandable in the context of their having been brought up to regard semen as a vile contamination to be avoided at all costs. It is also understandable because it is manifestly true. The man's ejaculation as such is entirely without significance in terms of the women's enjoyment of intercourse. True, for complete fulfilment, the woman needs to know that her partner has had a sexual climax, but it is not in any way necessary (except for conceiving children) that the man's climax be accompanied by semen being deposited in her vagina. I therefore completely disagree with A.E.'s contention that a 'big and powerful' ejaculation is a sought-after quality as far as women are concerned, and it is questionable whether the freak who boasts a 20 millilitre effusion has any greater enjoyment of his climax than Mr. Average.

I call only on my own experience to state that what a woman appreciates most is her man having a vigorous and abandoned climax, preferably timed to follow hers by a few frantic seconds, but not necessarily accompanied by a flood of seminal fluid, which if not mopped up soon after, will seep from her vagina for some hours, perhaps staining a dress or at least making her feel very uncomfortable.

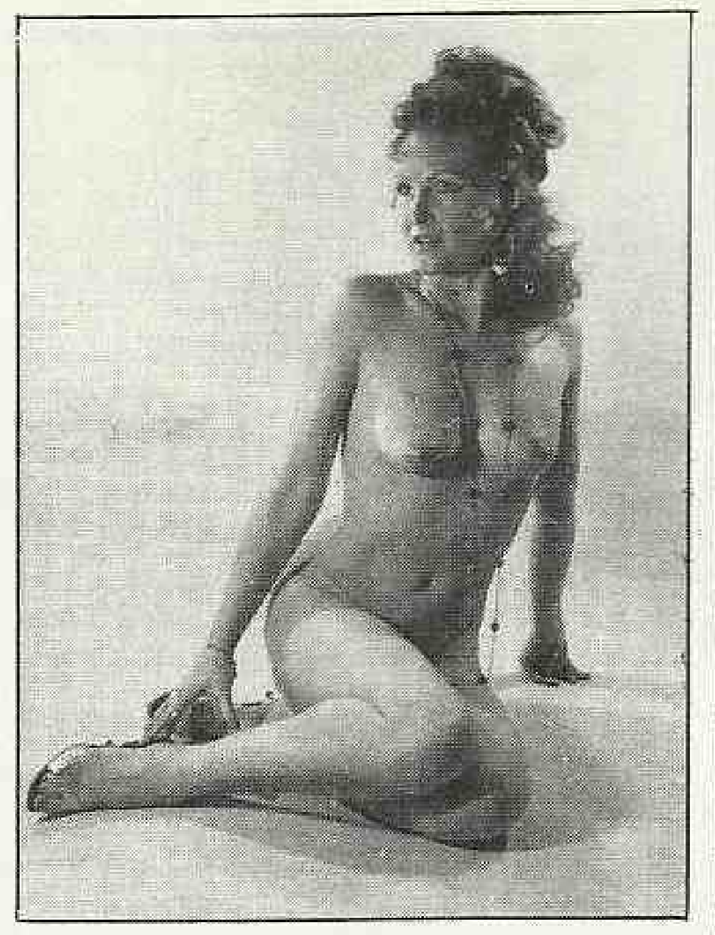
Finally I must make a confession. It is that I am well-qualified to comment on the subject of penile size. My husband's endowment is king-sized! In defence of the large penis I will admit that it needs to be wielded with care, but it makes a number of delightful positions for intercourse possible. As for my own attitude to ejaculation, when we have intercourse last thing at night I am happy to let my husband climax inside me, more for the pleasure it gives him than for its effect on me. When we do it in the morning or during the day, however, my husband recognises that it is inconvenient for me to have to deal with his ejaculation and he will either use a condom or, if not prepared, be quite happy to withdraw at the crucial moment and let me hold him while he climaxes.

Please keep up the good work with *Mayfair*. If our community at large were only as enlightened as your magazine my husband and I would not be required to spend so much time listening to frustrated patients' imagined troubles. We might then have more time for the pursuit of one of our favourite hobbies – sex!

Lady Doctor (name and address supplied)

Congratulations from a wanderer on your Miranda Kay number (Vol 8. No 11) – what a blissful partner for lonely hotel rooms! Your 'Gentlemen, that reminds me' page has become a little predictable lately and new jokes are hard to come by (no pun intended). Why not have an invitation for twisted titles to test the ingenuity of readers? The Fallen Star, or Titty Titty Hang Hang? Harry Flashman in Brief Encounter? Skeletons on a Hot Tin Roof or Yo Ho Ho and a Rattle of Bum? You see what solitude with Miranda can do!?

Max Menzies



My wife Pamela and I very much enjoy reading and looking at *Mayfair* and see that you publish from time to time photos of readers. I feel that my wife deserves attention and I wonder if the enclosed photo could be included.

E. Fitzgerald, Weybridge, Surrey

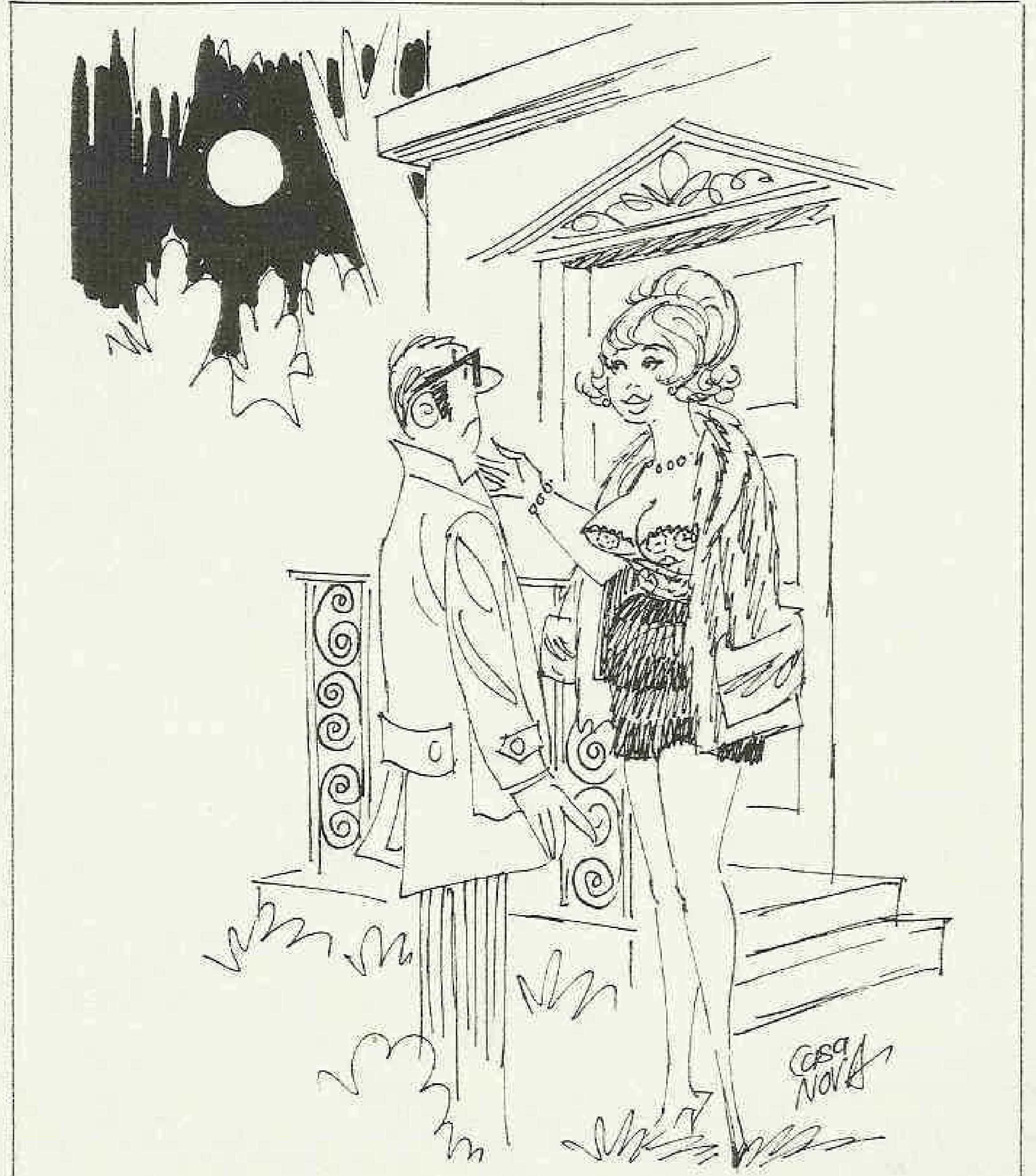
My husband was delighted to read the letter from Mrs R.A.S. (Vol. 8 No. 10) and to learn that others enjoy sex as we do with the man dressed as a woman. Actually we learned of such pleasures many years ago when I came home from a bingo evening much earlier than expected. I found my husband in the bedroom, standing before the mirror in a pair of my pants and negligee. He was fully aroused with his organ protruding above the waist band. He was shocked to see me but from my expression quickly sensed what the sight of him was doing to me. As if in a dream I made him lie on the bed and, despite the heat within me, took up caressing him until he climaxed. Afterwards he told me that the feel of women's undergarments had always stimulated him and that, unknown to me, he had been using them to excite himself since he was in his teens.

That was the beginning and over the years we have come a long way. Like Mr R.A.S., my husband now has a full wardrobe of female underclothes and more besides. I have taken to wearing leather outfits to counter his nylons and satin. I have, for example, knee-length boots with five-inch heels (I am 5 feet 10 inches to begin with) and with them wear stockings, a wide leather garter belt, gloves and black band.

Not long ago we discovered a new trick which we both enjoy and may interest your readers. I got so excited the first time I saw my husband in a wet-look dress that, while fondling him, I accidentally squeezed his testicles too hard. His erection collapsed and it was some moments before we could get going again. Now when we want to prolong love play I hurt him slightly when he's too excited and we start over. My husband never complains and seems to enjoy what I do to him. He has become very docile and subservient, loves his female clothes and is still easily aroused by the touch of nylon.

All I can say is thank you to someone for my leaving bingo early those many years ago.

Mrs P.R., London



'Sure you can stay. But you'll have to sleep between my room mate and me and I must warn you he snores and kicks a lot.'

Having recently read your article on vasectomy in Vol. 8 No. 3 I thought your readers might like to hear of my own experience of the operation. At first I was a bit afraid of undergoing something so permanent in its effect but the surgeon at the clinic I went to was gentle and reassuring, and I felt quite relaxed as I waited in the operating room. Lying naked from the waist down I felt no pain after the first prick of the anaesthetic needle into each side of my scrotum, and was simply aware of the sur-

turn to page 106

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

BIRD IN THE HAND

Fiction by E. di Lorenzo

It was one of those good winter Sundays: no need to get up, no need to go out and the best excuse for rampant horseplaying

I had been in London nearly a year writing the great American novel. The novel was going badly, I was penniless, and Susan Clark was beautiful. (It's never all bad. It's just never the way you really want it to be.) Like I won't say Suzie's Daddy was rich. But after my only weekend at their home in the country, I had to logically assume Daddy owned half of England and was renting out the other half. (Everyone has their cross to carry.)

My Suzie was insanely independent – of Daddy's money. A nauseating malady I tried to cure. After all, she could at least let Daddy pay the rent and groceries! What were Daddies for anyway? But my voice went through her like an enema. Could I help it if I was oblivious to the trivialities of life – the rent money, the food money, and the rest of that boring business of survival. I was a writer. An artist consumed by the flame of my art! (Makes you want to cry, doesn't it?) I mean, how could I create if I had to grind out cigarette money?

But my lovely Suzie had principles. I know. She told me. 'I will not ask Daddy for a shilling! I have my principles!' I told her to stuff her principles.

Suzie was determined to be an actress. Meanwhile, she modelled for our living. I had seen her act. She was good. Better than good. I didn't dare tell her though. I had enough anxieties about finishing my novel before some ageing movie mogul realized how good she was – as an actress, that is. Don't get me wrong. I was absolutely

turn to page 10

BIRD IN THE HAND

continued from page 9

around the bend over Suzie Clark. If I believed in marriage, I would have married her in a shot (in spite of Daddy's money). But I knew that that piece of paper would destroy our relationship. Like every day was a living legend.

That Sunday morning I was buried in the bed, ignoring her elephant feet stomping around her Cadogan Place in Chelsea flat. It wasn't really a flat. Just a place that was simply there. Suzie kept making as much noise as was humanly impossible. I crushed the pillow over my head, smelling her smell pouring through the fabric. It was like she was sitting on my brain, her womanness sucking the sleep out of my resistance.

'My mouth feels like an ashtray,' I said, still refusing to open my eyes.

'Good Lord, Mike!' Her voice rang through my dined and wined vodka-soaked skull like chalk grating against the blackboard. 'Aren't you ever going to get out of that bloody bed? You haven't moved for a month.'

She was standing naked beneath the quilt, her gun-fighter's eyes measuring me. Such lovely grey eyes. Then I felt the cold. It started in my scrotum and stayed there.

'Bring me the quilt, luv,' I coaxed. 'I'm shrivelling up into nothing.'

'What do you have to shrivel?'

'Very funny. Now bring the quilt over here or I'll take it away from you and let you freeze your nipples off.'

'You wouldn't dare,' she challenged.

I was sitting up with the sheet over my taut, lean muscles of twisted steel, the kind that fooled you, like that punk kid who was always getting sand kicked in his face. I knew all about sand. 'O.K., luv,' I used my Richard Burton attack – cold indifference. 'Keep the quilt. I'll wait for pneumonia to set in. Then you can rush me off to the hospital.'

'We have no car and no money for a taxi.' She was always bugging me about trivia.

'So you call the hospital.' Her girlish charms were almost hidden by the quilt. 'They'll send an ambulance.'

'BRING ME THAT BLOODY QUILT!'

'Bugger off,' Suzie said, and pirouetted onto the floor. She went into the kitchen, which was six paces over to one corner of the room, and cringed like a whipped dog. 'God, what a slob,' she said, staring at the sink loaded with dirty dishes, dirty cups, dirty glasses, dirty ashtrays – all empty, the dirty cigarette butts floating in the dirty water – the two dirty empty wine bottles, the three dirty empty vodka bottles, the dirty half eaten sandwiches of God knows what, the dirty pile of soggy potato chips and dirty biscuits of undetermined origin.

'Leave it,' I said. 'It gives the place a little class.' My shaking hands were groping over the night table, in the drawer, and on the floor beside the bed. 'Where are the bloody cigarettes?'

'Do cigarettes bleed?' Suzie asked, turning her lovely face away from the cesspool. 'They must be American cigarettes.'

'Fags,' I corrected her. 'You British smart-asses call cigarettes fags. Don't tell me you're becoming one of us, ah! the Americanization of Suzie Clutz!'

'NEV-ER, you bastard,' she bellowed with national pride. 'You conceited Yanks –!'

'YANKS!' I fell apart laughing. 'Yanks! Christ, that Yank crap went out with Gregory Peck in "Twelve O'Clock High"!' I stood up with the sheet wrapped around me three times.

'Hail, Lawrence of Arabia!'

'That faggot.'

'He was not a faggot,' Suzie defended.

'Neither was Oscar Wilde,' I needled. 'A lot you know, luv. All your brains are between your legs.' I was on my hands and knees looking for a fag but all I found was her tight fitting trousers that accented her most shapely buttocks, her black wool sweater that kept her bra-less, smooth, succulent breasts nice and warm and waiting for my lips, her wispy bikini knickers, black and nylon, that caressed her most exquisite love nest – how I envied those knickers, her knee-high black leather boots that gave her the most perfect legs, and my mouldy American clothes. 'I WANT A CIGARETTE!'

Suzie opened the refrigerator and took out her moth eaten bag she used for a purse.

'If you've got cigarettes in that bag –' I said, stalking her, '– when I was dying last night for a smoke, dying so much that I could hardly get it up –'

'You managed quite well.'

'If you've been holding out on me, I'm going to bite off your nipples! I'm –'

'Promises, promises, promises,' she giggled, clutching the quilt and waving the purse in front of my haggard eyes. 'Three guesses, you swine,' she teased.

I lunged – and missed, slamming my head into the wall, and knocking down a bad print of a Picasso that I had stolen from one of her girlfriends flats.

She was standing on the bed, laughing hysterically, like a spastic doing a high wire act, that same tantalizing nipple peeking out at me.

'A concussion,' I moaned. 'I've got a concussion.' But she kept laughing. 'You are an evil bitch!' I leaped at her. She was off the bed in a flash and I landed like a lump, face down, the sheet rising over my bare ass. She cleared leather, her sweaty palm brutally scarring my delicate flesh.

'I'll get you! I'll kill you dead!' I screamed. One small room was never so big. She gave me a fox to hounds merry chase – up and down and over and round the ratty, worn out furniture, laughing, giggling, shouting and throwing anything she could lift; shoes, socks, books, pillows, cushions, sweaters, pants, shorts, then she threw her knickers, catching me flush in the face. I reeled a few times, then tore them away.

'God, you stink!'

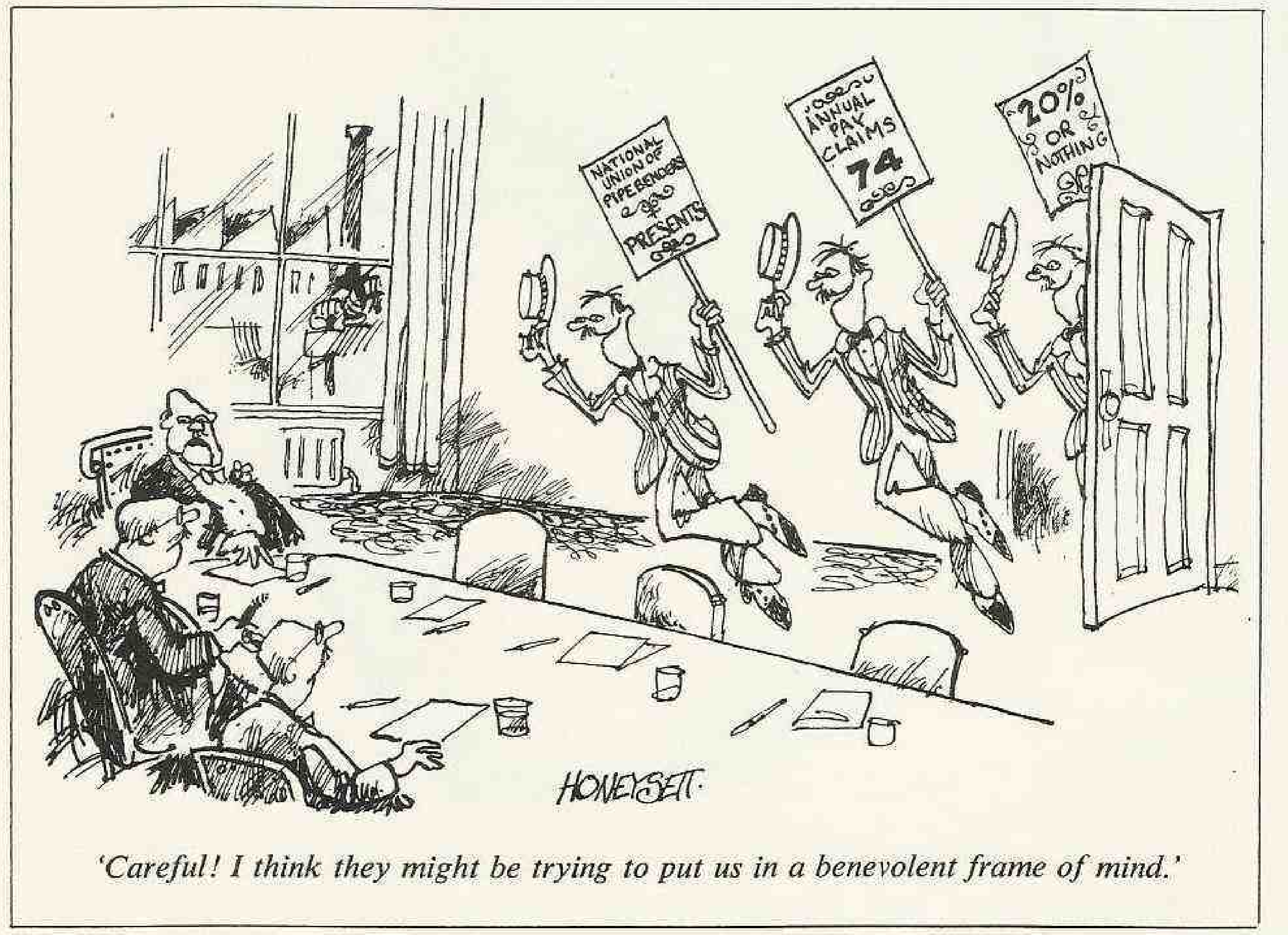
'Your mouth doesn't seem to mind!' she laughed, spinning the coffee table into my legs.

I cursed and went after her, taking the back of a chair in my guts. But I was relentless—the great white hunter tearing after the prey. (Hemingway would have been proud of me.) Nothing could stop me as I warded off the flying debris, using my deft karate hand, complete with blood curdling yells of: 'EYAH! EYAH! EYAH!' Finally, my hand caught the quilt. But she held fast. I was no match for her super human strength. Down went the sheet. She started to break down as we played tug o' war, ranting and raving with each tug. Then her laughter began to defeat her, making her too weak to hold on. I swept the quilt away in a perfect Veronica pass that the great El Cordobes had shown me one rainy afternoon in Linares.

We were panting, the heat of the chase protecting us from the sub-zero cold. Our naked bodies stared at each other and she read my mind. It was unnecessary. All she had to do was to look which she did, pointing down at my brains.

'My, my Yank,' she taunted. 'Bit of a stiff

turn to page 102



'Careful! I think they might be trying to put us in a benevolent frame of mind.'

VISITORS TO LONDON
EXECUTIVE ESCORTS
have
100 FEMALE
ESCORTS
from £6
Telephone: 636 2437
NEAR OXFORD CIRCUS
MANY LANGUAGES SPOKEN

MARINA
QUILLAN

Visiting
Massage Service
by

Qualified
Masseuse

Telephone:
01-352 5656

(Copy of GLC licence to operate a massage establishment lodged with Mayfair Magazine)

By Appointment Only

---

we've got tapes taped
-the tape of your choice for only 75p.

Are you bored with listening to the same old 8-track cartridges in your car? Fed-up with the storage space occupied and the high cost of a new cartridge? Join Exchange-A-Tape (once only membership fee of 30p) and you can exchange, for 75p, your undamaged 8-track cartridge for another of your choice. As a member you will be sent at regular intervals our stock list of cartridges from which you can select your next exchange tape.

For new 8-track player owners Exchange-A-Tape offers up to 5 brand new, full price tapes at up to 15% discount.

For further details of our discounts and of how Exchange-A-Tape works fill in the coupon NOW and send it to Exchange-A-Tape, Oxford House, 23 West Wycombe Road, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, HP11 2LQ. Telephone enquiries on West Wycombe 24788 and personal callers are welcome

Please send me, without obligation, your current list of cartridges held in stock and further details of membership.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
.... MAY 1

---

blow up
any picture
POSTER SIZE

3ft x 2ft
£1·75 Plus 45p Post/Pack/VAT

Send any photo, polaroid print, magazine cutting or negative. It will be returned undamaged.

Fotogiant
21h Boswell St. London WC1N 3ED

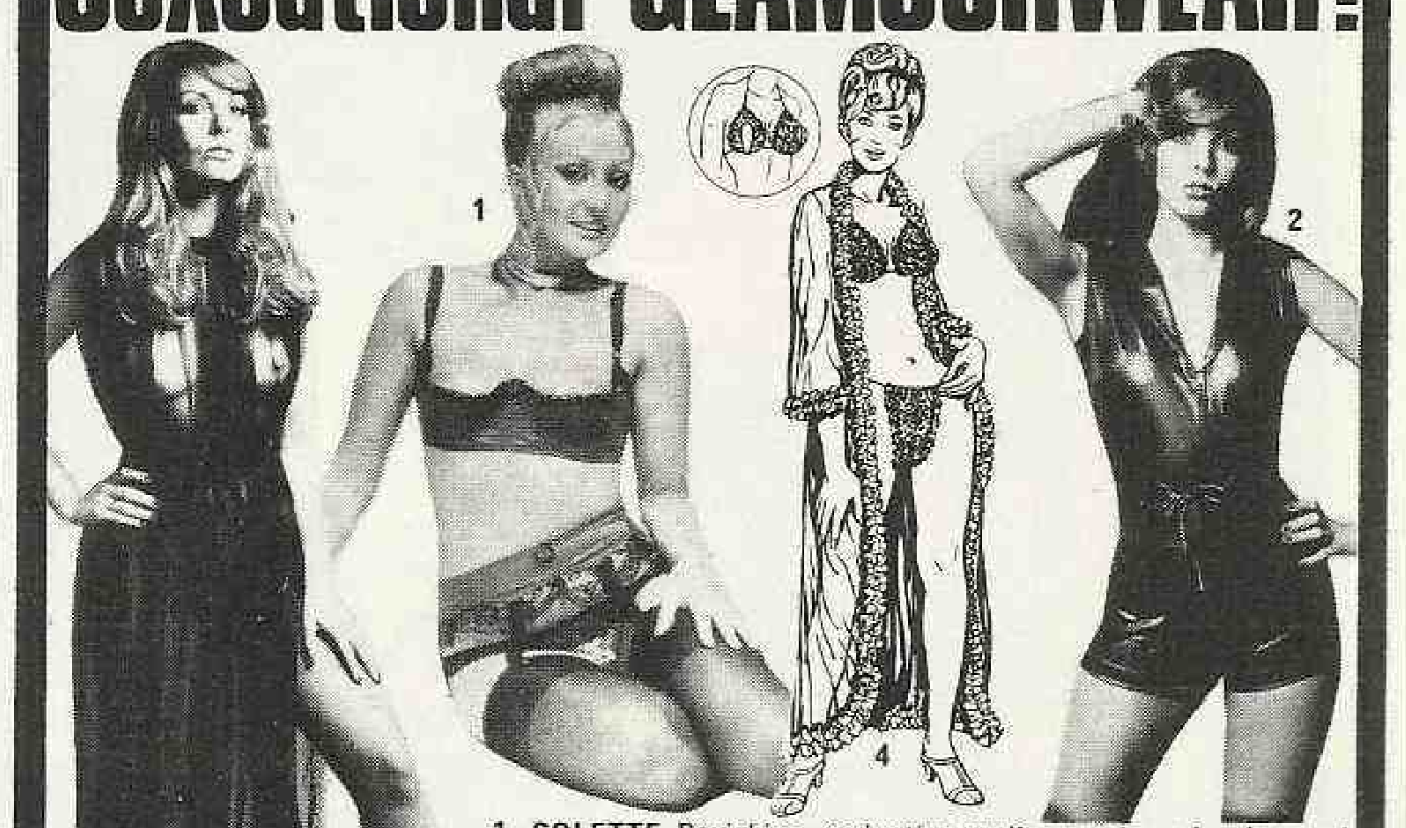
WE KNOW
6 PEOPLE
WHO WANT
TO MEET
YOU

Dateline computer dating knows six women who are waiting to meet YOU.
From among 60,000 members of Dateline–six women whose personalities and interests complement your own. Each measuring up to *your* specifications.
Return this coupon today.

DATELINE
23 Abingdon Road, London W8
Tel: 01-937 0102
Please send me full details about Dateline.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
.... MF

Dateline

Sexsational GLAMOURWEAR!



1. COLETTE Ravishing, seductive undies set in red nylon and lace! Lightly padded ½ cup bra gives superb uplift and cleavage. Sizes 32"-40" bust ★ Gorgeous suspender belt, sizes 23"-30" waist ★ Matching frilly briefs ★ Sheer black stockings, sizes 8½-11. **SPECIAL PRICE THE SET £4.50.**
2. GLORIA Sexy wet-look outfit, zip fastening down the front. FABULOUS! Sizes 12, 14, 16 in red or black. **£5.95.**
3. MARILYN Seductive nightgown in soft gossamer nylon with gathered waist and open side! Beautifully edged with fine black lace. Choose jet black or red, sizes 32"-40" bust. **£3.75.**
4. SIZZLER Exotic two-piece, bra open or closed to suit your mood, crotchless brief with tie-front! Nylon/lace throughout, choose red, black or purple 32"-40" **ONLY £1.75** (p & p 20p) Matching full-length transparent negligee, red or black **ONLY £2.75** (p & p 20p) **SPECIAL OFFER:** bra, brief and negligee **ONLY £4.25** (p & p 20p).

FREE OFFER

NEW International EDITION

FREE! YOUR PASSPORT TO SENSUAL DELIGHT! Sexsational exotic colour packed catalogue featuring devastating cleavage bras. See-through nightwear, suspender belts, stockings, wet-look wear, sizzling dresses **AND MUCH, MUCH MORE! FREE! DON'T MISS IT — THIS IS NEW!**

Kesman Fashions Ltd.
(DEPT. M.1.)
17 WELLINGTON ROAD NORTH, STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE. ***CALLERS WELCOME.***

BIRD IN THE HAND

continued from page 10

one there, eh, what? Touch of the harders.' I growled. 'I'm going to split you in half!'

'Promises, promises, promises.'

I let out the terrifying karate yell of doom and lunged. A wall lunged back. It was a different wall but the head was the same. So was my scream of pain. I fought back the tears, my elbow knocking over the standing lamp. My shin chipped a corner off the bed, another pain racking grin creased my face. Finally, the gods of the rising sun smiled upon their fearless warrior. I cornered her into the corner next to the desk.

'Now, you witch, you get yours!' I leered at her heaving mounds of flesh, the nipples bulging like two black marbles, her stomach sucked in, making her small waist smaller and her full hips fuller. The short black hairs glistened with the sweat of battle, and her eyes glared with an animalism that turned me on the way no bird ever had.

Alas, I had underestimated the enemy.

'One more step and I'll throw it!' she warned, deadly calm, my typewriter waving over her head.

I didn't move. 'That's not fair, Suzie!'

'All's fair in war and sex,' she smiled, a cool, cunning smile.

'My typewriter is off limits. Take my eyes, my heart, my balls. BUT PLEASE LEAVE MY BLOODY TYPEWRITER ALONE!'

The colour left her beautiful face.

'Damn you, Mike,' she pouted. 'You are really serious. See, now you've ruined it.'

'Baby, *you're* the one with my typewriter hanging over your head. That's serious.'

'You know I wouldn't throw it,' she was still pouting.

'I know. But you may drop it.'

That did it.

'You bastard!' she uncoiled, raising my typewriter higher and straining her lovely breasts. 'So, now I'm clumsy too!' Her eyes were on fire. 'First, I'm stupid! Just a dumb dolly bird you've been gracing with your omnipotent American cock for the past nine months. Then I'm a no talent actress! AND a lousy lay! AND –!'

'– You'reabeautifullay!' I said in one gulp, my gulp falling at her feet.

'AND I'm a mid-Victorian puritan! – whatever that is! – because I have inhibitions about playing those kinky games of yours! AND NOW! NOW! THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL – I'M CLUMSY!'

'I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry!' I begged. 'You're not clumsy! You're a . . . ? A gazelle! You're a gazelle! Zelda the Gazelleda! A swan! Beauty in motion! You're –!'

'Oh, shut up, you twit,' she lowered my typewriter onto the desk.

'Thank you, precious. Thank you.' I grovelled, kissing her fingers. She pulled them away.

'Stuff your thanks,' she said. 'My arms got tired.'

The game was over, dead, stale, flat, and unprofitable. She covered her Venus body with the quilt, then sat on the sofa like Pochahontas of the Himalayas.

'Here, Yank,' she threw her purse at me. 'Your bloody fags.'

She was staring at the electric heater in the fake fireplace. I went over and put on the switch. My nakedness tried to reach her. 'Are you going to play Lady Macbeth all day?' Her eyes told me what I could do to myself. I took out the battered pack of Gauloises and lit one.

'Cigarette?'

'No,' she hissed.

'Have one. They're good for you.'

Suddenly, she was sad, very sad, the kind of sad that kills. 'Michael?' she said as if we were making love. 'You know, someday we're going to cry about all this.'

I tried to ignore what she meant. I didn't quite make it. Then I remembered it was Sunday. That was it, I told myself. It was never any good on Sundays. But she had called me Michael. I smiled 'Susan?'

'I'm not here.'

'Come to bed.'

'What for?'

'Come to bed.'

'You only want the damn quilt.'

'Come to bed.'

'No.'

I forced a cough. 'Suzie, I'm catching cold.'

She stared at the mutilated nail of her big toe, the red, purple and yellow shining through. 'No,' she said. Then she knelt on the sofa, her grey eyes glaring at me, and her long straight black hair falling gently over her frail shoulders. 'Why do you like to hurt me?'

'I don't like to hurt you.'

'But you always do.'

'I know,' I said. 'But I don't *like* to.' I watched the glare fading out of her eyes. Such beautiful eyes. 'Susan, come to bed.'

'Not yet,' she said. 'Michael?'

'Yes, luv?'

'Do you really think I'm like that? Untalented and stupid and a bad sex partner and a mid-Victorian puritan and . . . clumsy?'

'The truth?'

'Yes the truth.'

'Well, luv,' I said. 'The truth is . . . you are a bit clumsy.' Then I smiled, and watched her lovely mouth light up her face.

'Yes, I am a bit awkward.' Then she was standing beside the bed, still holding the quilt. 'Are you cold?' she asked.

'Freezing.'

The quilt slid slowly down to her waist.

'Kiss them, Michael.'

'Come to bed.'

'First, kiss them.'

'Say, please.'

'Pretty, please.'

'No, just say please.'

'Please,' she said.

I kissed her full breasts, my mouth drinking in their warmth.

'You've got the magic mouth,' she whispered into my thinning brown hair.

'Come to bed.'

Suzie threw the quilt over the bed and crawled in beside me. 'Well, Yank,' she said. 'I'm in bed.'

It was all right again and I was glad. 'I never would have known,' I smiled.

Then her hand began to do all those funny things to me. She had the lightest touch.

'Am I reaching you?' her voice went heavy, like she had caught a cold or something.

'Not even close,' I teased.

'What's this then?' Her hand grabbed me.

'Breakfast at Tiffany's?'

'More like Mary Poppins Meets the Dirty Dozen,' I said.

She was smiling now, the smile of a woman who knew that she was going to get what she wanted and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it – if I wanted to do anything about it, which, of course, was the last thing on my mind. Let her have her way, I gave in. Who was I to resist?

'It's mine,' she said, still holding me tightly. 'It's all mine. Michael, make love with me.'

'Let me finish my cigarette.'

'You finish it,' her grey eyes went all hazy. 'I'll start without you.' And start she did.

'It is all mine,' she managed to say.

'Is it?'

'Yes, you bastard. It's all mine. All, all mine.'

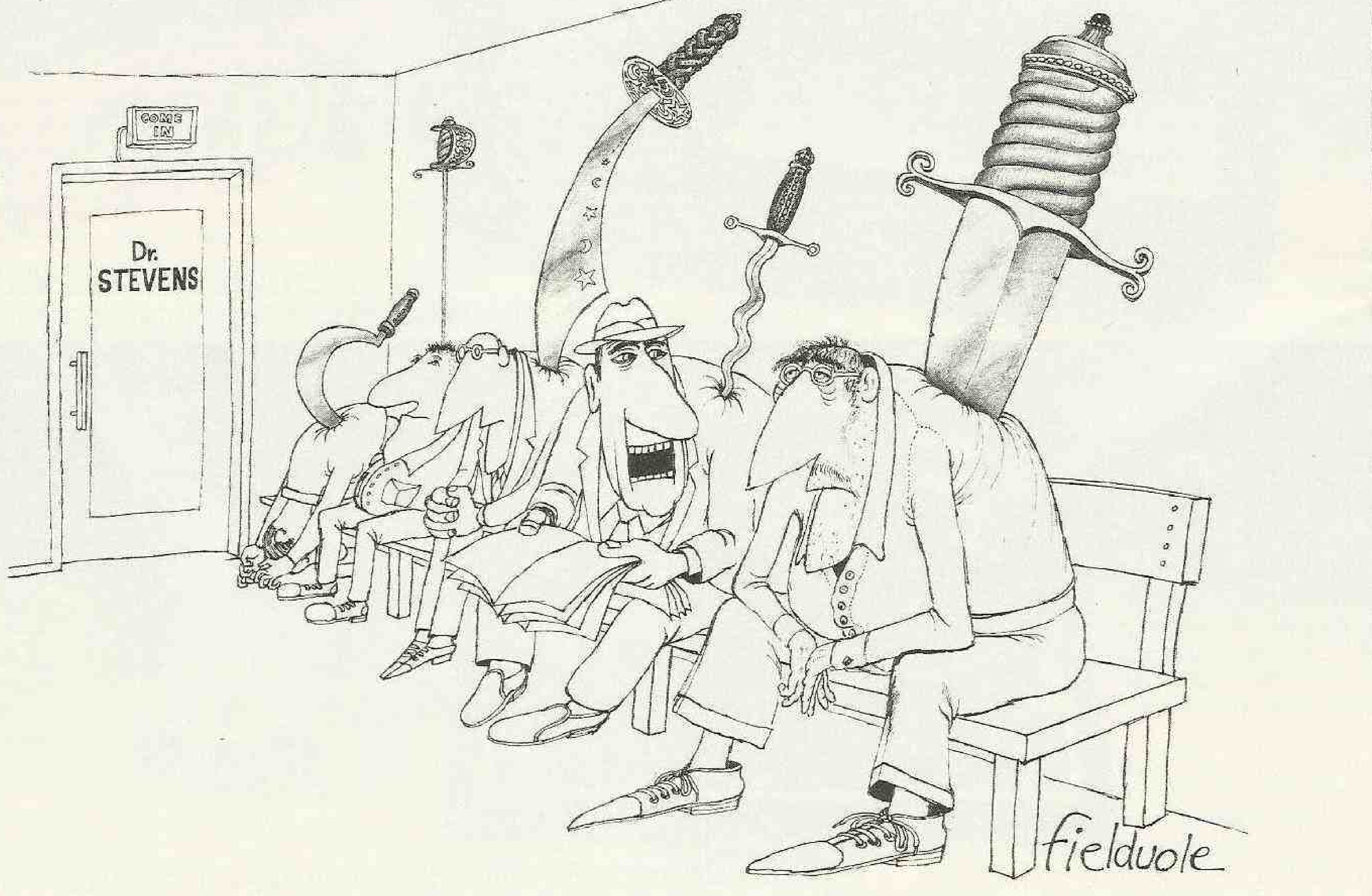
'Prove it.'

Her beautiful face smiled at me. Then it was gone, the quilt rising as her body moved down and down and down, slowly, until her full lips found what belonged to her.

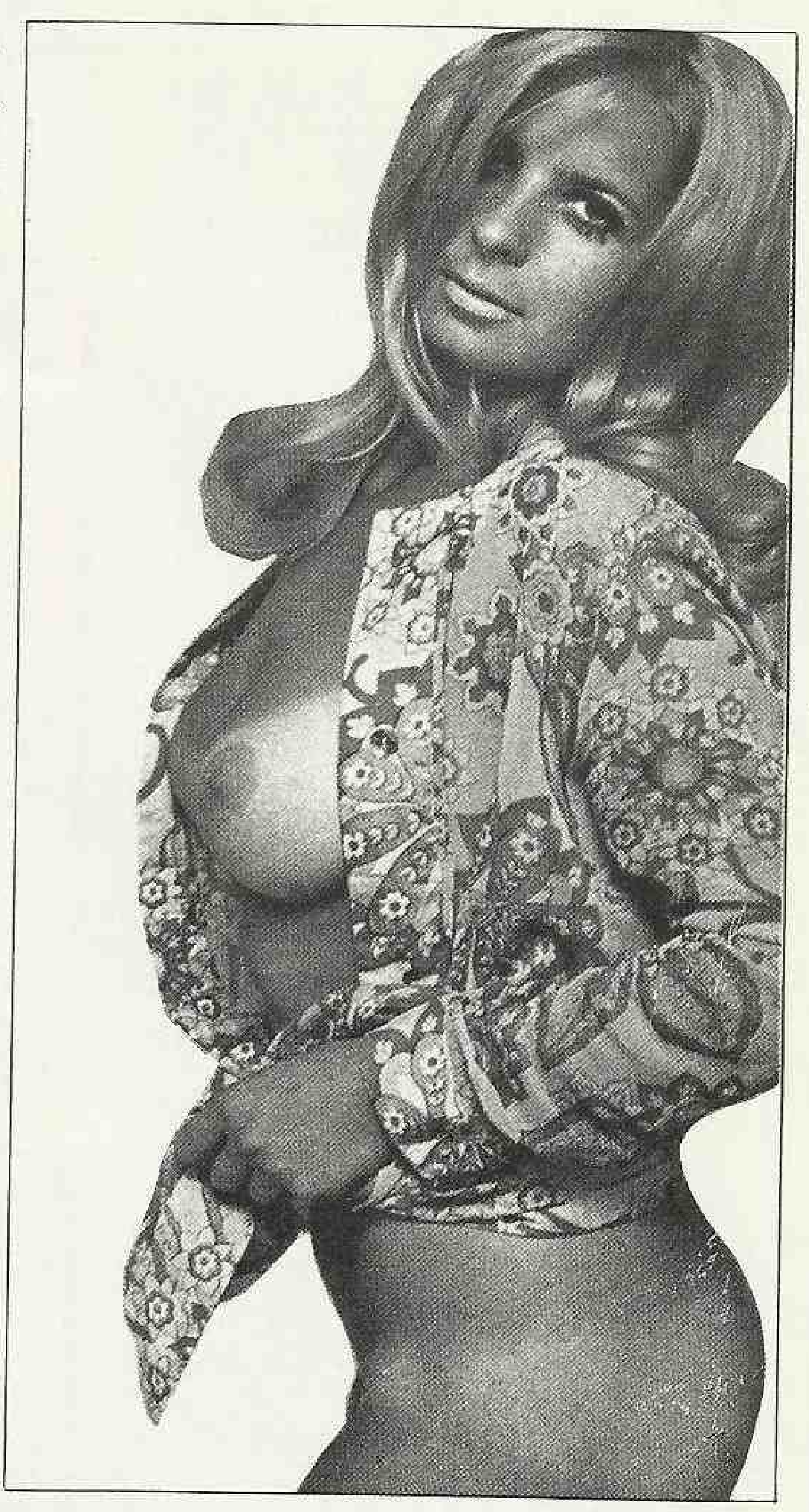
I smoked my Gauloises and listened to the London rain beating against the dirty windows. A lonely church bell echoed over the morning tide.

God, how I hated Sundays.

Suzie had been right. That day did come and we did cry.



'Look friend – why don't you go in before me? I'm only suffering from a slight nagging stiletto in the left shoulder.'



RARE PLEASURES FROM PAGES PAST

There's golden-haired Gail, Peta, Penny, Anna, Yvonne and a host of other fabulous girls we've persuaded to strip just for you. For only £1.50 we are offering you five top class issues of Mayfair, including a bumper 100-page anniversary issue that normally costs 50p. You will get Volume 5 No 11 (Including the sultry French Monique, shots from Satan and the Skin Game and gorgeous Gail – pictured here), Volume 6 No 1 (Alith, the beautiful black Princess and the story of the naughty school girls), No 3 (Bejewelled Alison and sex in the British cinema), No 4 (the girl who rocked the racing car show and the nudest girls from Up Pompeii) and No 12 (The unwrapped sweet Lorraine. Day-dreaming Karen, nude views from Virgin on the Verge and the Zesty Best of the year's Mayfairest maidens). And a big bundle of action packed features, deep: probing informers, specially selected cartoons and superlative fiction.

Back issues still available contain these Quest surveys:

Vol 5 No 11 Men who have it made 38p; Vol 6 Nos: 1 Girls at Parties 38p; 3 Girls in Shops 38p; 4 Girls in Hotels part one 38p; 5 Girls in Hotels part two 38p; 6 Girls on Holiday part one 38p; 7 Girls on Holiday part two 38p; 9 Girls on Holiday – camping 38p; 11 Sex toys part two 38p; 12 Sex toys part three 50p; Vol. 7 Nos: 1 Girls who take the lead 38p; 2 Girls who take the lead part two 38p; 3 Girls who take the lead part three 38p; 4 Enclosed girls 38p; 5 Sheltered girls 38p; 6 Girls with older men 38p; 7 Girls with Instant Urge part one 38p; 8 girls with Instant Urge part two 38p; 9 Absolute bastards part one 38p; 10 Absolute bastards part two 40p; 11 Daytime mistresses 40p; 12 Girls who tease too much 62p; Vol. 8 No: 2 Girls and their first climax 40p; 3 Girls who give signals 40p; 4 Girls who trigger off secret desires 40p; 5 Girls with extra-sensitive genitals 40p; 6 Sex before speaking 40p; 7 Mothers and daughters sharing sex secrets 40p; 8 Films that get girls going 40p; 9 Girls who have sex out of spite 40p; 10 Girls in motor cars 45p; 11 Sex in the sky 45p; 12 Girls on trains 63p.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or these issues including
Quest ....
Name ....
Address: ....
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.................................... M91
Reg. London No. 875169.

BLOODY JANUARY

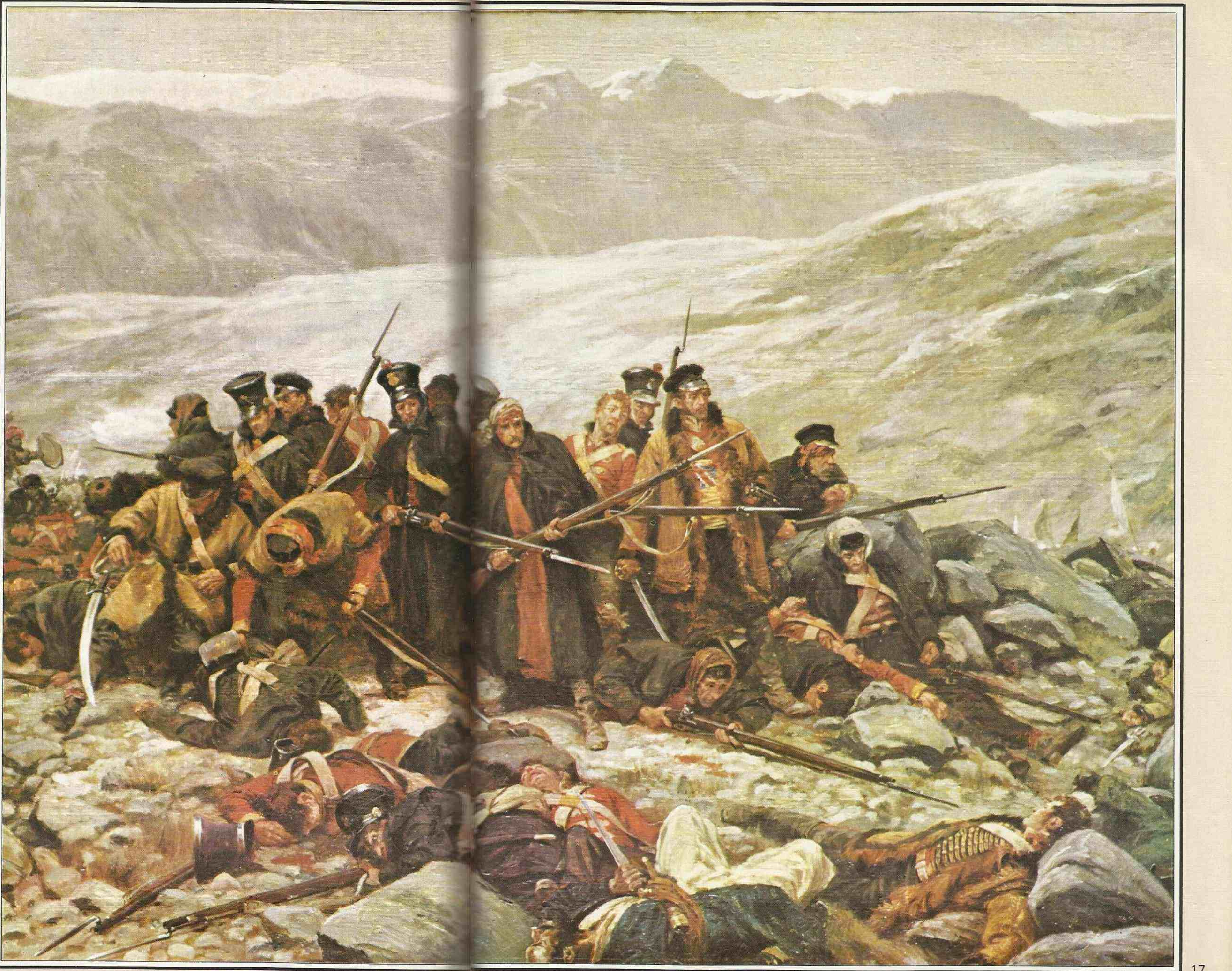
In sub zero temperatures over some of the world's worst terrain Britain's Army of the Indus strode into a vengeful massacre

By Gerald Rawling

The Victorian martial record is more notable for its unqualified disasters than for any other aspect of the military scene. But there was one military adventure of the period, so ludicrously and tragically mismanaged from start to end that nothing can vindicate it. The affair in question, grandiloquently styled the First Afghan War, involved a blundering and incompetent invasion of Afghanistan followed by a crassly mismanaged occupation of the capital, Kabul, and ending with an appalling and humiliating defeat – an annihilation in fact – when the British attempted to withdraw their forces back to India. The disaster was of a magnitude sufficient to bring down the Government at home; and there was no Alfred Lord Tennyson to write an epic poem about it, either, as there would be after the Light Brigade's charge at Balaclava. In any case it would have needed a William McGonagall to do justice to a theme like the Retreat from Kabul.

Throughout most of the 19th century, Russia was the great bogey in the minds of those who formulated British foreign policy and by the 1830's a completely irrational and baseless fear had grown up that the Russian bear had designs on the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown – India. It was for this reason that Afghanistan, as a buffer state between the two countries, suddenly came to the forefront of British political thinking; and when, in November, 1837, a Persian army laid siege to the Afghan town of Herat, alarm in London

turn to page 18



A handful of men from the 44th, remnant of a 16,000-strong army, made their last stand at Gandamak. One of the only survivors was Captain Souter (centre right), spared by the Afghans who thought the colours round his waist marked him as an important hostage.

BLOODY JANUARY

continued from page 16

and Calcutta reached the proportions of hysteria. The newly enthroned Shah of Persia was known to be under strong Russian influence and, worse still, news had arrived that a Russian envoy had appeared in Kabul.

Immediate responsibility for handling this apparently explosive situation rested with Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, a weak and vacillating individual, easily influenced by persuasive advisers and liable to act on the opinion of the last person he had spoken to; this, in the nature of things, was usually his Chief Political Adviser, William Hay Macnaghten, a crafty and ambitious political intriguer with a remarkable talent for impulsive optimism and a near-paranoic confidence in his own judgement. Macnaghten, it appears beyond doubt, was the real architect of the schemes that evolved gradually but inexorably into war with Afghanistan.

A more junior Political officer, Alexander Burnes, was sent to Kabul, ostensibly as a Commercial Envoy, but in fact armed with the mission of finding out whether the Afghans were disposed to an alliance with the British or the Russians. Burnes was something of a celebrity, a young East India Company Army officer who had transferred to the Political branch while still in his twenties and was thought by many to be the greatest living authority on affairs in Central Asia, an opinion – unfortunately as things turned out – not shared by Macnaghten.

Burnes spent seven months in Kabul where he formed a high opinion of the Afghan ruler, Dost Mohammed, and became convinced that the latter desired nothing better than an alliance with the British and that any flirting with the Russians was a ploy designed to bring pressure to bear on Auckland and his advisers.

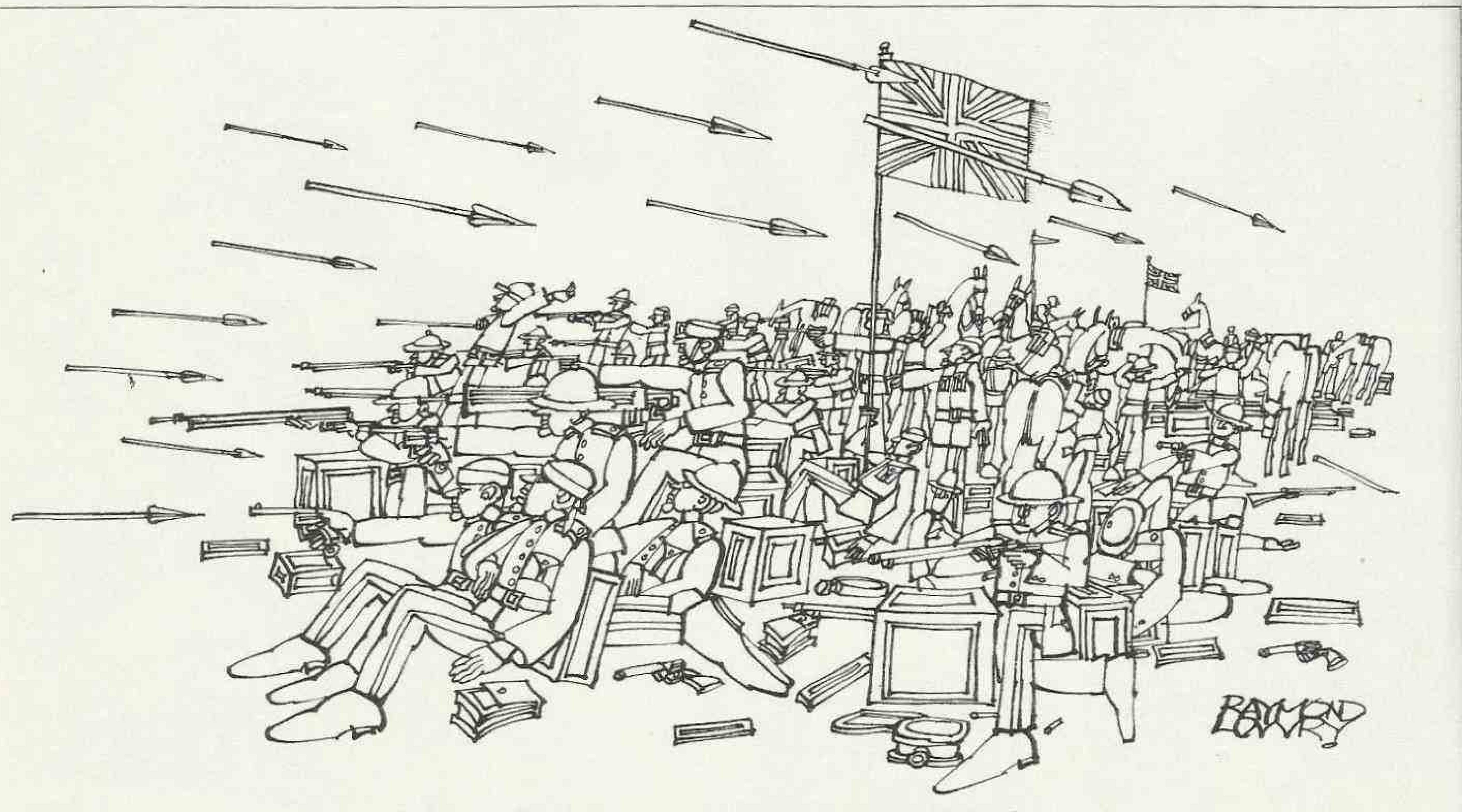
In the meantime, Macnaghten, who seems to have been bent on war from the beginning, had finally pushed Auckland into making the necessary decision; sufficient excuse existed in the presence in British India of Shah Shuja, an impoverished and incompetent ex-King of Afghanistan who had been deposed in 1826, largely because he was incapable of holding down the job, and had since been living in exile on a British pension. When Burnes finally appeared with his theories about an alliance with Dost Mohammed he was politely advised not to unsettle Auckland's judgement now that Macnaghten had got him to go to war. A politician to his fingernails – and an ambitious one at that – Burnes put in a report setting out truthfully his own theories but carefully adding a rider to the effect that Shuja would be welcomed in Kabul as the new Shah should the British decide to support his cause. It was a clear case of Burnes trimming his sails to avoid upsetting his superiors and Macnaghten saw to it that he was rewarded for his loyalty with a knighthood. But three years later Burnes would come to the moment of truth when he would realise how dearly the honour had been bought.

Finally committed to action, Auckland issued a pompous manifesto from his headquarters at Simla, a scandalous document full of evasions, half-truths and some downright lies and finishing up with the hopeful prophecy, "His Majesty Shah-Shuja-ool-Mulk, will enter Afghanistan surrounded by his own troops and will be protected by a British army against foreign intervention and factious opposition.'

Even while the pretentiously titled 'Army of the Indus' was being gathered together for the march against Kabul, the only two pretexts for the invasion vanished almost overnight: after a campaign of near unbelievable ineptitude, the Persians had abandoned the siege of Herat and marched back to their own country; and the Russian 'Envoy,' who was almost certainly not accredited by his Government, had departed from Kabul. But nothing could rein in Auckland and Macnaghten now; they were at full gallop and the Army of the Indus marched as planned.

It is typical of the whole operation that the military commanders, General Sir John Keane and General Sir Willoughby Cotton were 'mediocre even by the standards of the time,' as one historian puts it. Under this uninspired leadership, with Macnaghten, Burnes and other 'politicals' often questioning and sometimes countermanding such decisions as the Generals *did* make, the expedition floundered its way up from Karachi through the Sind and finally across the Afghan border where, in April, 1839, it occupied the southern capital, Kandahar. Here they foolishly left one of the few really able senior officers, Major General Sir William Nott, to garrison the town and then pushed on to the next obstacle, Ghazni. An impregnable fortress and strongly defended, Ghazni was only reduced after a month-long siege and bombardment culminating in a do-or-die charge led by Colonel Dennie after an explosives party had blown one of the main gates. Then the army settled down to an orgy of pillage and rape and Shah Shuja had 50 prisoners hacked to pieces to show the

turn to page 80



'I knew we'd never get away with not paying that Indian bus conductor on the way to Southampton docks . . .'

BLOODY JANUARY

continued from page 18

local tribesmen who was now running the country.

With the fall of Ghazni, Dost Mohammed's supporters began to see the writing on the wall and started drifting away, many of them bought with a lakh or two of rupees from Macnaghten's ample East India Company purse. And at last, in August, 1839, the Army of the Indus reached Kabul; and Shah Shuja rode into the city and up to the hereditary fortress palace of the Kings of Afghanistan, the Bala Hissar, accompanied by forests of British bayonets and flanked by Macnaghten and Burnes, resplendent in their blue and gold dress uniforms.

The expedition, it appeared, however ineptly carried out, had been a triumphant success. One of Macnaghten's first actions after restoring Shah Shuja was to persuade the monarch to institute an Order of the Durani Empire in three classes like the British Orders of Chivalry. (Durani was an ancient name for Afghanistan.) The chief surgeon to the army, Dr. Kennedy, wrote a deliciously cynical account of the investiture proceedings, describing Shah Shuja sitting on a rather frayed camp stool and having his fat old eunuchs conferring the Knight Grand Cross of the Order on Keane, Macnaghten and Cotton. Poor Sir Alexander Burnes was created a Knight Grand Cross too but they ran out of insignia before they got to him and he had to make do without the hardware. 'Lord Auckland was created a Knight Grand Cross also,' wrote Kennedy and then added sardonically, 'How Colonel Pottinger escaped can only be explained by the wonderful good fortune that has attended that gentleman through life.' (Pottinger was a senior political officer, later to become Macnaghten's successor.)

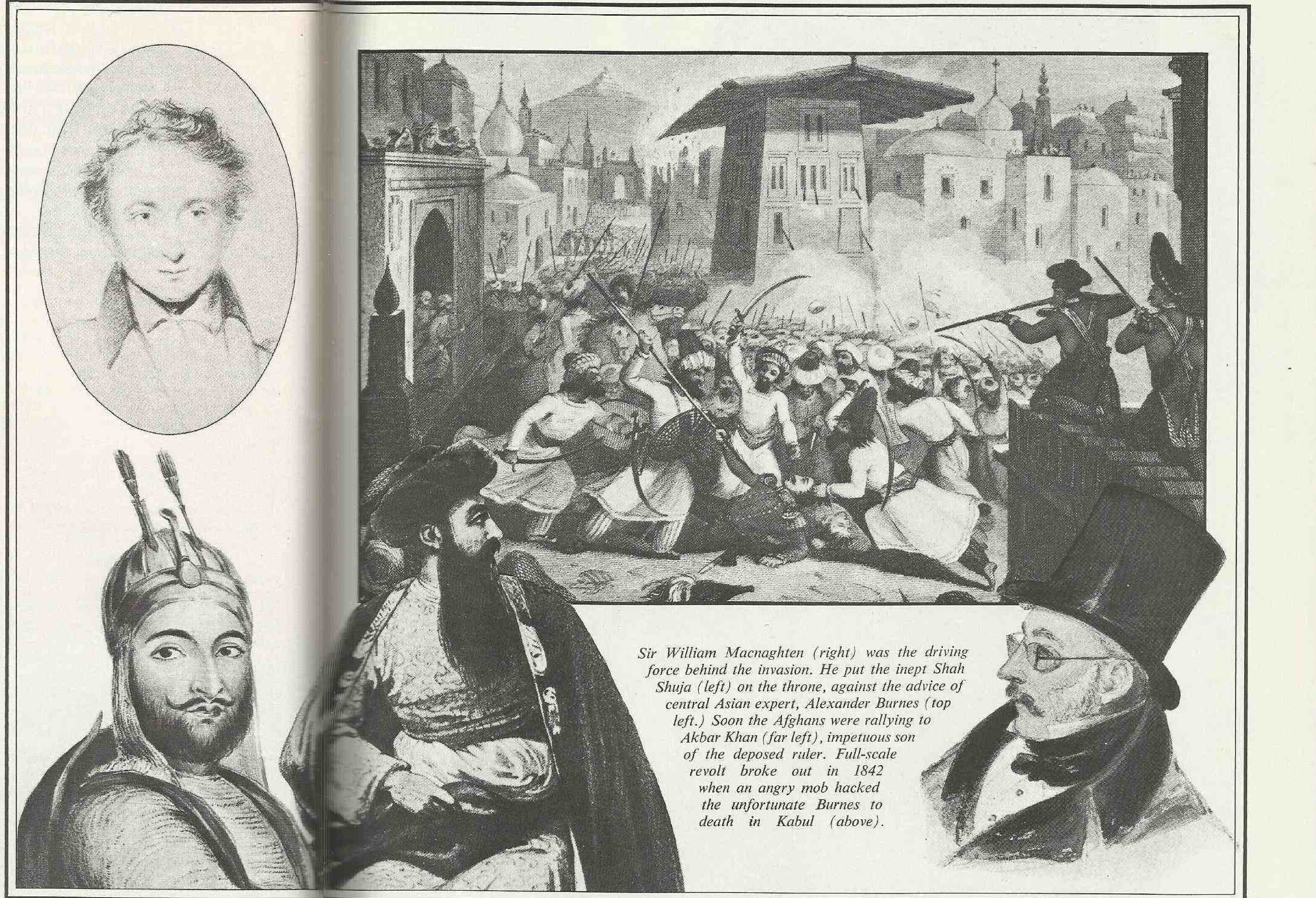
Back in Simla and Calcutta, Auckland was showered with congratulations and at home royal patronage was invoked to mark the occasion; Macnaghten was knighted, Keane given a peerage and Auckland's titled jacked up to an earldom. But it soon became apparent to those in Kabul that the celebration was premature.

The root of the problem lay in Shah Shuja's inability to rule the country without the protection of the British army in Kabul, for it was abundantly clear to Macnaghten, only months after his arrival, that Shuja was no Dost Mohammed and once the army marched out, the King would certainly be deposed and probably murdered before they reached the first of the many passes on the trail back to India. So Macnaghten did his best in the circumstances, pasting over the cracks, buying some of the Khans with generous bribes, intimidating others with attacks on their bases in the hills. In the meantime the soldiers settled in and tried to make life pleasant for themselves – a difficult task in that barren and inhospitable land. But they got one unexpected bonus in that they found the Afghan women remarkably handsome and even more remarkable free with their favours, since a high proportion of the tribesmen were homosexuals and paid scant attention to their wives. The soldiers profited accordingly but added thereby to the growing catalogue of resentments harboured by the Afghans against their invaders.

For three years the army remained in occupation, never able to tighten its grip on the country and holding authority only in Kabul and Kandahar where the garrisons were stationed. After a year, Dost Mohammed, to everyone's surprise, surrendered himself personally to Macnaghten while that gentleman was out on his evening ride; he was sent back to India where, in an excess of enthusiasm, Auckland awarded him a handsome pension. But the Dost had left behind his son, Akbar Khan, a charming but warlike prince who now became a magnet for all the elements of discontent in the country. Uprisings and petty revolts by individual Khans there had been throughout the period of occupation, but now, with Akbar Khan as a leader, events moved towards a full scale revolution.

Matters took a decided turn for the worse when Auckland finally realised the enormous cost of keeping Shuja on his throne. With the annual deficit running in the neighbourhood of £12,000,000 he ordered stringent economy measures, the first of which, naturally enough, was a sharp cut back in the hitherto liberal handouts to the tribal chiefs; the Khans scowled darkly at this bad news and the situation in Kabul began to get critical. And now Auckland made his most disastrous move of all. Keane had returned to India some time before and with Cotton relinquishing his command on the grounds of ill health, a new military commander had to be found. There were two able and experienced Generals in the area, Sir William Nott at Kandahar and Sir Robert Sale at Kabul but both were too outspoken for Auckland's delicate taste and they were passed over in favour of Major General William Elphinstone, an incompetent and ineffectual old man, crippled with rheumatic gout, who had last seen active service at Waterloo some 27 years earlier. Not even Auckland can really have thought he was the right man for the job, but presumably he considered that only a figurehead was needed and that the all-powerful Macnaghten would take such military decisions as were required.

In November, 1841, the unrest which had been simmering for so long erupted suddenly into violent and full scale rebellion. No one, not even the politicals with their numerous contacts among the natives, seems to have been prepared for this dramatic change of events. A month before, General Sale and his brigade had been evacuated from Kabul as an economy measure and were still on their way out through the passes fighting off sporadic guerilla attacks as they went; this weakened the garrison in the capital and removed the one man who might have been a force to be reckoned with in the days to come.



Sir William Macnaghten (right) was the driving force behind the invasion. He put the inept Shah Shuja (left) on the throne, against the advice of central Asian expert, Alexander Burnes (top left.) Soon the Afghans were rallying to Akbar Khan (far left), impetuous son of the deposed ruler. Full-scale revolt broke out in 1842 when an angry mob hacked the unfortunate Burnes to death in Kabul (above).

On November 1 Sir Alexander Burnes received information from at least two reliable sources that a strong force planned to attack his house in the city and assassinate him, but he shared with Macnaghten an excess of confidence in his own ability to handle any political situation and he did nothing beyond asking for an increased guard on his house. Burnes, living as he did away from the military cantonments, was in an extremely vulnerable position, not only because of his isolated situation but also because the Afghans regarded him as a double-dealer, a man who had come amongst them professing friendship but who had in fact paved the way for the hated Shuja and the even more hated British Army; there was also the fact that he was a celebrated womaniser, amusing himself with countless Afghan and Kashmiri girls in his off duty moments.

Early in the morning of November 2 a mob surrounded Burnes' house in the city and started breaking in. He had two officers staying with him at the time, one of them his younger brother, Charles, the other a Lieutenant Broadfoot who had just arrived to become his military secretary. By this time even Burnes could see that the situation was becoming dangerous and he sent a messenger across to the cantonments asking for immediate assistance with troops. Over in the military quarters outside the city, it was clear from the noise alone that a serious riot had broken out, but Elphinstone, ineffectual as usual, did nothing and left the three officers to their fate. This was to be extremely unpleasant.

Burnes went out onto his balcony and made one last attempt at reasoning with the mob but they were beyond his control now; a, fusillade of shots rang out, Broadfoot fell, mortally wounded, and the rioters started setting fire to the house. Burnes and his brother carried the dying Broadfoot indoors and sat out the siege wating for help from Elphinstone. It never came. Eventually, with half the house ablaze, the two officers dressed in native clothing tried to slip away unobserved through the crowds of rioters. But they were unlucky; Barnes was too well known – he was recognised and within seconds the two men were hacked to pieces by the mob.

Dazed and enfeebled by this turn of events, Elphinstone could think of nothing better to do than write a note to Macnaghten saying 'we must see what the morning brings and then think what can be done.' The morning came – and it brought no action from Elphinstone; in fact the only person who had done anything at all to date was the despised Shuja, who at least had sent some of his own troops in an abortive attempt to rescue Burnes.

Following the murder of Burnes, the Afghans, not unnaturally, waited fearfully for a crushing counter stroke from the British, but that, too, failed to materialise. Elphinstone did nothing apart from wringing his hands; and his second-in-command, Brigadier Shelton, who might have prodded Elphinstone into some action to rescue the situation contented himself with quarrelling with everyone in authority from Macnaghten downwards. Akbar Khan and his followers, emboldened by the total paralysis that seemed to be gripping the British, moved one step nearer open warfare with sporadic attacks on the cantonments.

With an almost lunatic lack of foresight, the garrison had been quartered *outside* the city in cantonments overlooked by

turn to page 99

BLOODY JANUARY

continued from page 81

Afghan-held forts on every side; this at the insistence of Macnaghten who did not wish to offend the Shah by quartering the army inside the massive fortress of the Bala Hissar where there was plenty of room for the whole force and the facilities for withstanding a siege of many months. And worse still, all reserves of food and ammunition were stored in buildings outside the cantonment itself so that access to these vital supplies could only be achieved by running the gauntlet of Afghan fire if the tribesmen felt like making things difficult.

By this time Macnaghten was beginning to get desperate, but he was still the same sly old bureaucrat and right up to the end he retained his faith in the power of money and intrigue; realising that any sort of military solution was now impossible, he tried to do a deal with Akbar Khan, at the same time sowing what seeds of discord he could among the rival chiefs with promises of generous bribes. The upshot, after an exchange of letters, was a request by Akbar Khan for a meeting to settle the details of the negotiations.

The meeting was to be held on the bank of the Kabul River and on the morning of December 23, Macnaghten, top-hatted, frock-coated and bespectacled as usual, rode out for the assignation taking only a small escort with him – a fatal error as it turned out. The two leaders exchanged greetings and then dismounted for the parley. As they were walking towards the spot where horse blankets had been set out for the conference, Macnaghten complained rather querulously that there were too many Afghans crowding round, to which Akbar replied simply, 'They are all in the secret.' It was almost certainly a signal; the accompanying officers were promptly seized and Akbar grabbed Macnaghten's hand, pulling him down onto his knees, an expression of 'the most diabolical ferocity' on his face, to quote an eye-witness. In the ensuing struggle Macnaghten was shot by Akbar with a pistol, one of a handsome pair that he himself had presented to the Khan only a few days before – one of his last efforts in the bribery department. Captain Lawrence, a member of the escorting party who survived this macabre little gathering, reported afterwards that the only words 'poor Sir William' uttered were, 'Az barae Khoda!' ('For God's sake!'), but his face 'was full of horror.' One of Macnaghten's aides, also, was murdered, the other two being taken as hostages; later the Political Envoy's headless corpse was strung up on a pole and put on display in one of the Kabul bazaars.

The plight of the military was now sore indeed. With morale disintegrating through a complete absence of leadership, cut off from stores of food and ammunition and harassed continually by raiding tribesmen, the soldiers sat out a miserable Christmas while their leaders tried to think what to do. Akbar Khan promised Elphinstone provisions and a strong escort through the passes on harsh terms, the most important of which were handing over most of the artillery and a total withdrawal of the force to India. Eldred Pottinger, Macnaghten's successor as Envoy urged the General to have no truck with the treacherous Akbar and to move the entire army up to Kabul and fight their way into the Bala Hissar where they could fort up until a relief column arrived from India. But Elphinstone, quite unequal to making any decision himself, put the matter to vote among Shelton and the other senior officers who unanimously spoke for a retreat; all of them wanted only to turn their backs on the damned place and get back to India. It was the most disastrous decision of all, one that was to put a signature to the death warrants of more than 16,000 men, women and children.

On January 6, 1842, the remnants of the once impressive Army of the Indus marched out of Kabul and began the 90 mile trek to the safety of Jellalabad where General Sir Robert Sale held the fortress with his brigade. They left in the dead of winter, suffering sub zero temperatures and without the food and Afghan cavalry escort promised by Akbar despite the fact that they had handed over, as agreed, most of their artillery and all their money. There were close on 4,500 soldiers, part British and part Company sepoys, and nearly three times that number of camp followers, mostly Indians – camel drivers, punkah wallahs and servants of every description together with their dependents of all ages. And not least, the British mem-sahibs and their children, paramount among whom must be mentioned Lady Sale, Sir Robert's wife, who had stayed behind in Kabul and who kept a journal full of caustic comment about the way things had been handled by Macnaghten and Elphinstone. Indeed, from a reading of Lady Sale's diary it seems a great pity that this Lady Bracknell of the cantonments had not held the military as well as the social command from the start; certainly if she had been running things the Army could not have been in a worse position.

The first day they made only six miles and the rear guard was still closing up at two in the morning. Before the last troops left the cantonment they came under attack and the overjoyed Afghans, realising that the British were too demoralised to resist, started picking off the stragglers at once. As the Army settled down for its first terrible night they could see their former home burning fiercely as the tribesmen set fire to the cantonments. The wretched camp followers, with no food or shelter and easy prey for Afghan guerillas began to die by the hundred.

The next day, all discipline and order had disappeared. Elphinstone, still harbouring a pathetic trust in Akbar's promises, called a halt at midday, waiting still for the promised food and protection from hostile tribesmen; neither came, only repeated swooping attacks by mounted Afghans and accurate long range fire from *jezails*, the long barrelled rifles used by the local warriors.

The second night was worse than ever with the temperature dropping to a deadly 40 degrees of frost and camp followers and soldiers alike dying in their thousands as frostbite, exposure and marauding tribesmen took their toll.

The third day, they straggled on through the Khoord-Kabul Pass under constant attack, leaving 3,000 bodies behind them to be mutilated by the exultant Afghans who followed behind the column, killing off the wounded and dying as they went. Lady Sale, typical of her class, a paradoxical combination of stout-heartedness and complete paralysis in domestic matters, stoically accepted a bullet in the forearm and did her best to comfort her dying son-in-law (who had been shot in the stomach) and then wailed bitterly into her journal that 'we had no one to scrape the snow off the ground' when her tent was pitched. She and her daughter had one of the only four tents possessed by the entire cavalcade and she spent the night fighting off intrusions by camp followers and sepoys seeking a little warmth.

The following day, Elphinstone agreed to hand the European women and children over to Akbar as hostages, the only way, it seemed, in which they could be saved. Led by the redoubtable Lady Sale, some eleven women, a few husbands and fifteen children rode up to the fort which served as Akbar's temporary headquarters, the horses treading gingerly among the frozen corpses that littered their path.

The next day, January 10, was the most horrible of all as the Army negotiated the 50 yard long Tunghi Tariki Gorge, a perfect ambush set-up. The advance party fought its way through the pass and waited for the main body to catch up; they waited in vain, for the rest of the refugees had been completely annihilated. 9,000 people died that day and the Afghans closed in with knife and sword, saving valuable ammunition, so easy was it to cut down the hapless camp followers. There were now just 3,000 Indians left with a mere 450 Europeans to protect them.

On the morning of the twelfth, Akbar sent one more of his many offers to negotiate. Completely at their wit's end, Elphinstone and Shelton agreed to meet the Afghan leader despite the protests of other officers who saw only opportunities for further treachery in the arrangement. Needless to say they were right; after furnishing the two senior officers with a much-needed meal, Akbar told them he could not allow their return to the Army and held them as hostages.

Back in the defiles, the slaughter continued, the troops continually hampered and obstructed by the struggling mass of terrified camp followers. But the end was near for all of them. In a final heroic effort, the remants of the British military, now down to 120 men of the 44th and 25 artillerymen, broke away from the encumbering Indians and pressed on to the summit of the Jagdalak Defile. They found it blocked with a six foot high barrier of prickly holly oak. Officers and men tore at the obstruction with their bare hands while bullets whipped in amongst them from Afghan *jezail* fire. Then the Afghans charged, slashing the tightly packed mass with scimitars and knives. When the infantrymen finally managed to tear a gap in the holly barrier mounted officers and men rode over them and the men fired in fury on their own side. Yet amongst the horror and carnage there were examples of extraordinary individual courage. One-legged Captain Dodgin of the 44th – mentioned here for the first and last time – killed five Afghans with his own hand, forcing the tribesmen to withdraw and shoot him down from a safe distance.

When the pass was at last negotiated only 20 officers and 45 other ranks, mostly from the 44th, remained. They limped on, enjoying temporary relief in the more open country while the Afghans were diverted plundering the dead. But as night fell sporadic firing broke out again from the heights above the road.

By dawn the survivors had reached the mud hovel of Gandamak. They had just 20 muskets and 40 rounds of ammunition, but the Afghans were closing in. Here would be the 44th's last stand. It began quietly enough. The senior surviving officer was called to a parley. As he talked tribesmen wandered up to the soldiers and engaged them in apparently friendly conversation. Then they tried to grab the men's muskets out of their hands. The British beat them away fiercely and that marked the end of any further discussion.

The Afghans opened fire, then charged. It was over quickly. Only Captain Souter and four redcoats, all badly wounded, survived the onslaught. Souter had swathed the 44th's regimental colours round his waist and said afterwards that he thought he had been saved because the tribesmen imagined he would prove a valuable hostage.

Of the entire Army, there remained now only 15 or so mounted men, mostly officers, who had ridden on beyond Gandamak. More than half of them were killed before they reached Futtehabad and there were only six left when some villagers came out, making friendly overtures and offering them food. But it was a trick; two of them were hauled from their saddles and hacked to death on the spot; of the other four, three broke away and ran for it, but they were hunted down and killed one by one. A Lieutenant Le Geyt of the Bombay Cavalry died in a particularly ironic way. Hiding in some reeds he refused to shoot the white Arab charger, left to wander nearby, that had carried him to safety. It was spotted by the Afghans, they searched the reeds and put Le Geyt to death.

Soon only Dr. Brydon, an army surgeon who had hidden in some rocks, was left alive. Remounting his exhausted pony, he stumbled on towards the safety of Jellalabad. Three times he fought off Afghan horsemen and in the final encounter his sword snapped off just below the hilt. He dived for his reins and the Afghan, thinking he was reaching for a pistol, turned tail and fled. On January 15, more dead than alive, the stump of his sword still dangling from his wrist, Dr. Brydon, slumping over the neck of his horse, tottered into the Fort at Jellalabad, the sole survivor apart from a few hostages of the Army of the Indus.

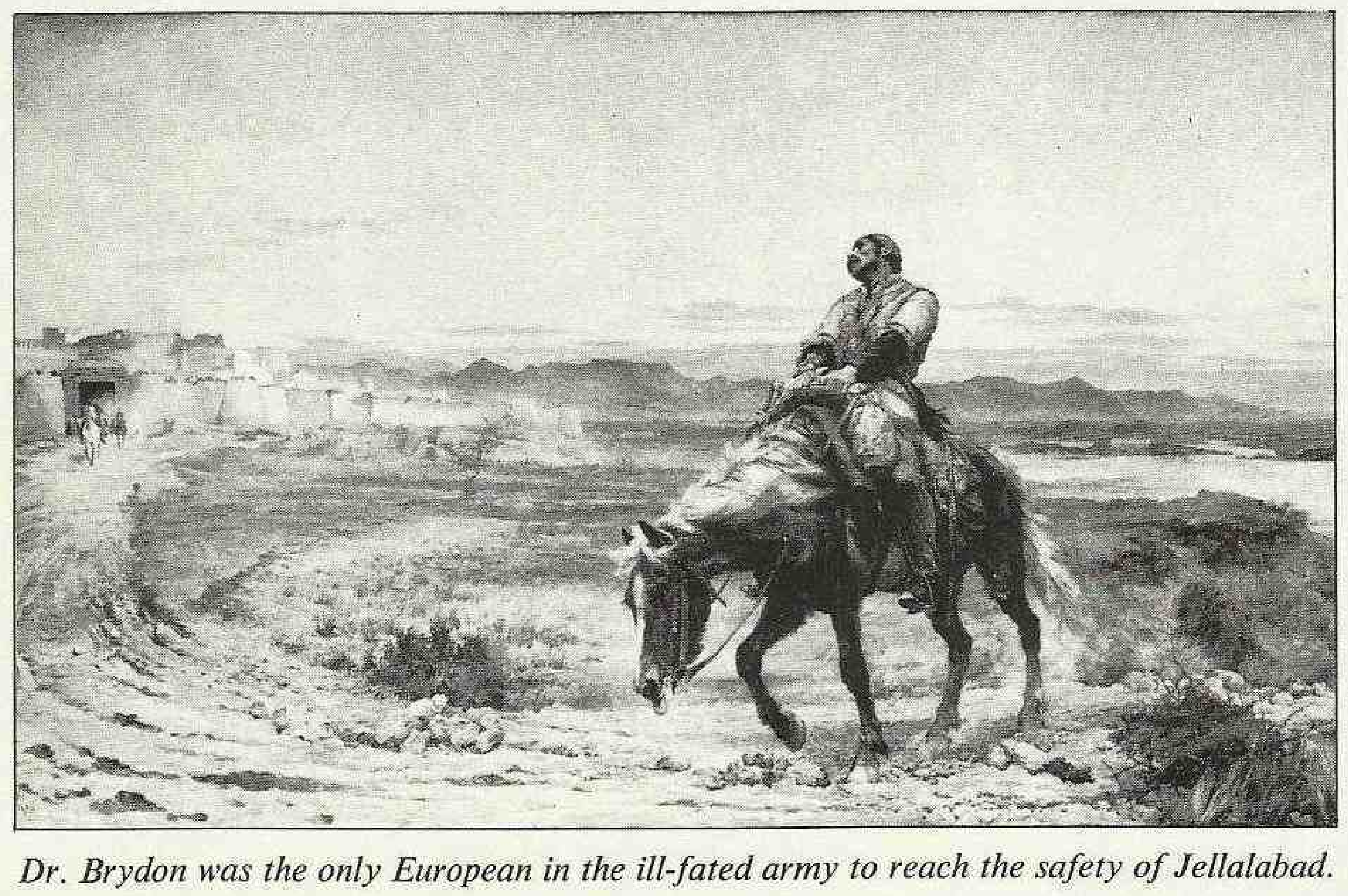
For the British there remained only revenge. An Army of Retribution was formed under General Sir George Pollock which marched to the relief of Nott and Sale, still holding out at Kandahar and Jellalabad respectively. Then, the forces united, they marched on Kabul and practically destroyed it. In due time the hostages were released – on payment to Akbar Khan of 20,000 rupees ransom money – and the 106 British men, women and children, all that remained of the army of occupation, were returned safely to India. Elphinstone had died in captivity and the luckless Shuja had been murdered as soon as the British marched out of Kabul. The international incident closed on a suitably futile note with the reinstatement of Dost Muhammed as ruler of Afghanistan as soon as the last of the British soldiers marched out of the country.

In ending an account of this most disastrous of political and military adventures one is tempted to quote the valiant General Sir William Nott, who, with justifiable scorn, remarked that 'the conduct of the thousand and one "politicals" has ruined our cause and bared the throat of every European in this country to the sword and knife of the revengeful Afghan.' But the final word shall lie with the equally valiant Lady Sale who saw with such startling clarity the onward march of tragic events. While packing to leave the cantonments before starting out on the gruesome death march through the passes, she idly picked up a volume of Campbell's poems. The book fell open at *Hohenlinden* and for days afterwards she was haunted day and night by the lines:

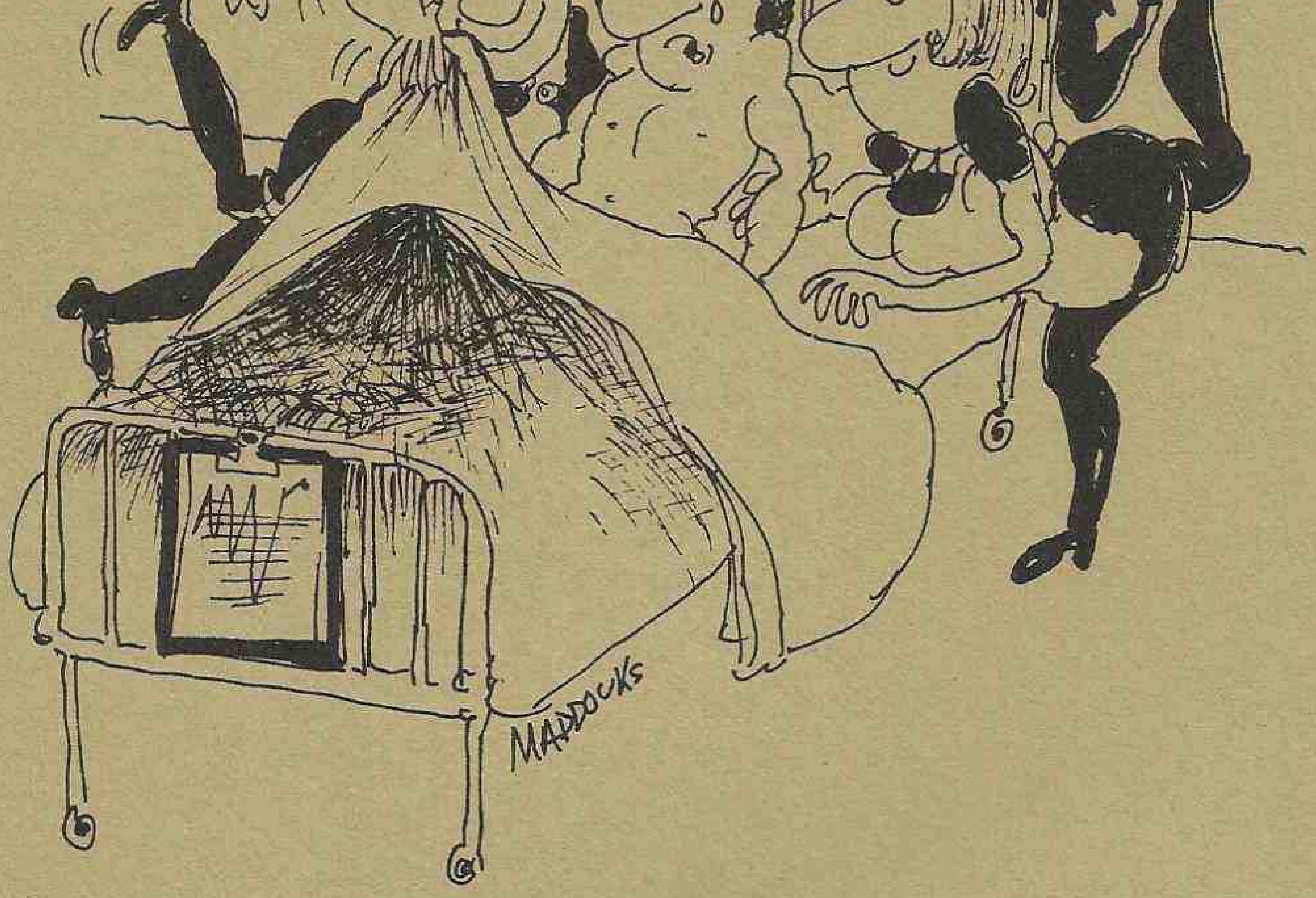
> Few, few shall part where many meet,
> The snow shall be their winding sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

They might have served as an epitaph for all those souls, some brave, some terrified, who perished in the Retreat from Kabul.

'I've been excommunicated!'



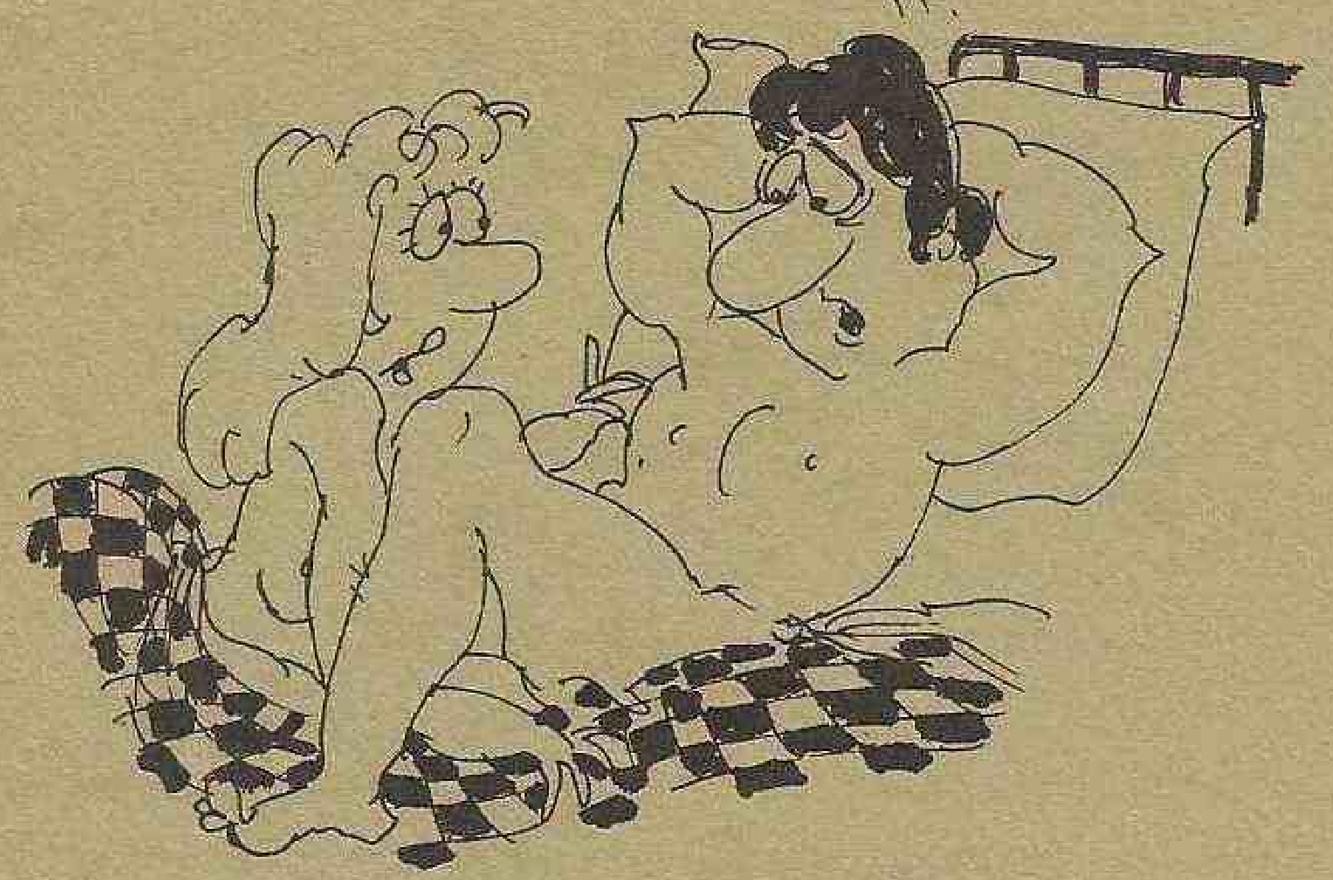
Dr. Brydon was the only European in the ill-fated army to reach the safety of Jellalabad.



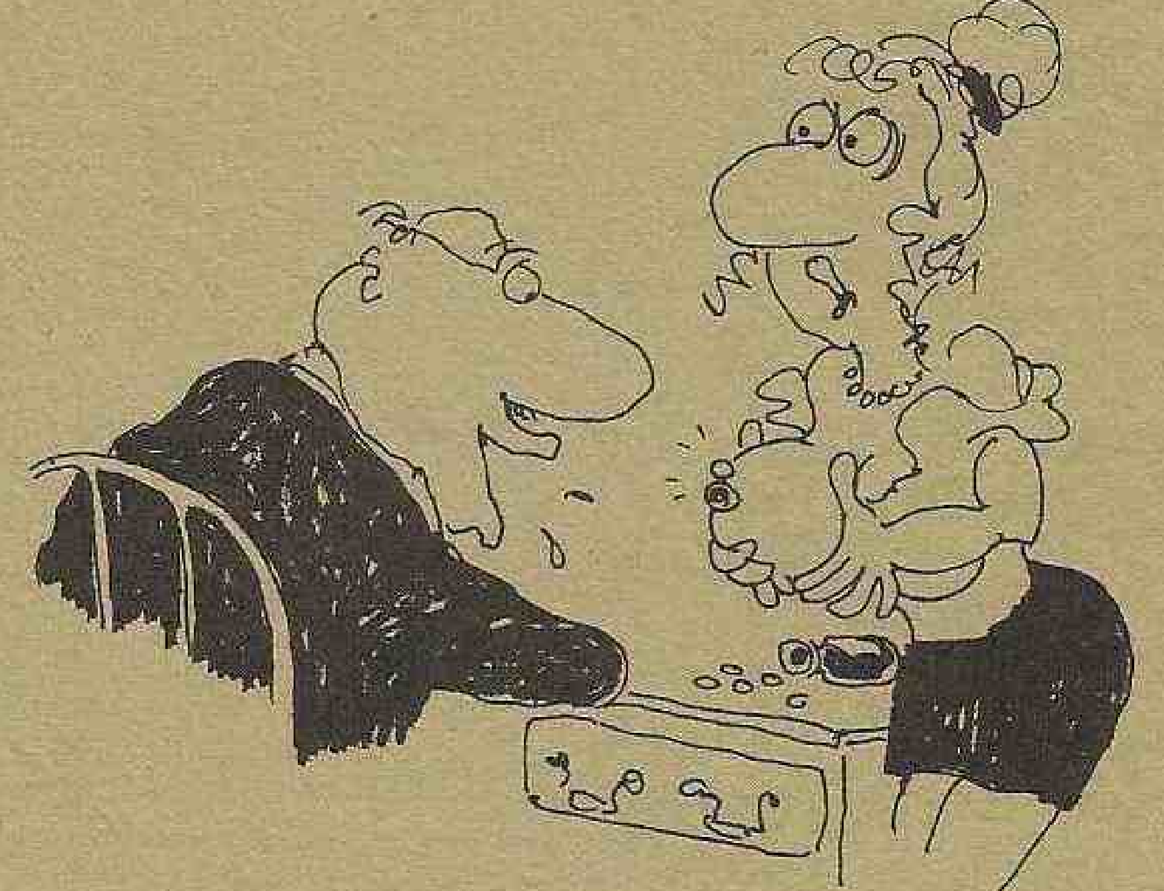
'Tell me the worst – it's rigor mortis, isn't it?'

HAPPINESS IS HYPOCHONDRIA

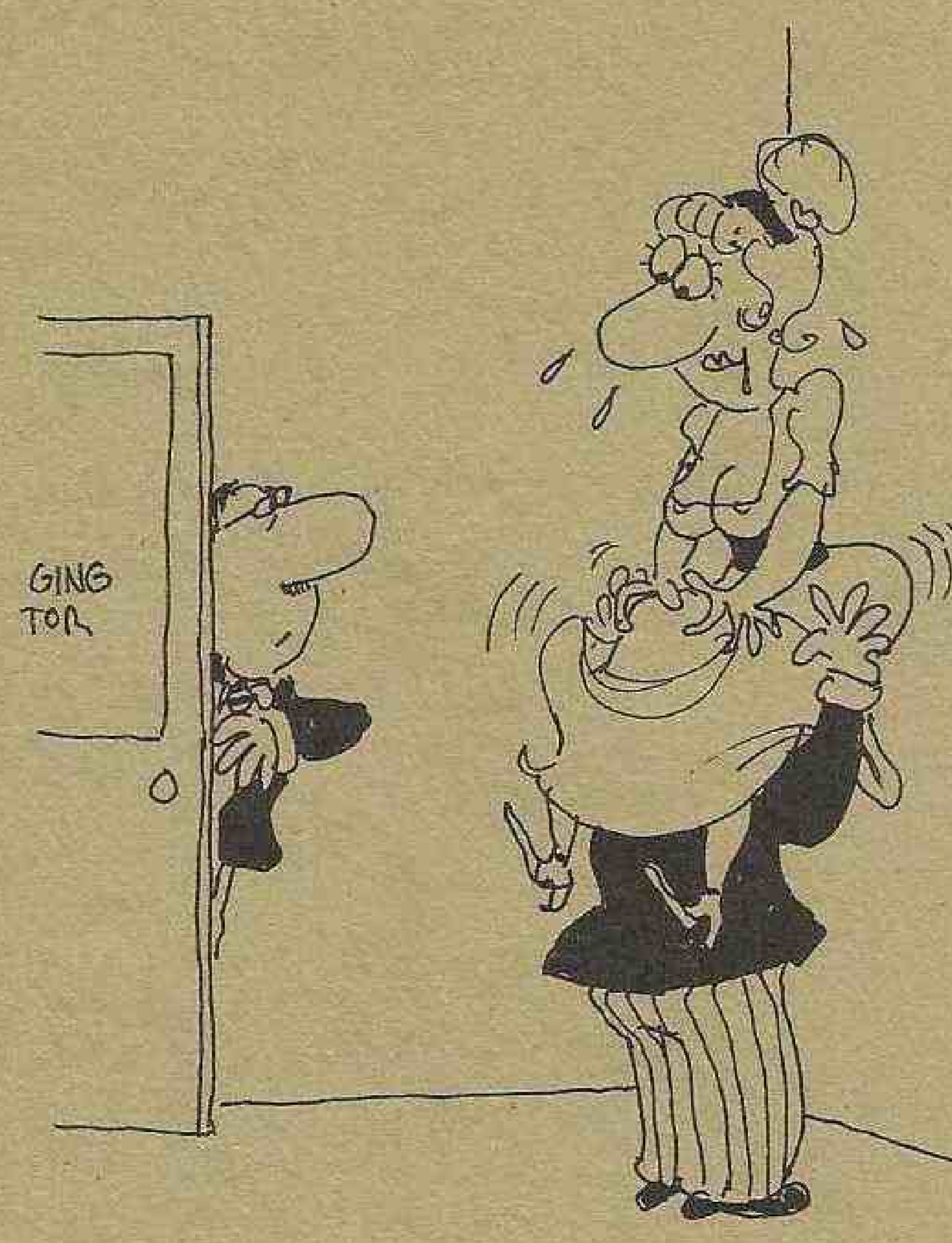
If you're obsessed by the state of
your health, it can affect everything you do.
Yes, even that, says Peter Maddocks



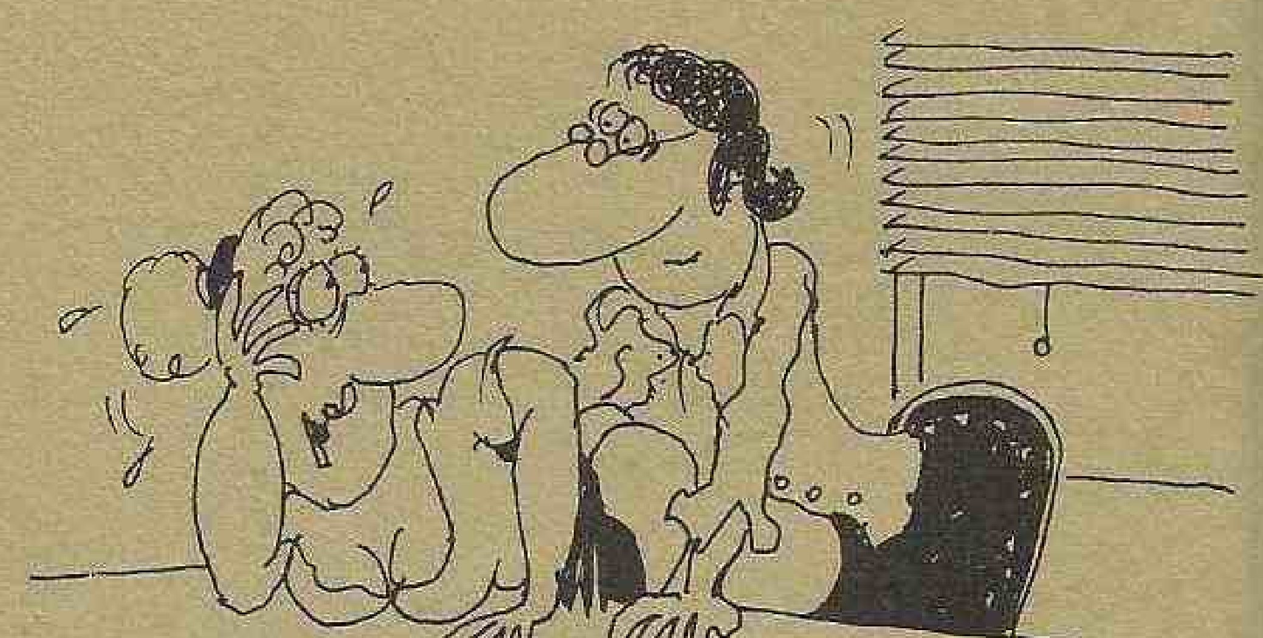
'OK, I'll let you kiss it better tonight – but if there's no improvement in the morning . . .'



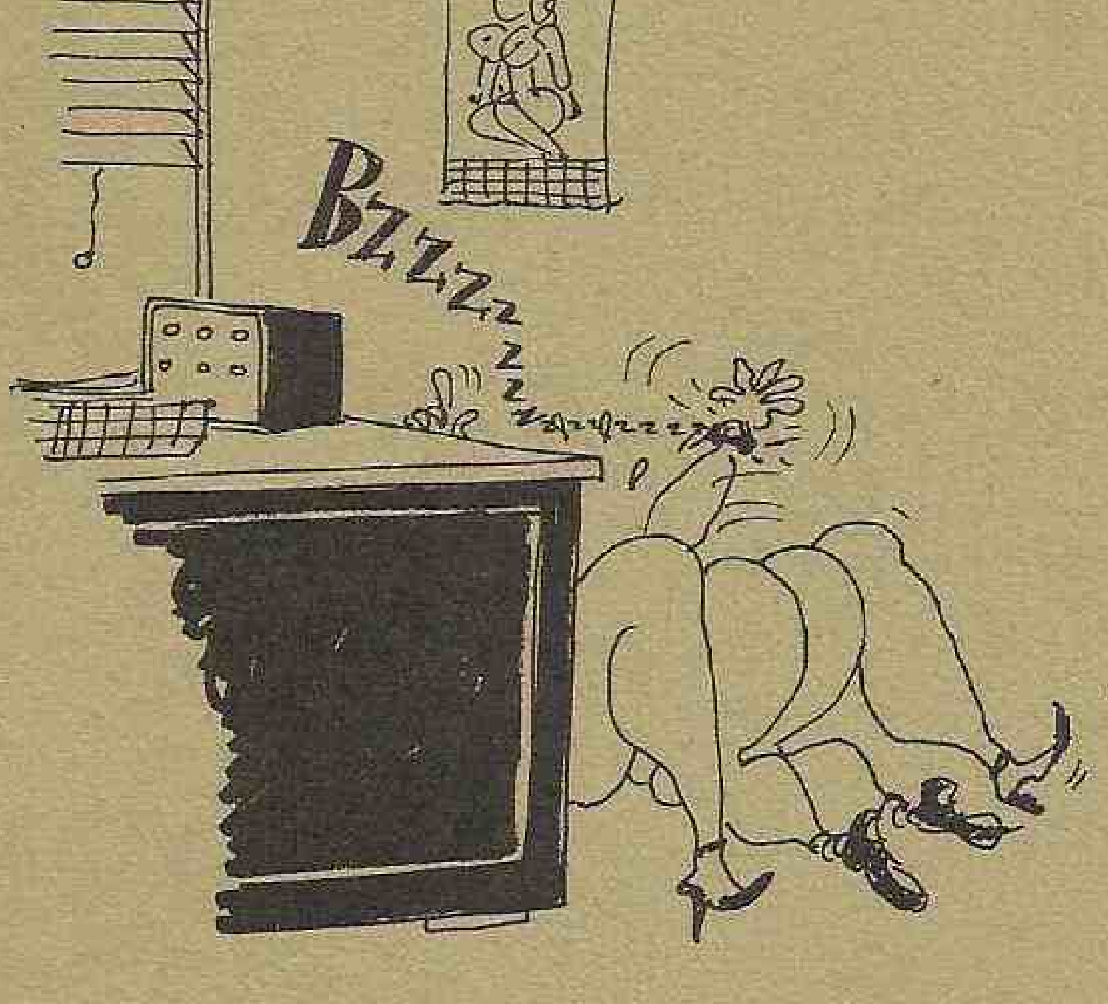
'Honestly, I wish you'd learn to take your tablets with water like everyone else!'



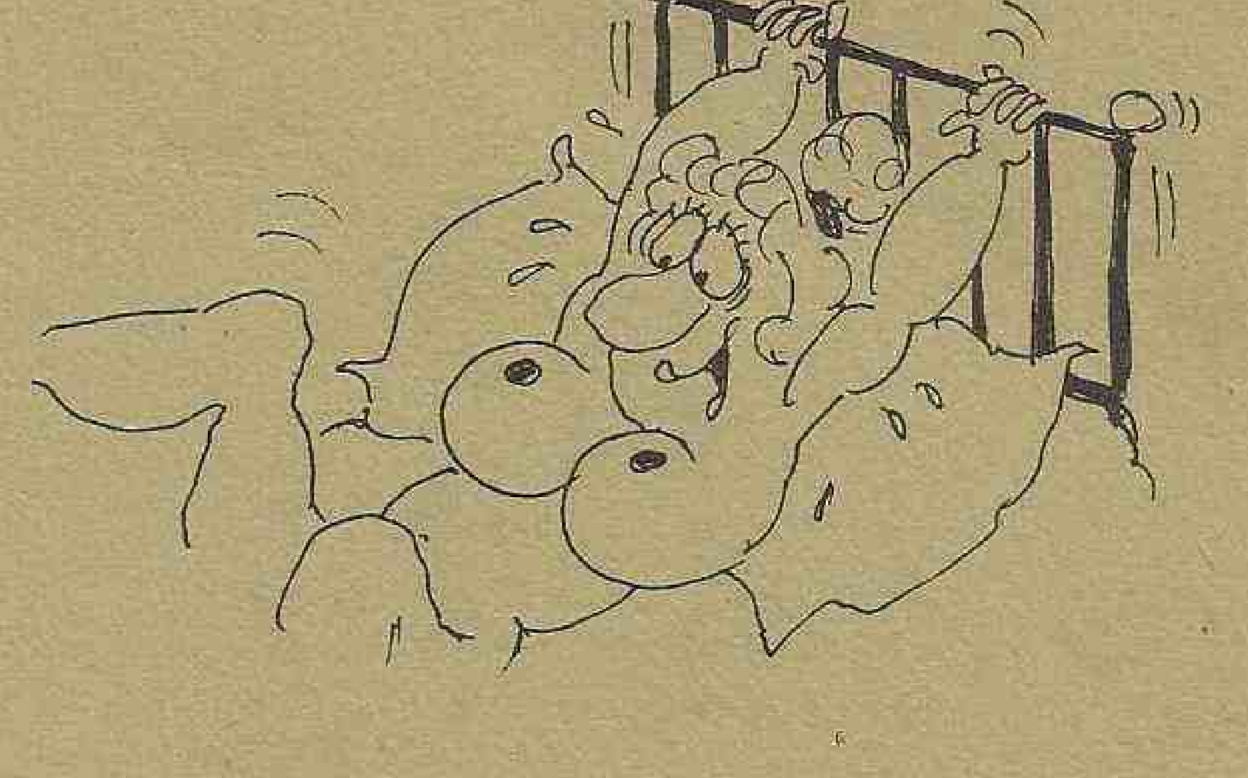
'Not now, Jeremy. We're relieving tensions!'



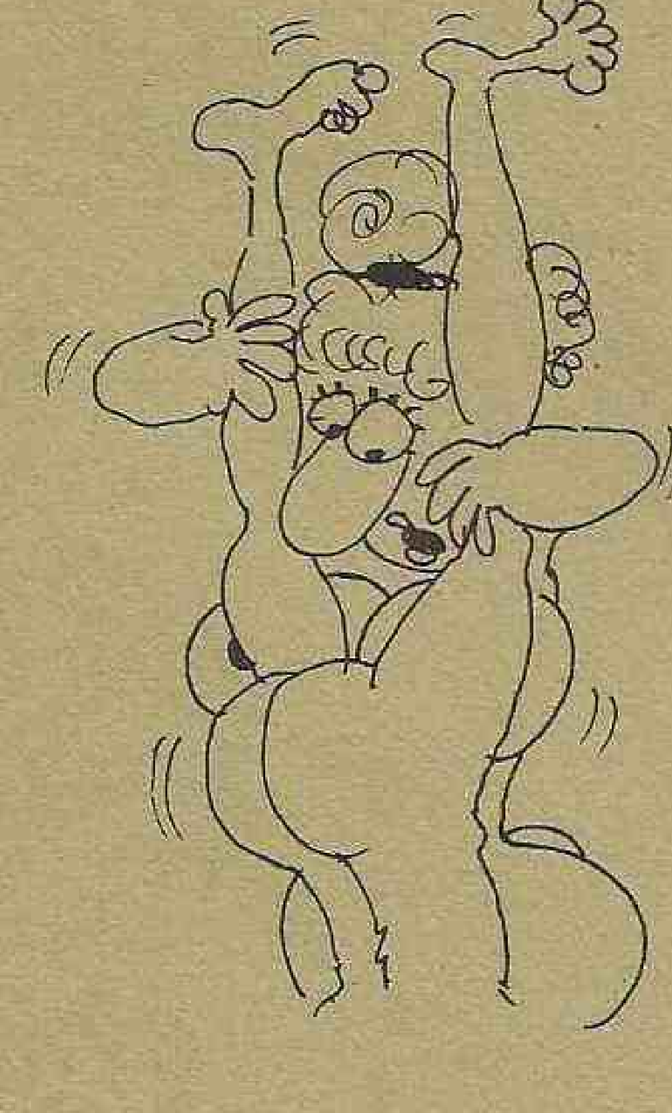
'You're right, there is a strange throbbing sensation – but I don't think it's anything to worry about.'



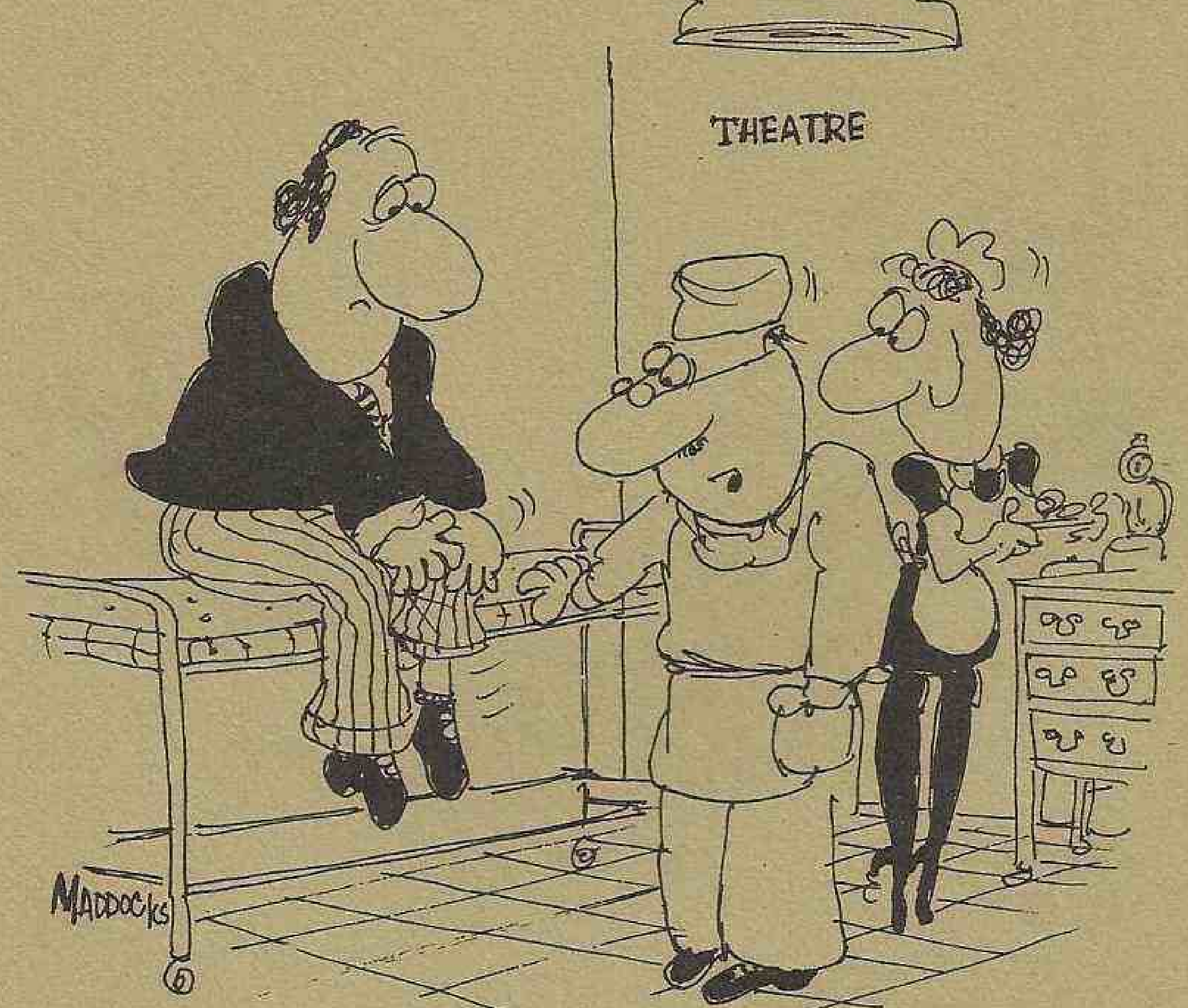
'It's time for your tablets, sir!'



'Silly boy – the ability to breathe through your ears is an asset not a deformity!'



'Of course it's quite natural for the blood to rush to your head!'



'Alright, if you think it shows below your trouser leg I'll shorten it – but your wife would prefer that I stretch your legs!'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

The day I was offered a packet of condoms decorated with my astrological sign (The Ram, if anyone cares to read significance into that) I knew there was nothing left to amaze me. No crevice of human endeavour, no secret of the human soul has been left inviolate by those astral mechanics. Business corporations make decisions involving millions of people and pounds – according to the conjunction of Mars and Venus in Uranus.

I actually have before me a pair of astrological tomes (**Love Signs** by Derek and Julia Parker, Mitchell Beazley, £1.35 each) that purport to lead a lover and his lass through the pitfalls – if that's the bedroom phrase I'm looking for – of friendly intercourse, precisely according to each partner's astrological sign!

For example: 'Arians of both sexes should realise that, sexually and romantically, the Virgoan attitude is very different from theirs, and the Aries girl who wants to develop a relationship with a Virgoan man can assess his sexuality by looking at the position of his Mars (see page 45).'

I kid you not, friends. And what is the position of his Mars on page 45?

'Mars in Aries will contribute highly sexed and passionate tendencies. The person will be demanding, but straightforward.' By contrast, Mars in Taurus produces an 'extremely passionate and highly-sexed man or woman,' slow to be aroused, but once up – wow!

Well, I thought you'd like to know. Where does it get you, ah, that's another question. We more mature craps players used to say of all such decisions of chance – That's the way the dice fall. Yet, as a cool matter of fact these days, girls can and for all I know do choose their make-up by astrology, men can decide which car to buy by astrology. In fact, you could say that if human beings *can* do it, astrologers these days will offer to take money for proving why they *should* do it. And that, I guess, is what you'd call cosmic show business.

Why so philosophical, you ask me? I put it down to Fred Mullally and his new novel **Venus Afflicted** (Hart-Davis MacGibbon, £1.95). Not that ex-journalist Mullally is a pushover for the starry-eyed brigade. On the contrary, his corrosive tale comes as a relief to my jaundiced intellect.

Venus Afflicted, strange and muddly though it be, is essentially about a sexually innocent American girl, the kind of Yankee mental virgin who seems capable of getting screwed, laid and variously entered – without actually experiencing anything at all.

In the novel she gets mixed up with a soft British travel agent, whose old Harrovian partner turns out to be an enemy agent. But above all, she goes through society with a clever con-man of an astrologer on the make. He makes predictions, he makes money, and he makes the girl.

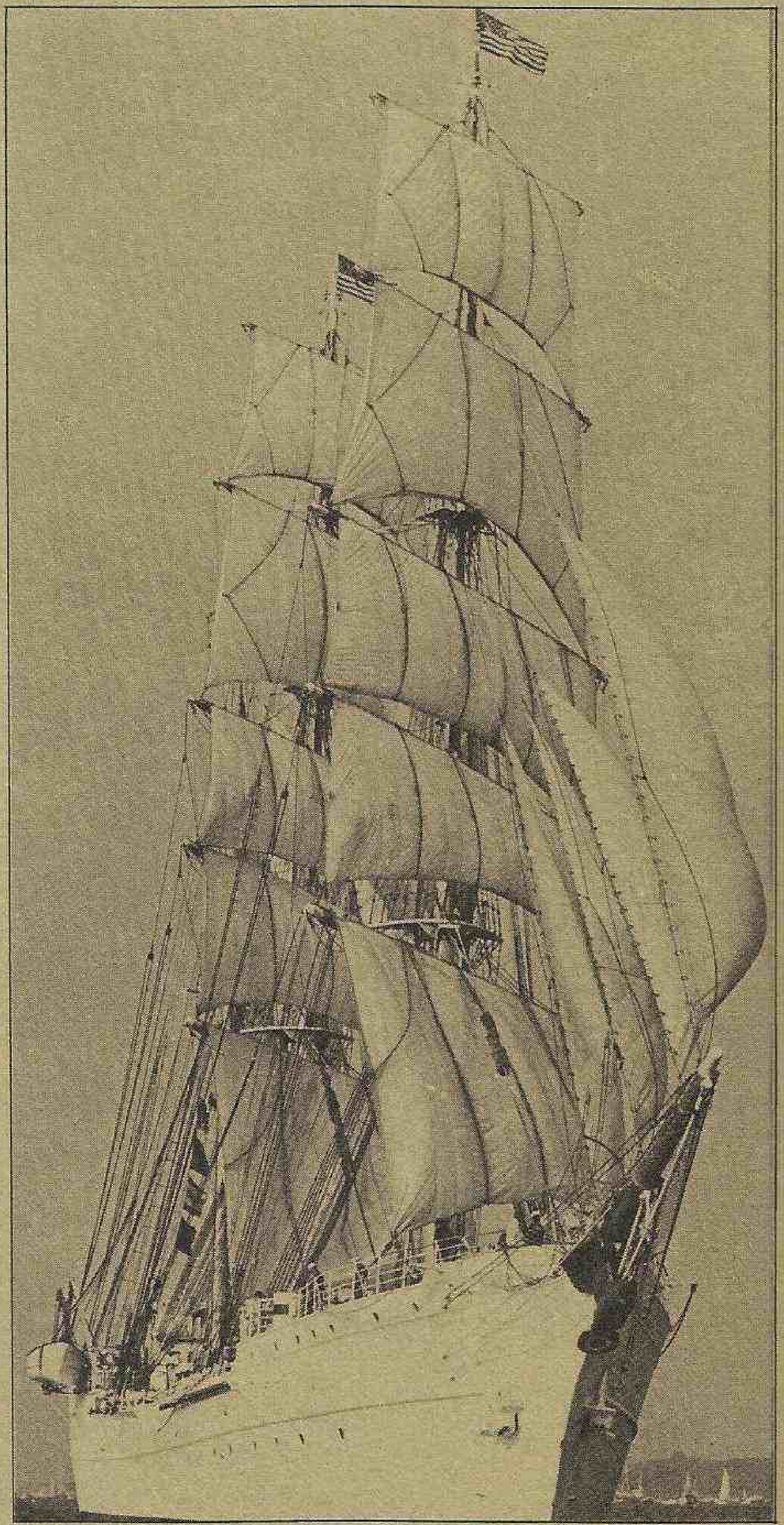
Mind you, charting the sexual misadventures of an American girl these days would tax the ingenuity of an alchemist, never mind an astrologer.

Once she had a husband, her own, I mean, and this is how she recalls that relationship: 'He made love like old Priapus himself, and never better than when he knew that *I* knew, or suspected, he'd been cheating on me. We'd have a stand-up fight, screaming at each other till something cracked and it became physical, like me lamming into him. Next thing, we were tearing each other's clothes off and – well, you know, like there was no tomorrow.'

Now, footloose in London, she is all too much aware of a local gang of playboy sportsmen known as SABFICS – after their girl-chasing philosophy of Screw-An-American-Bird-For-Indochina's-Sake!' She reacts with chilly disdain at the kind of verbal grope a young male English acquaintance tries on, when he describes why 'his personal sexual successes make it necessary for him to move from his parents' house:

'The old man's no problem. It's mother. She has this great line – 'How would you like it, darling, if you'd had a sister who behaved like an alleycat?' I tell her, if I'd had a sister who looked like she did at twenty, I wouldn't need to be heaving outside birds over the wall.'

But all that was before the arrival of a kind of astrological paradise.



One of many impressive views of sailing ships from 'Windjammer Parade' by Benno Wundshammer, published by Ian Allan, £3.95. It is a photographic record of the recent Olympic Regatta held in Kiel Harbour when over 70 of the world's largest windjammers gathered together from 17 countries, including Norway, Poland and Britain.

To begin with, Judy took the job with Justin Fieldhouse almost despite a positive disbelief in his astrological arts, as a fresh way of passing the time.

But our heroine soon passed from being his organising assistant.

Magnetism, she discovered, need not be something you leave to magnetic poles. For working day after working day they have both quite knowingly avoided bodily contact. But the very excitement of hearing him talk with apparently genuine eagerness of his hopes, plans, discoveries, ambitions – 'The tips of her breasts were stirring against her shirt's silk embrace and she would not have flinched at that moment had he put his hand to them' – began to move her strangely. Somehow she wanted to know more about her employer, lean and hard and youthfully hungry as he was, than how his mind ticked alone.

With his hand a hand's span from hers, his breath carrying that palpable masculine flavour of cigar smoke, her body and being utterly aware of his body heat and his long fingers curled with ostensibly anaphrodisiac intent over the jut of her hip, she revealed a momentary spasm of feminine jealousy. She asked about a girl whom she'd found at the astrologer's studio when she came to work – 'Where did you and Marie-Louise make love before I arrived?'

His cool reply: 'We didn't make love. We had each other. In my bedroom.' His cool gesture: His hand moved up to find her breast and he brushed her nipple with his palm. She responded excitedly: 'I don't want to be had in the bedroom. I want to be had here – in your astrological study – looking up at your plane.' Above them, as they lay on the astrologer's usually chaste consultation couch, wheeled a great model of the heavens. Justin gazed down on her and she closed her eyes 'as he unbuttoned her shirt and reached inside. Then came his lips, ending one torment and starting up another.'

Days later her memory still jangled with the blurred recollection of that first encounter: 'a ferment of whirling spheres, flaying limbs, damp flesh and tangled hair, pain and profanity all spiralling into a shrill gut-scream of relief . . .'

And it was at this point that the astrologer showed his true master-touch: astrology is insight as much as knowhow!

'She had arrived for work on Wednesday morning an inner tumult of nerves and doubts and shifting resolves: and perhaps he had sensed this at once, or possibly it was the new thing between them there voicing a clamour that must be hushed before work could begin. Whatever the reason, he led her by the hand at once into the bedroom where he stripped her naked except for her knee-high lace-up boots and brought her to orgasm first with his hand and then genitally, up against the wall.

'She took a call towards noon from a girl with a heavy Swedish accent who had a "private matter" to discuss with Mr Fieldhouse . . . He left the workbench to join her where she stood beside his desk, one hand cupped over the mouthpiece of the telephone. He accepted the receiver and held it loosely to his ear, at the same time hoisting the black cashmere sweater up above her breasts. She edged closer, chewing her lip, as he spoke softly to the Swedish girl while the pads of his long fingers worked over her nipples.

' "Uta, my love, I'm afraid it's not on for this afternoon. I have clients booked . . ."

'He cradled the receiver, bent to kiss Judy's salient nipples, swiftly, in turn, then tugged the sweater down over her breasts.

' "Back to work, sweetheart."

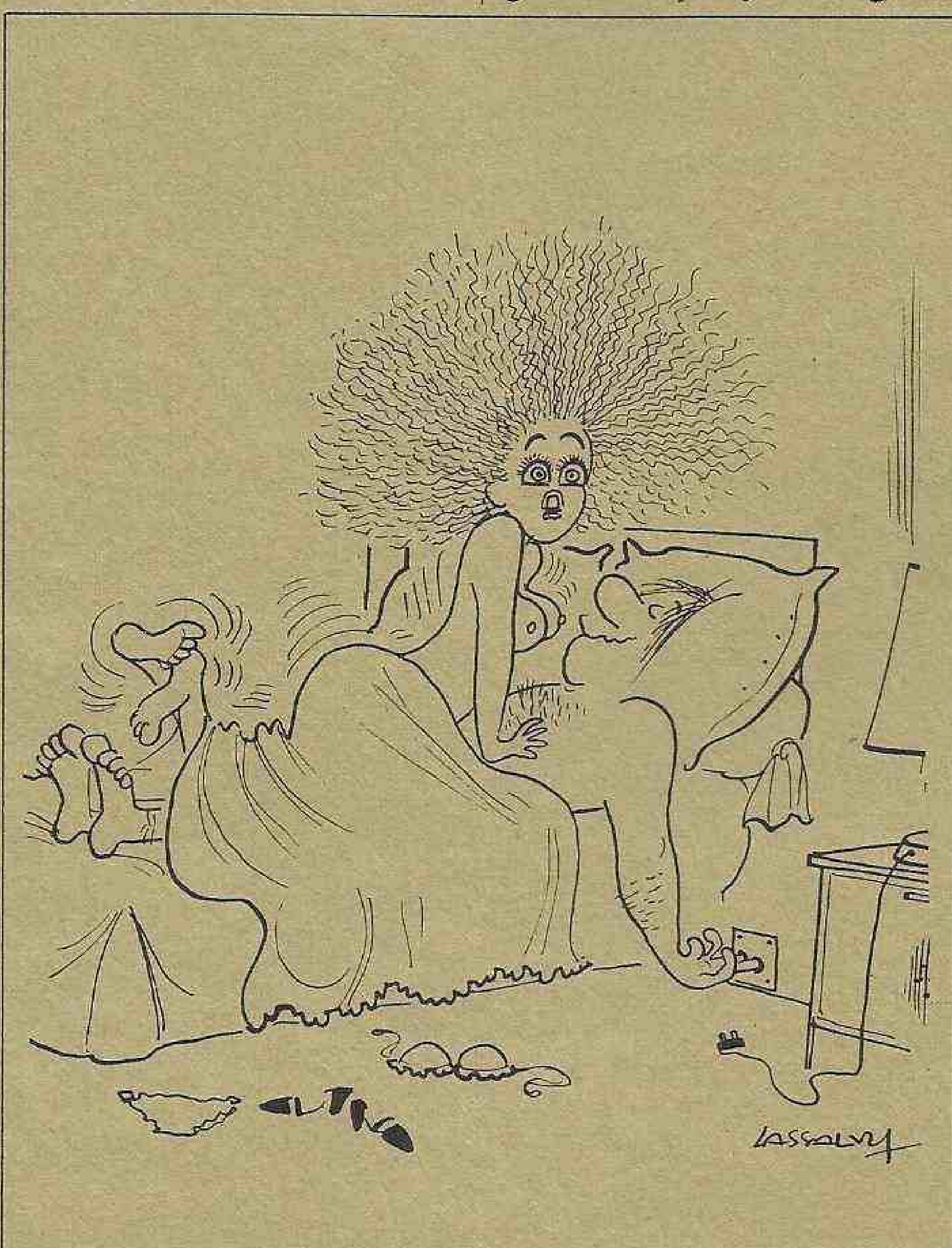
' "Like hell, back to work! Not till you finish what you started."

'It seemed so long – another world ago – since her body had sung to her like this. And now, lying in bed beside him on the studio divan, her skirt concertina-ed across her stomach and her ripped briefs coiled about one booted ankle, she felt like a bell cast in fine silver, empty and yet full of imminent chime.'

Then her secretarial instinct reasserted itself and she reminded him – twenty minutes till a client really was due for an astrological consultation.

'Run me a bath,' was his instant response. 'Then get out of here before I wear this damn thing down to a stub.'

I must admit that somehow the whole scene reminded me of that old palmist's window sign – 'Appointments not necessary.' I should think not!



DISCS

Peter Hopkin

John Martyn's music doesn't fit neatly into any category. He draws inspiration from a variety of sources, but the sound is always unmistakably individual. **Inside Out** (Island ILPS 9253), his latest album, shows some interesting developments. There is an emotive warmth in his singing and he manages to integrate music and lyrics so closely that they merge completely. 'In my writing and singing,' he says, 'I try to make one word mean eight or nine things. To express several things at once and leave possibilities of interpretation wide open. And yet I'm trying to keep the emphasis on love and positive projections all the time. I don't mind being misinterpreted but I don't want to be misunderstood.' John's guitar playing displays a wealth of ideas. He is a performer of great sensitivity, with large reserves of skill and energy. I was very impressed with *Solid Air*, his last album, but on *Inside Out* there seems to be greater empathy among the musicians. The rhythm section is better than ever, Danny Thomson has a tremendous instrumental rapport with John. His double bass playing is extremely inventive and subtle. John says of him: 'He always understands what I'm on about musically, verbally – everything. We don't even have to try.' This album demonstrates an artistry that continues to grow. John has combined his folk-blues roots with the more musically complex possibilities to be found in jazz. A thoroughly enjoyable album and a powerful artistic statement.

Elton John's latest double album **Goodbye Yellow Brick Road** (DJM DJLPD1001) must certainly be his best to date. Advance orders made it a best seller before its release. The combination of Elton John's music and Bernie Taupin's lyrics has produced a fine collection of songs. 'Funeral for a friend' is an excellent instrumental number. Sensational publicity about Elton's bizarre costumes and antics on stage tend to disguise the fact that his music is always polished and skilfully arranged. This LP contains some of today's best 'pop' music.

Alexis Korner has been a prominent figure in the British blues scene for at least a decade. Steve Marriott invited Alexis and Denmark's top blues singer, Peter Thorup, to make their American debut on Humble Pie's nationwide tour in the spring of 1972. Together with Boz (bass) and Mel Collins (saxophone) (from King Crimson), Ian Wallace on drums, Alexis Korner and Peter Thorup form a new band – Snape. **Accidentally born in New Orleans** (Translantic TRA 269) is their first album and they play some driving, punchy, blues. Numbers like 'Rock Me' and 'Gospel Ship' are an ideal vehicle for the band's improvisation. Alexis' own songs 'Sweet Sympathy' and 'Country Shoes' are a bit of a disappointment. I imagine that Snape are quite impressive 'live' but on vinyl they lack sensitivity and depth. Compare 'One scotch, one bourbon, one beer', with the Snooks Eaglin version and you'll see what I mean. Snape are experienced rock-blues men, if they can develop more subtlety and use strong material consistently, they will be a force to be reckoned with.

Selected titles from THE MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY

The book that really *shows* you . . .

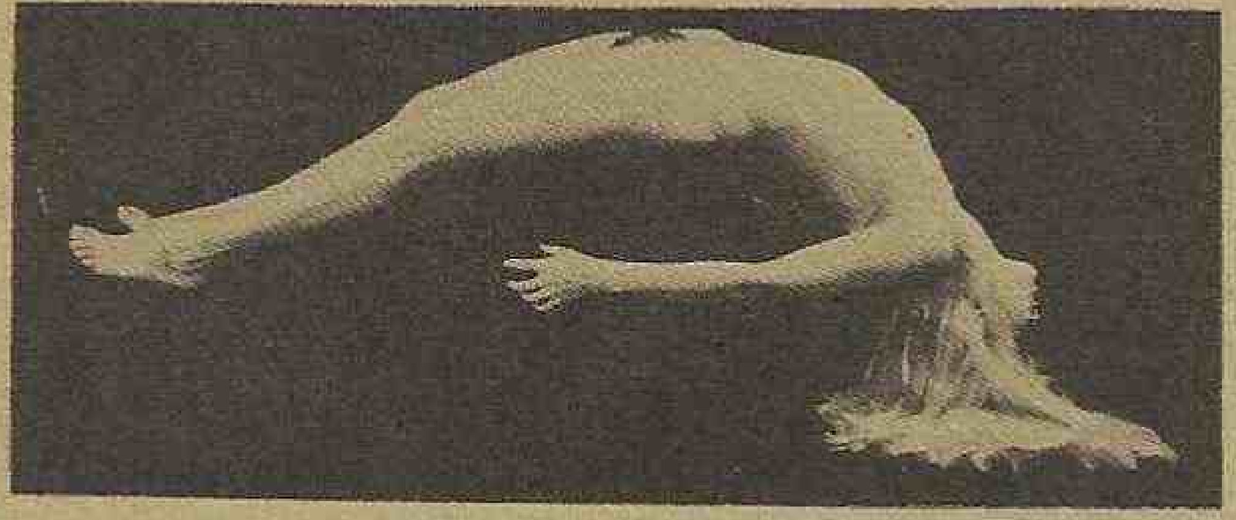
SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate lovemaking positions. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking together with detailed descriptions and diagrams showing how the different positions affect the contact of the organs of man and woman. The reader can study them in depth and emulate them in his or her search for complete sexual fulfilment.

By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members and we warn purchasers of its revealing nature.

Price £2.70

vive le sex



A portfolio of photographs, colour and black and white, male and female, showing a nude and erotic ballet of artistic acceptance. When this book first appeared its positions and display of pubic hair made it an 'underground' classic. Now a broader readership can enjoy it.

Price £3.75

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX *but were afraid to ask*

No question is too intimate for an honestly detailed answer in this frankest of sex books: Is the rear entry position natural? Do many men suffer from premature ejaculation? What do homosexuals do together? What can a man do with two girls at the same time? Which aphrodisiacs work? This book gives you, plain, perhaps shocking, truth.

Price £2.25

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME HERE WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

At last a sexually adept woman has written down the intimate and exact details of what turns women on – insights that even the most carnal of modern Casanovas might take years to discover. Wise and witty Ruth Dickson, author of *Married Men Make the Best Lovers*, gives the details of the things that drive her wild, and gives frank advice to the lucky girls themselves.

Price £2.70 (When ordering, shorten title to 'Got Me Here')

SURROGATE WIFE

The Masters and Johnson clinic used sexy girls to help men overcome sexual problems. The girls' experiences helped bring them to understand the problems men face in bed. Now one of them, Valerie Scott, tells her very intimate and arousing story. She is a woman who knows how to turn the most insecure male into a rampant and sensual bedmate. Her story can help any man's sex life.

Price £2.70

LOVE'S PICTURE BOOK

A stunning two-volume pictorial history of love, lust and pleasure. Volume I includes totally explicit wall frescoes at Pompeii, bawdy medieval woodcuts, and the pornographic art of pre-Revolution France. Volume II charts the excesses of Victorianism and uninhibited modern erotic art. Each volume contains over 160 black and white pictures.

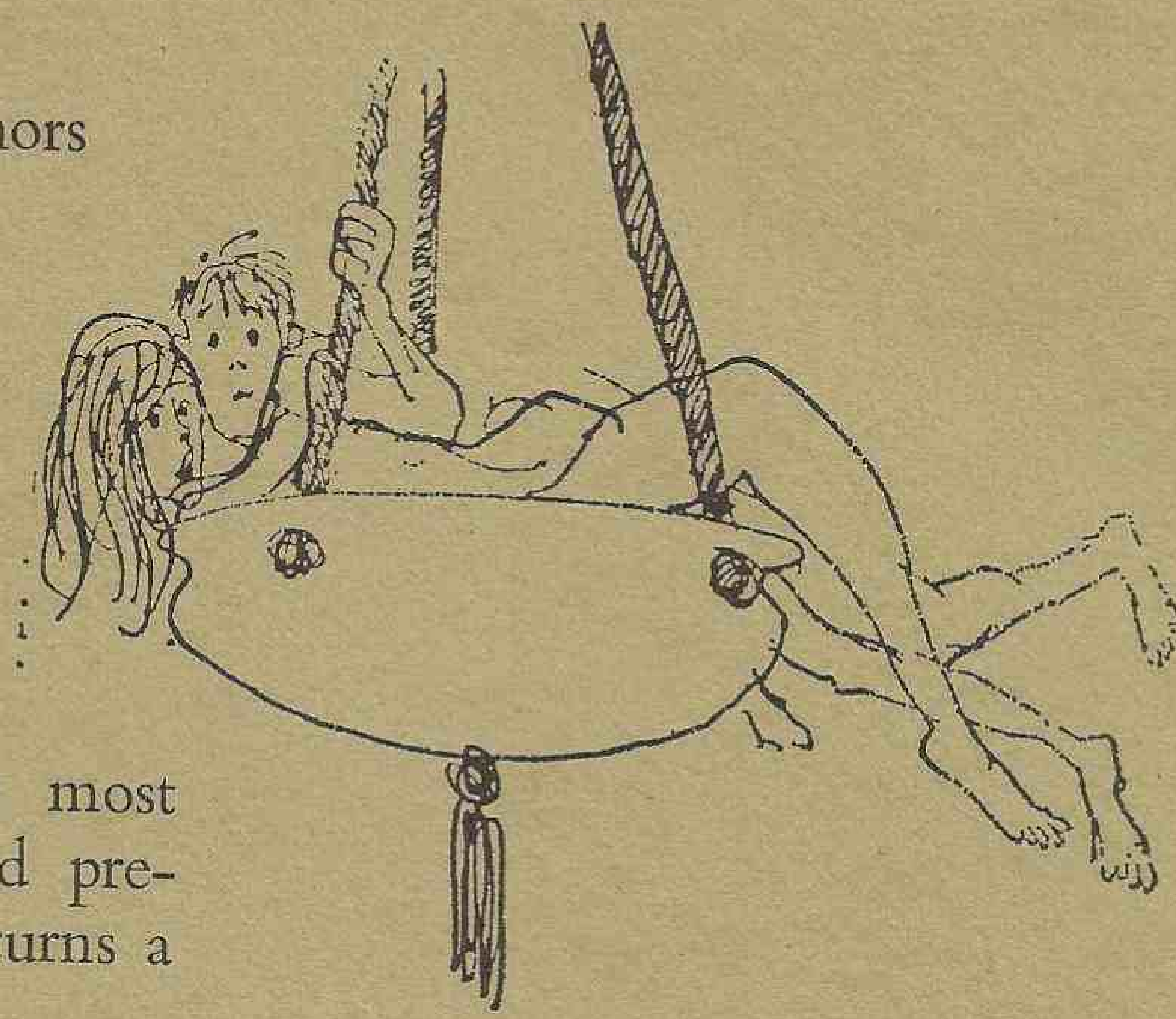
Price £2.75 each. Both volumes: £5.30

SEX AND THE SINGLE MAN

Every red-blooded male's book on how and where to meet and make both the married and single woman. When is adultery allowable? What is the difference between perversion and experimentation? Dr. Ellis advances original ideas on sex with married women and lays down rules for success in bed, showing how to conduct an affair without detection and what to do when you're found out.

Price £2.00

Introducing a new sex technique book by the authors of an ABZ of Love



LIVING IS LOVING

Are younger women the most sensual? How do you avoid premature ejaculation? What turns a *frigid* woman wild?

In this remarkably frank sequel to ABZ of Love and XYZ of Love, Danish sexologists Inge and Sten Hegeler use commonsense, humour and totally explicit drawings to show what makes for a happy and satisfying sex life. Beginning with a detailed account of the act of love itself, they go on to examine the achievement of sexual pleasure both within and without a close relationship. Their message is one of tolerance and mutual respect. All things are permissible, as long as one's partner or oneself is not harmed. Previously taboo subjects covered include aids to masturbation, best positions for oral sex and the use of a pubis ring. This book is a friendly and down-to-earth look at the peaks and pitfalls of sexuality. There are few men or women who will not derive lasting benefit in their sex lives after reading its pages.

Price £1.75

All prices include postage and packaging

Clip out this coupon and send it to: **MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY,** 95A Chancery Lane, London, WC2

I wish to become a member of the Mayfair Book Society. I understand this places me under no obligation whatever to purchase any specified number of books – but it will give me the advantage of priority service on the books I want. I am over the age of 18.

Please send me the following books (BLOCK CAPITALS, please): Reg. London No. 875169

I enclose a cheque/postal order for .... I am/am not a subscriber (delete as necessary)

Name .... Address ....

Date ....

This coupon is for your convenience, but we shall be happy to accept orders on plain paper. Don't forget to write your name and address clearly on every order for books. All orders sent in unmarked brown, staple fastened envelopes

M91

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

We all know the well-tried rule that you drink the beer the landlord drinks – and very wise too, since it is bound to be the best in the house. Similarly a smart move is to dine at the restaurant where all the other restaurant owners go on their night out – if you can find out where their secret meeting place is.

This is why I was more than impressed when I saw Alvaro dining in the same restaurant as Mimmo (Mimmo d'Ischia), and Othello (Dolce Vita), and Martinuchi (San Martino), and Franco (Rugantino), and Walter Orsi (Tiberio), all enjoying dinner at different tables down at the new **Barbarella:** 422/428 Fulham Road, SW6 – Tel. 385-9434.

I can remember the old Barbarella in the days when Enrico Savelloni left Fanny's Bistro and started doing his own thing in the Fulham Road. It was good in those days, but nothing like as good as it is now. It has benefited from success and experience, and the management has not sat back on its laurels, but continues to strive for further improvements.

It has also benefited from a considerable injection of capital by Peter Lindsay-Newbold, who controls a fast expanding group of leisure companies, including the new ninety-room Lindsay Hotel which is in the final stages of construction over the Barbarella Restaurant.

It did not take our friendly restaurant owners long to see that Barbarella was a rising star in the restaurant field, aided by the £7,000 which has recently been spent on improving the decor, and the £1,000 installation of quadrophonic sound in the discotheque room which you can see through glass archways from any part of the restaurant. The air conditioning for the summer, and the ducted central heating for the winter help to make the English climate more tolerable, and if you are coming in from the country the threat of the breathaliser can be removed by taking an £8.50 double-bedded hotel room (with colour television) above the restaurant.

The menu is mainly Italian, but different Italian. Enrico is a perfectionist, and when he makes cannellone he does not make the ordinary canellone of green pasta filled with minced meat and spices – Enrico puts curd cheese together with chopped sausages, fresh spinach, yolk of egg, Parmesan cheese, and instead of pasta he wraps it in a special pancake mix which gives lightness and is, incidentally, less fattening. His other dishes are prepared with a difference as well, and in fact Barbarella is rather different from the normal Italian restaurant in many aspects.

Enrico is outspoken and determined. For instance, since he is able to sell Italian Valpolicella Bolla red wine at under £2 a bottle, he does not see why he should have to charge you £4 for the Nuits-St-Georges he has recently been offered – so he is removing most of the expensive French wines from his wine list, and with table wines at £1·40 a bottle, Barbarella becomes a very reasonable proposition for a night out. This restaurant is one of the few in London where you are able to take a three course meal with wine in a romantic intimate atmosphere, with dancing, at little more than £6 for two people.

The tables are dimly lit with individual lighting over each table, and as each room gets filled they are able to expand into the next, maintaining interest whether they have a small number of diners or the restaurant filled to capacity.

I looked for faults. The most annoying thing that happened to me was that I could not get a Schweppes tonic with my gin – since a man who drinks as much gin and tonic as I do can tell the difference between Schweppes and the imitators. But that was where it ended – I returned again incognito and enjoyed another interesting evening, and will go again. Barbarella takes last orders at 1 a.m. every night, and there is dancing until 2 a.m. It is also open on Sundays.

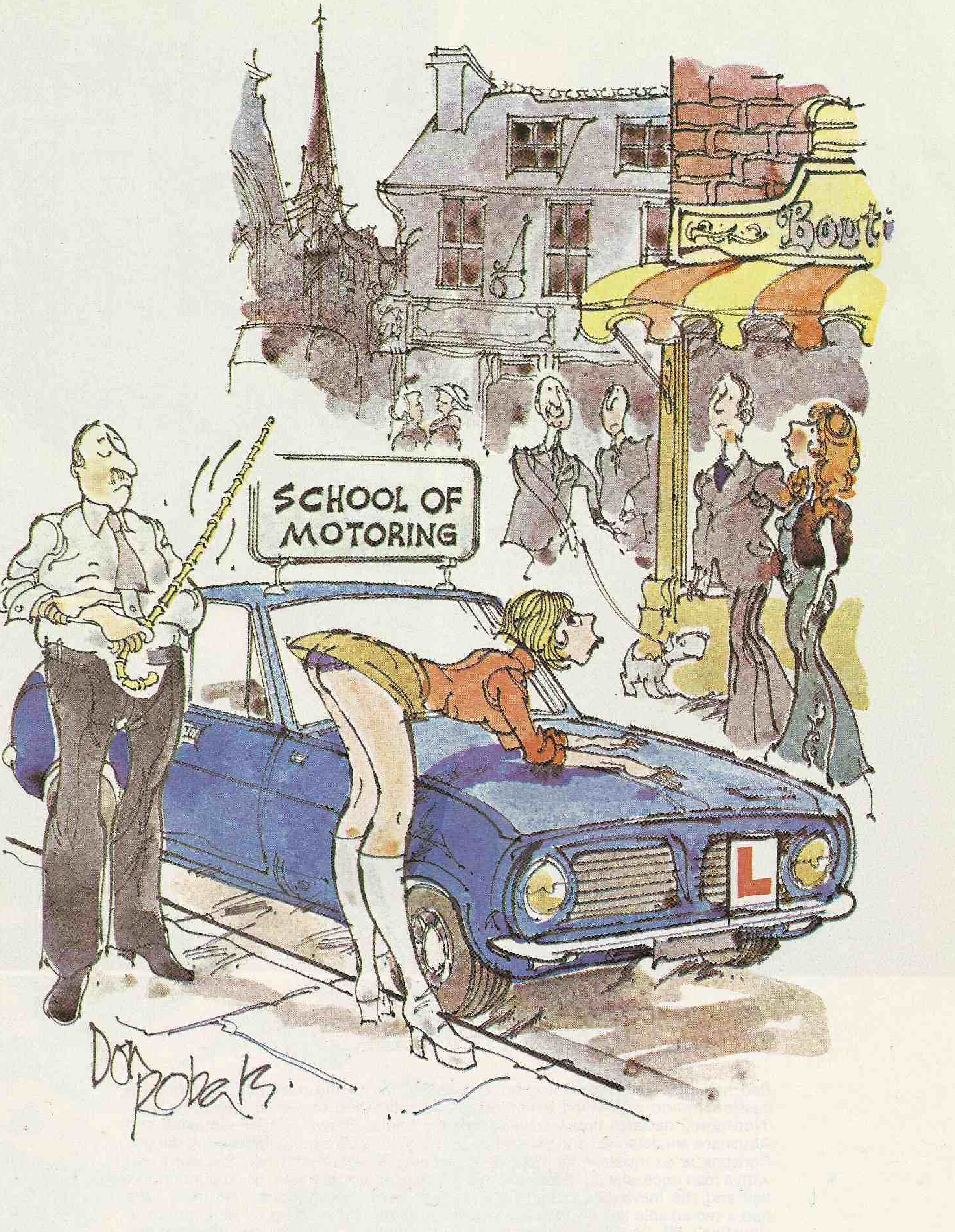
I boldly suggest that you try the restaurant and, if you wish, terrify the life out of them by telling them that it had better be as good as the evenings that we enjoyed there. I have a feeling that, value for money, Barbarella is going to be hard to beat this winter.

In the fifties it was Princess Margaret's era. There was much gadding about and it was the heyday of the gossip column. At that time *The Society* Restaurant in Jermyn Street was Princess Margaret's favourite haunt with Billy Wallace, her Group Captain and, of course, Anthony Armstrong-Jones. *The Society* lived up to the éclat of its name. It was instinctively 'posh'. Its customers were of the same class, at ease with one another. Charles was the Maître d'Hôtel. Today in Guildford he has his own restaurant, the **Mad Hatter** – so called because Lewis Carroll lived around the corner from 5, Sydenham Road (0483-63011), where Charles has his own premises. Charles has brought 40 years' experience of the Mayfair plush to this pleasant Surrey city. He closes Sundays and Saturday lunchtimes. Otherwise it is business from 12 to 3 pm, and from 7 pm to last orders at 11. Charles' menu is the best of all foods; French, English and Italian. His 'House Speciality' is *bœuf strogonoff* (£1.65). Charles is the perfect host/owner. And you get something which is short on the ground these days: service. £8 for dinner with three courses, wine and liqueurs.

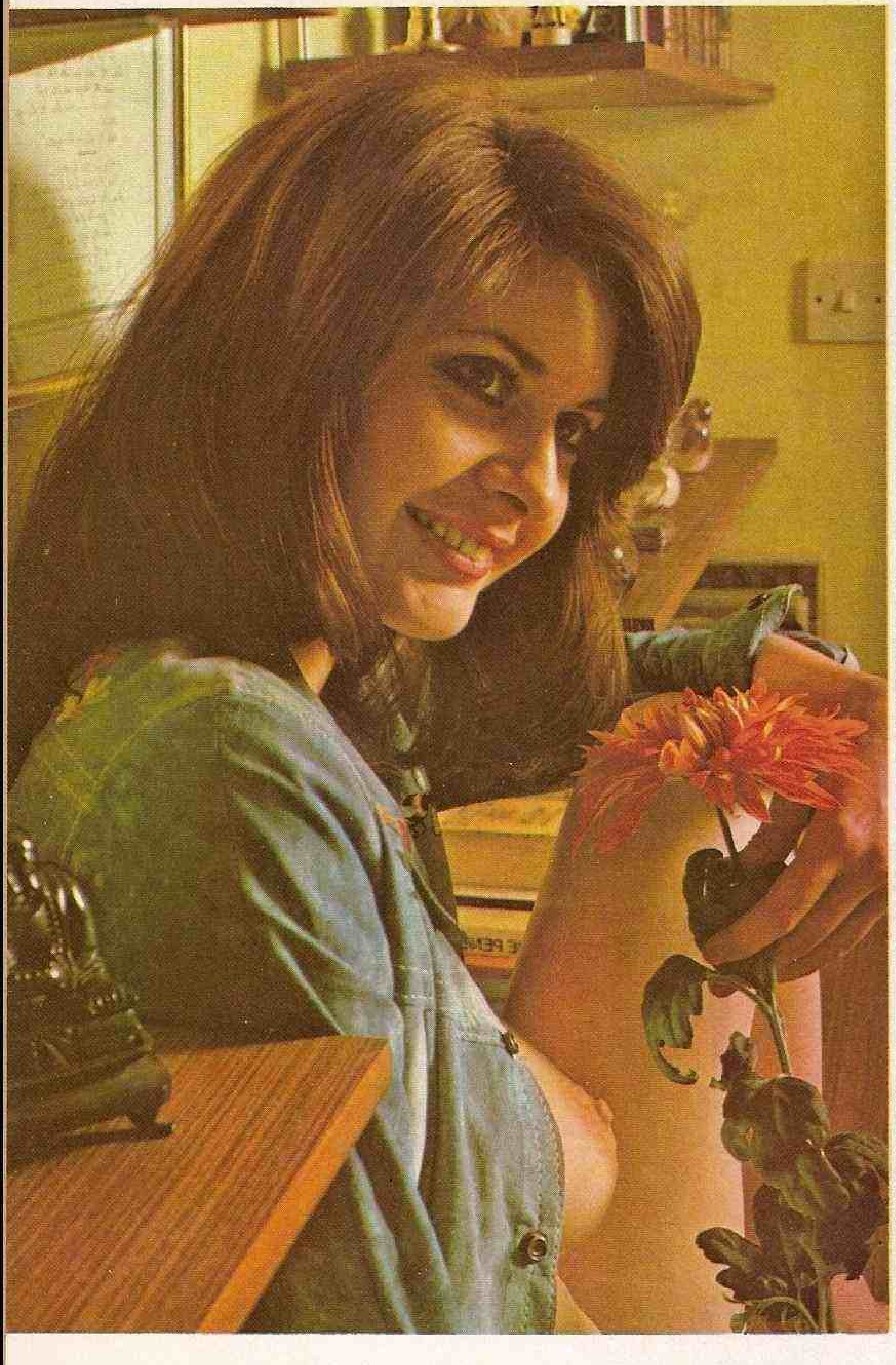
Opposite West London Air Terminal is **The Stable** owned by Mario Lappen (123, Cromwell Road, SW7. 370 1203). The menu is French/Italian. There is Chris Bennett's Trio and singer, Luis, a dance floor and an excellent ambience. It is expensive but the value is good and, here again, the 'Guv'nor' is on the premises. There are two old hay waggons, in deference to its name. There is a 50p minimum no service charge and a wide menu. Mario's restaurant is a place for two which is civilised to drink, eat and dance in – even if the hay waggons are occupied!

Nigel Edwards

'My wife may not cook the greatest food in the world . . . but it's never boring!'

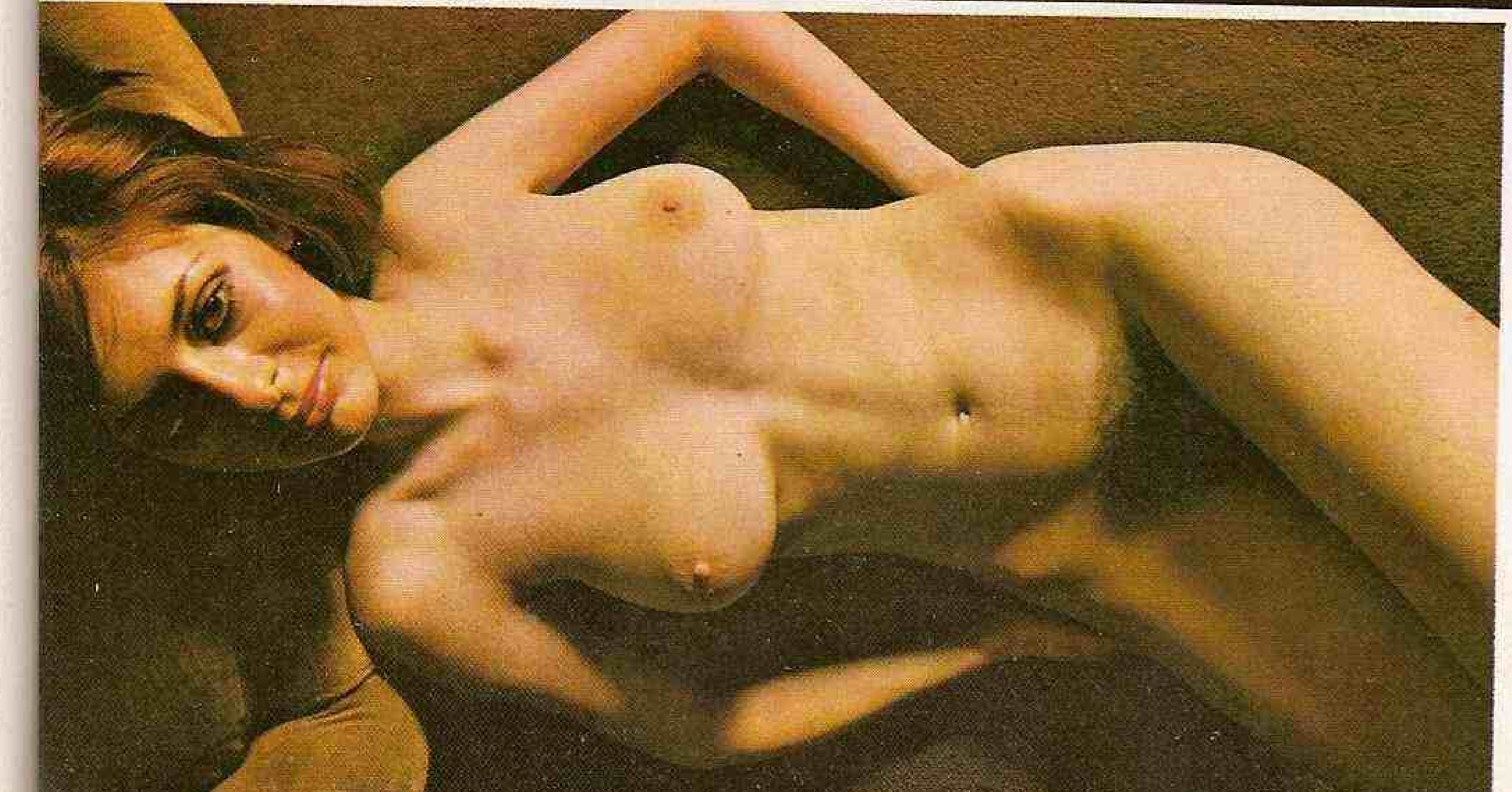


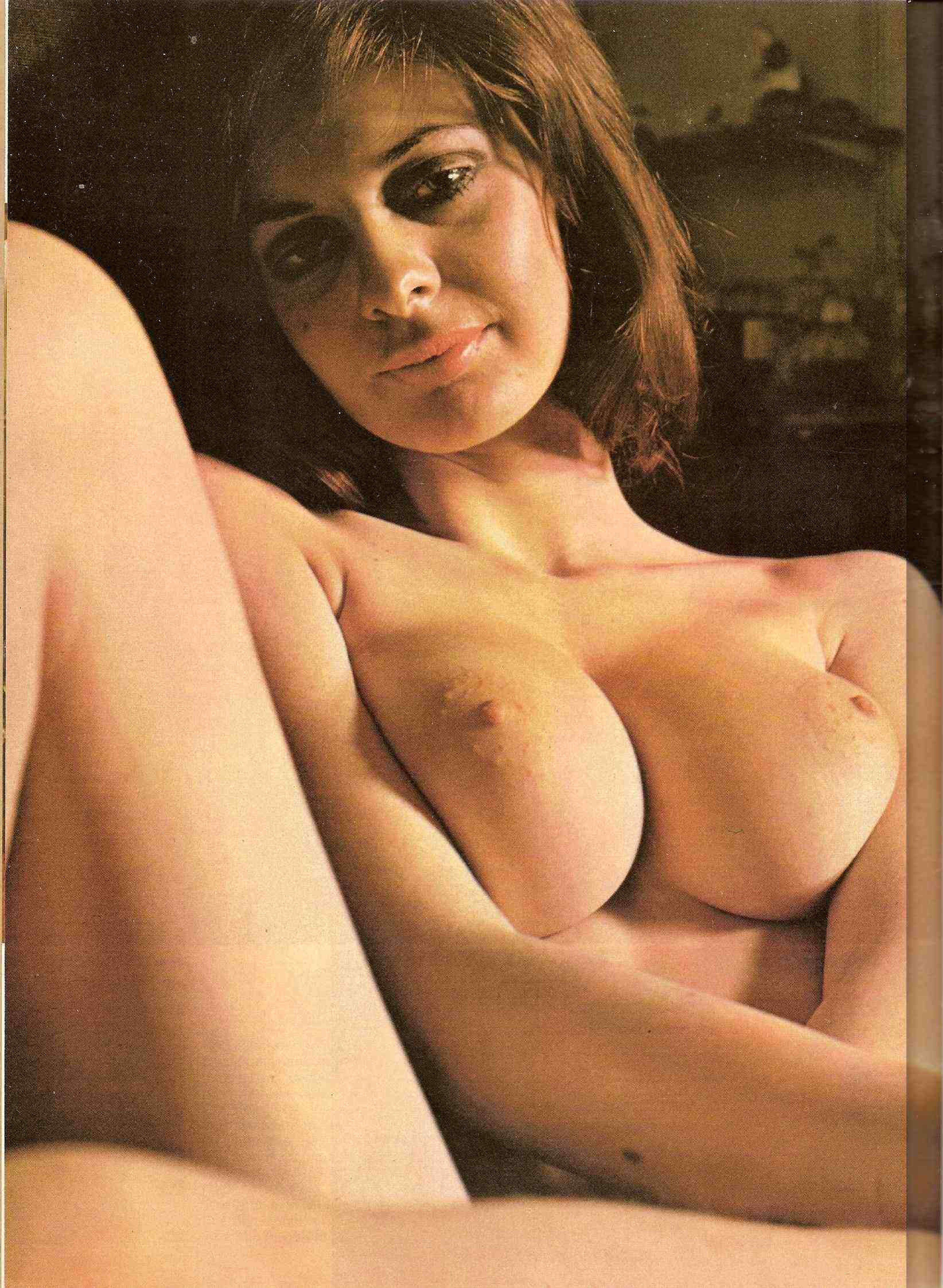
'I understand he gets good examination results!'

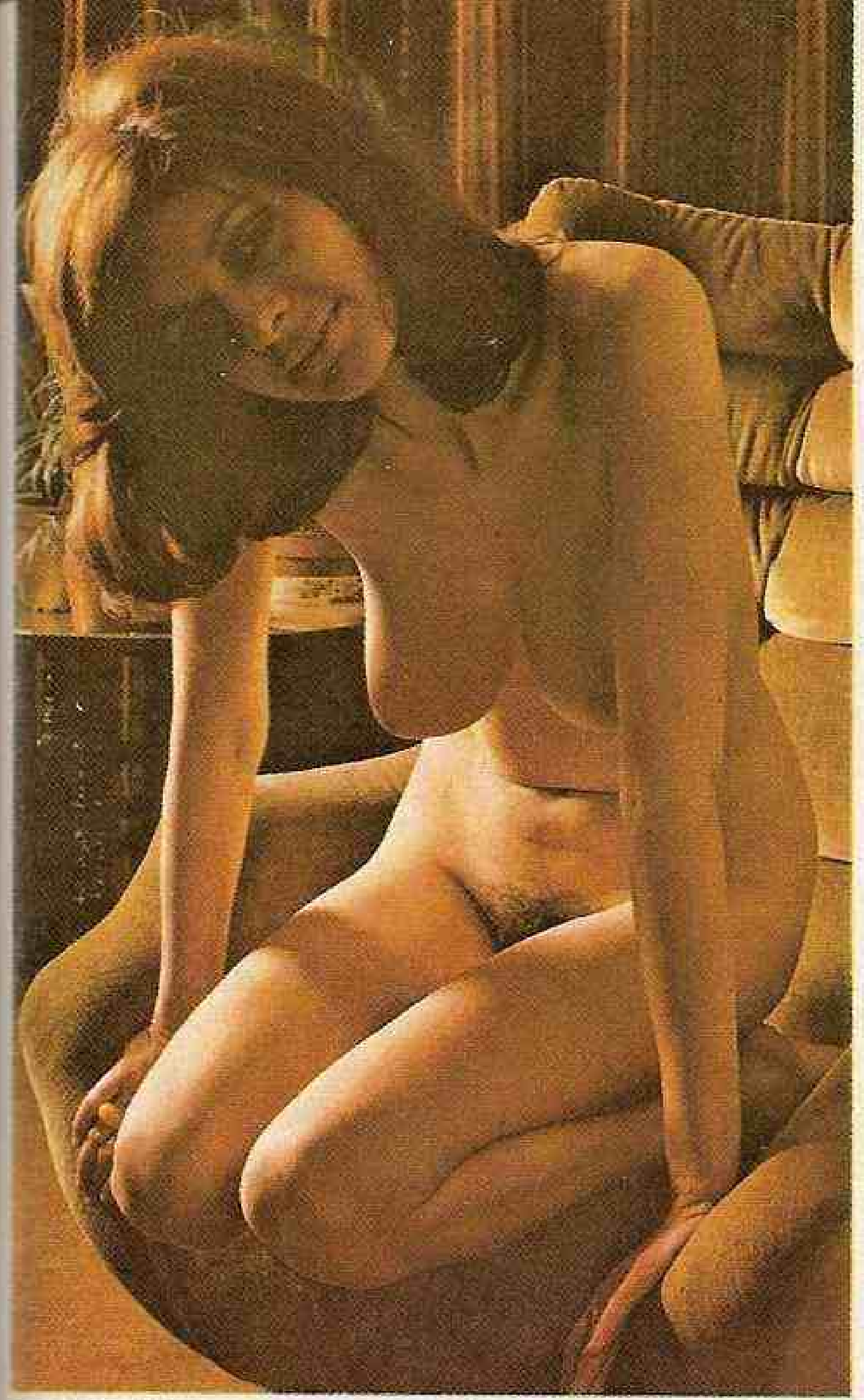


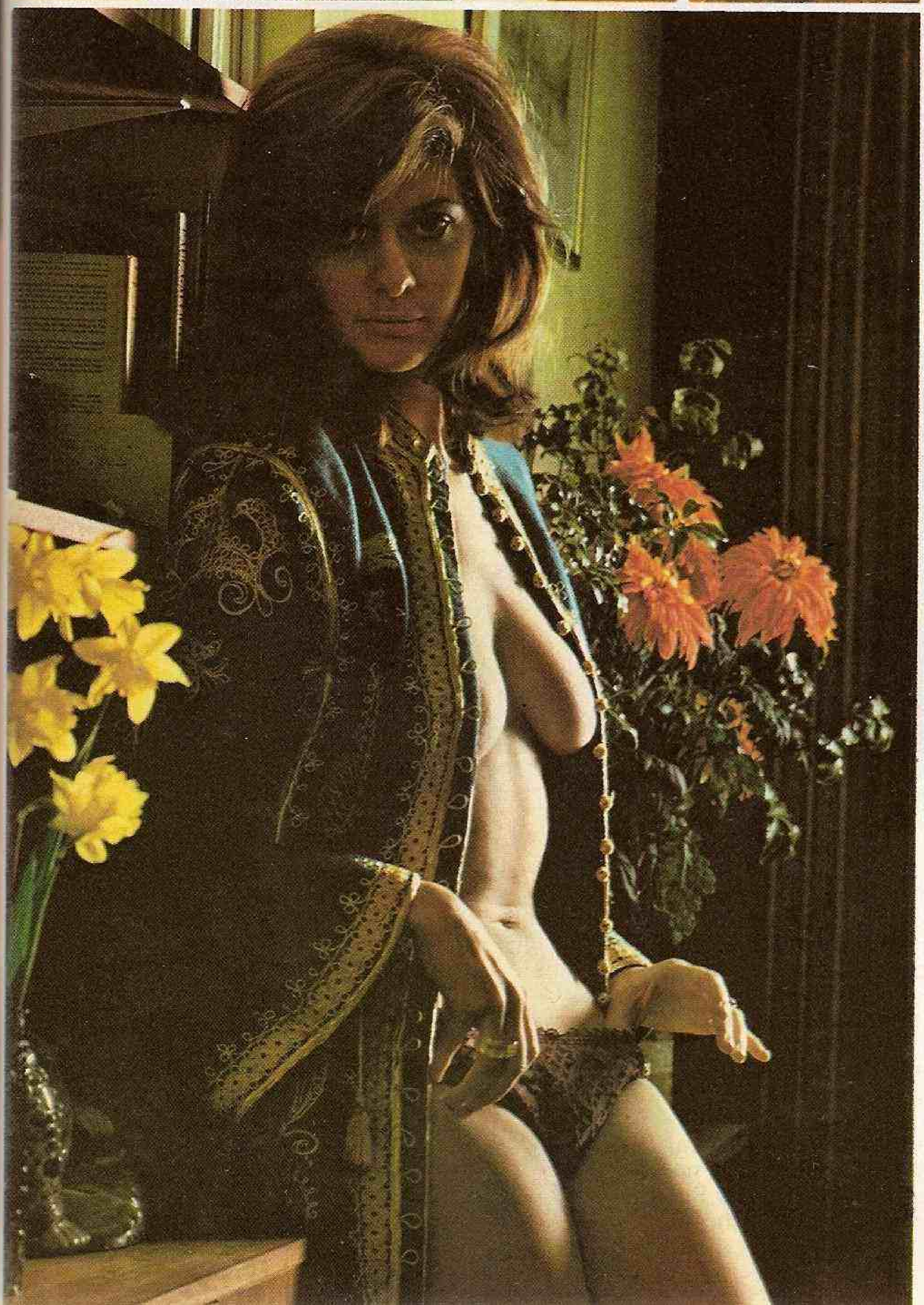
Christine

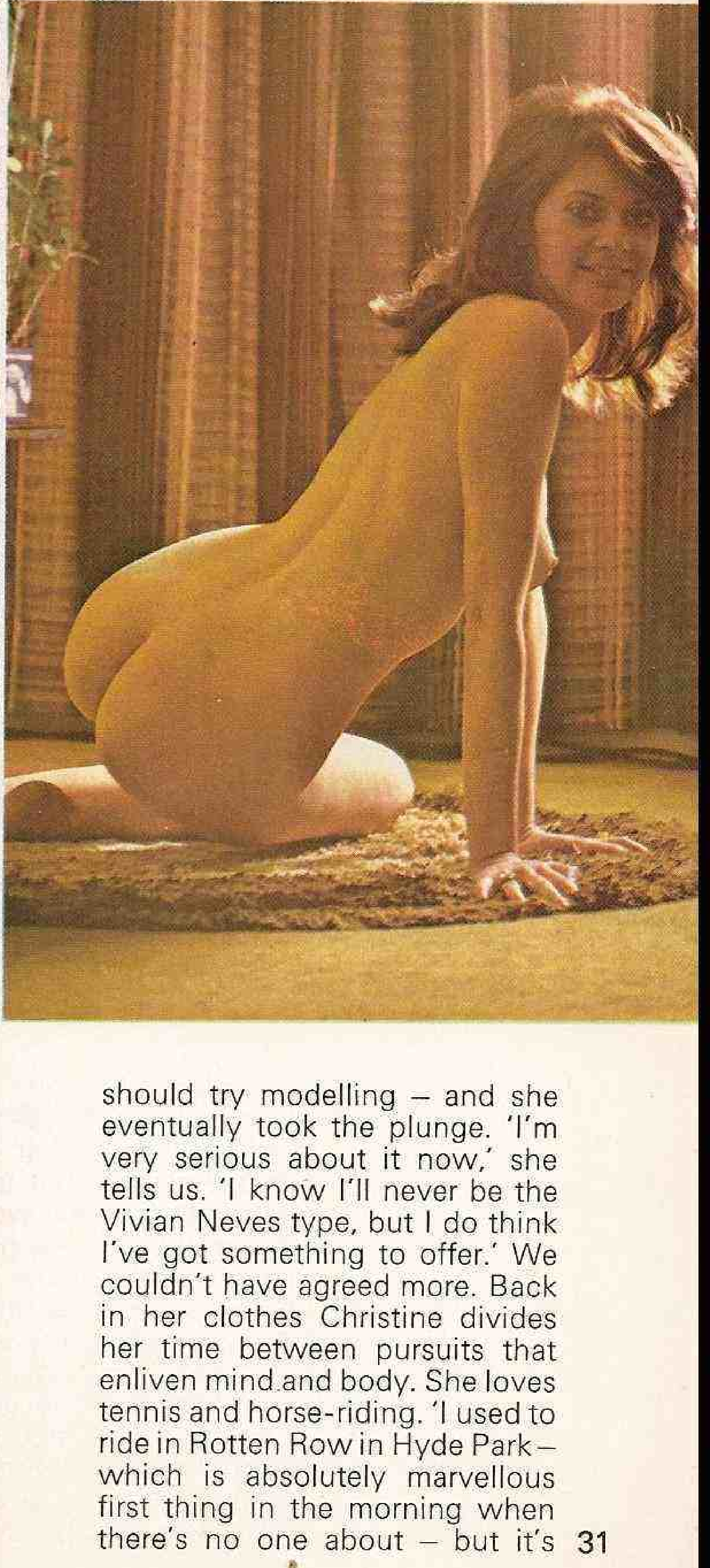
Red hair, say some psychologists, is a sexual rag to the male bull. It denotes a passionate and self-willed temperament, an intimation of sexual aggressiveness. 'Nonsense,' declares tawny-haired Christine Louise Brown. 'I'm an Aquarian and Aquarians are detached and humanitarian. They don't go around demanding things.' Christine is so insistent life gets easier when you agree with her. She went out with a man once, she confides, who was convinced that red was the colour of pubic hair and she inevitably caused him constant lascivious thoughts. 'He must have had a remarkable sex life. I should have asked him more about it.' One glance at Christine's 37–24–36 is enough to conjure lascivious thoughts regardless of hair colour. Five feet 8½ inches tall she was born on February 5 23 years ago in Westphalia, West Germany. Her mother was German – a language she now speaks fluently – and her father was serving in the British forces. She spent her first nine years there before her father was posted to the Far East and the family moved to





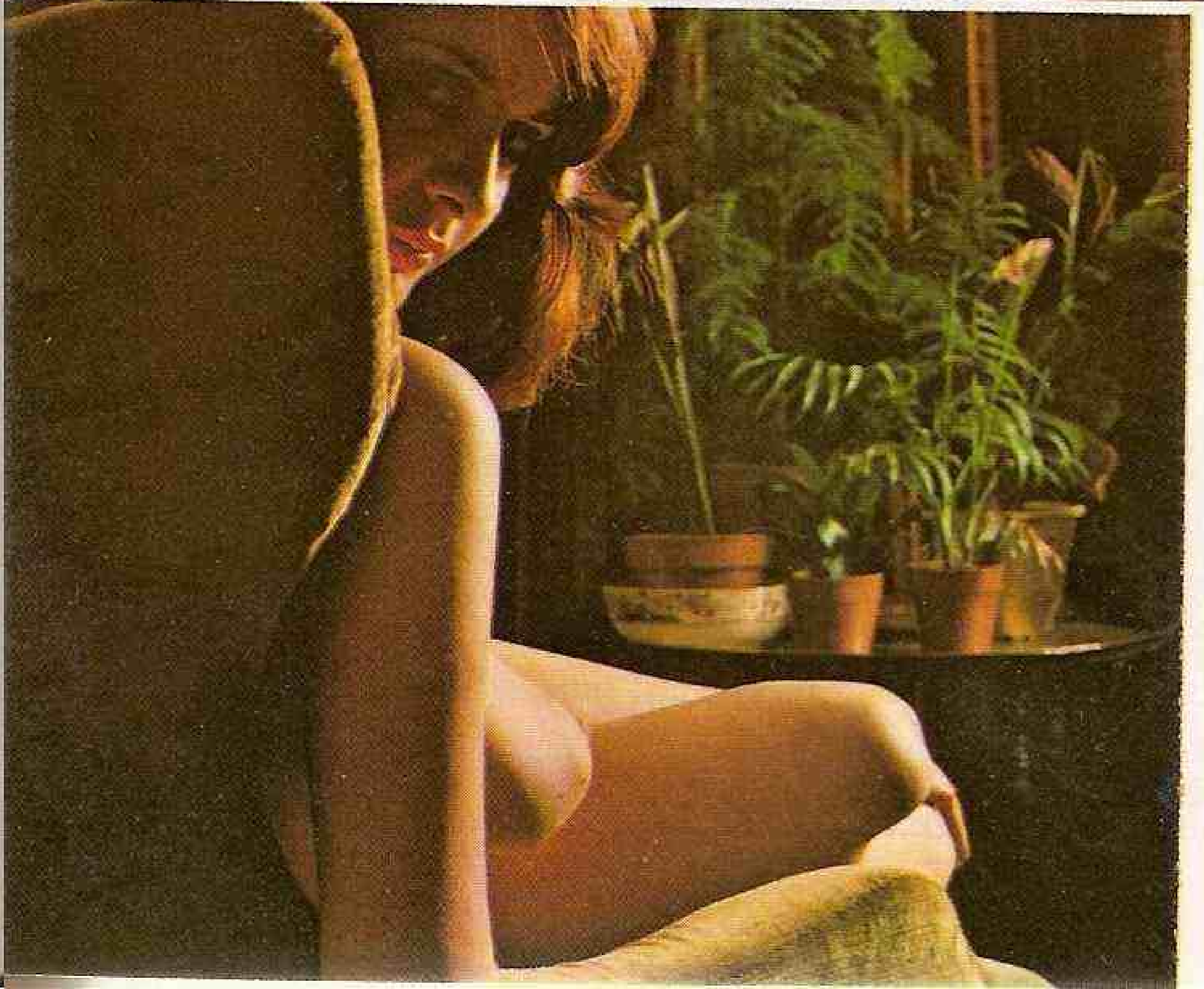


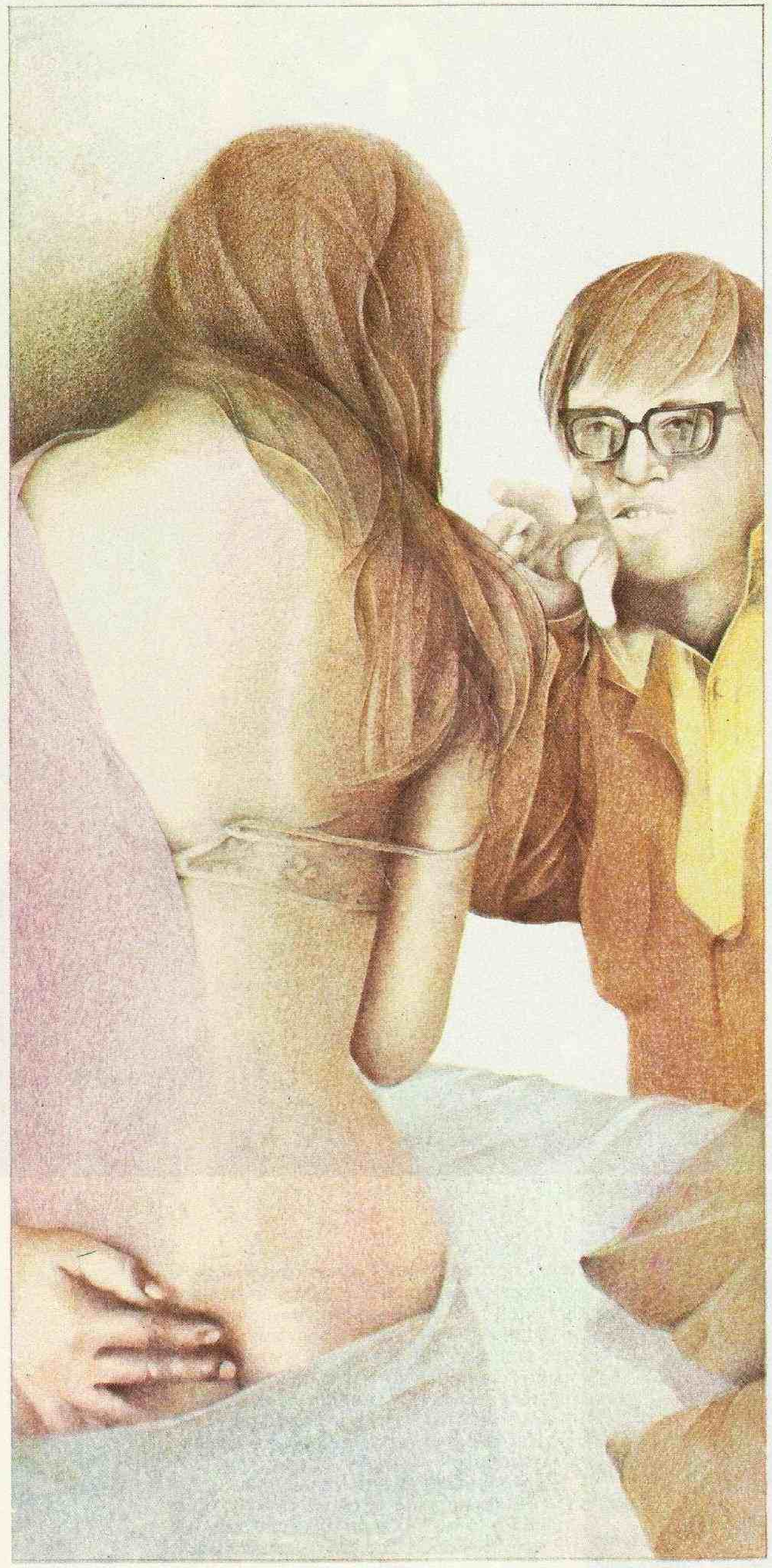




Kuala Lumpur in Malaya. She enjoyed her three year stay. 'It was very beautiful, very oriental.' A teenager, she returned to England, taking 'O' levels and two 'A' levels at a girls' high school in Devon. Later she went on to a Plymouth secretarial college, and at the age of 19½ journeyed to London. Her experiences as a secretary in the rag trade and then publishing were not happy. 'Perhaps I was unlucky,' she says, 'but I detested it. When you're a secretary people think you're incapable of doing anything but sit at a typewriter or take dictation for hours. I didn't find the work at all pleasant. It didn't fulfil me in any way at all.' Meanwhile friends and acquaintances suggested that she should try modelling – and she eventually took the plunge. 'I'm very serious about it now,' she tells us. 'I know I'll never be the Vivian Neves type, but I do think I've got something to offer.' We couldn't have agreed more. Back in her clothes Christine divides her time between pursuits that enliven mind and body. She loves tennis and horse-riding. 'I used to ride in Rotten Row in Hyde Park – which is absolutely marvellous first thing in the morning when there's no one about – but it's

incredibly expensive. Nowadays I go down to Devon at weekends. I've still got relatives and a lot of friends down there. It's great to go riding alongside the sea.' Travelling is another passion. 'I've done most of Europe but you can never see all of it. I must admit that's half the attraction of modelling, being able to jet set about all over the world. My favourite place is still the first holiday I remember. It was a little village near Erejus which wasn't at all touristy and still isn't. I'm always planning to get back.' Mental exercise is provided by reading. 'I did Byron and Shelley in the sixth form at school and they didn't really make much impression on me. But the moment I left they started to say exactly what I thought. Perhaps it's not having to worry about exams any more. Now I'm in love with the 19th century. Keats and Goethe – I can just about manage the German – and Jane Austen, when I start to get carried away with great romantic thoughts. I'm racing through them.' Watching Christine curl nudely on the carpet of her Montague Square flatlet – just off London's Baker Street – we could think of no one better we'd like to carry away with us, with or without that great romantic thought.





THREE'S COMPANY

It began as a game. The more Murdock expounded the more liberties I took with an amused Marcelle

Fiction by Sam Buffington

I was idling over a glass of beer down by the harbour at Nice wondering if a girl two tables away had a face to match her figure when I saw Arkwright. Or rather Arkwright saw me. He crossed the cobbled street in his baggy shorts and Marks and Spencer ankle length socks and planted himself at my table.

We had been at college together a couple of years back and he embarked on a series of reminiscences as if those years of boring lectures, gruelling study and near poverty had been some sort of golden age. I wished he'd go away. However, the upshot of the conversation was that he invited me to a party on board the 'Dolphin'. He pointed to one of the biggest yachts in the harbour and reeled off her tonnage, length, type of rig and goodness knows what else.

The party, it seemed, was being held to celebrate the publication of a book called 'Medieval Curiosities of Nottingham' by a fellow called Murdock who also had been at college while I was there although I hadn't met him. It was his father's yacht and I assumed he had come down to the Mediterranean to get some of the medieval curiosities out of his system.

The important thing about the party so far as I was concerned was that I met Marcelle. Not that I hadn't met her before but this time I had her to myself – or almost. Whenever I'd met her before she had always been with a gang of others. There were always plenty of men buzzing round her and I could never decide who she was sleeping with. Not only that but she and the rest of them always seemed to be on the move. Wherever we had met – a cafe, or at a dance, or a party at someone's apartment – she always seemed to be off somewhere else. There were always going to be more laughs at the next party, more excitement at another dance.

I had casually fancied her for some time without getting into a sweat about it. Somehow I felt we would get around to each other.

The last time we had met was late at night in a dimly lit bar on the other side of

turn to page 36

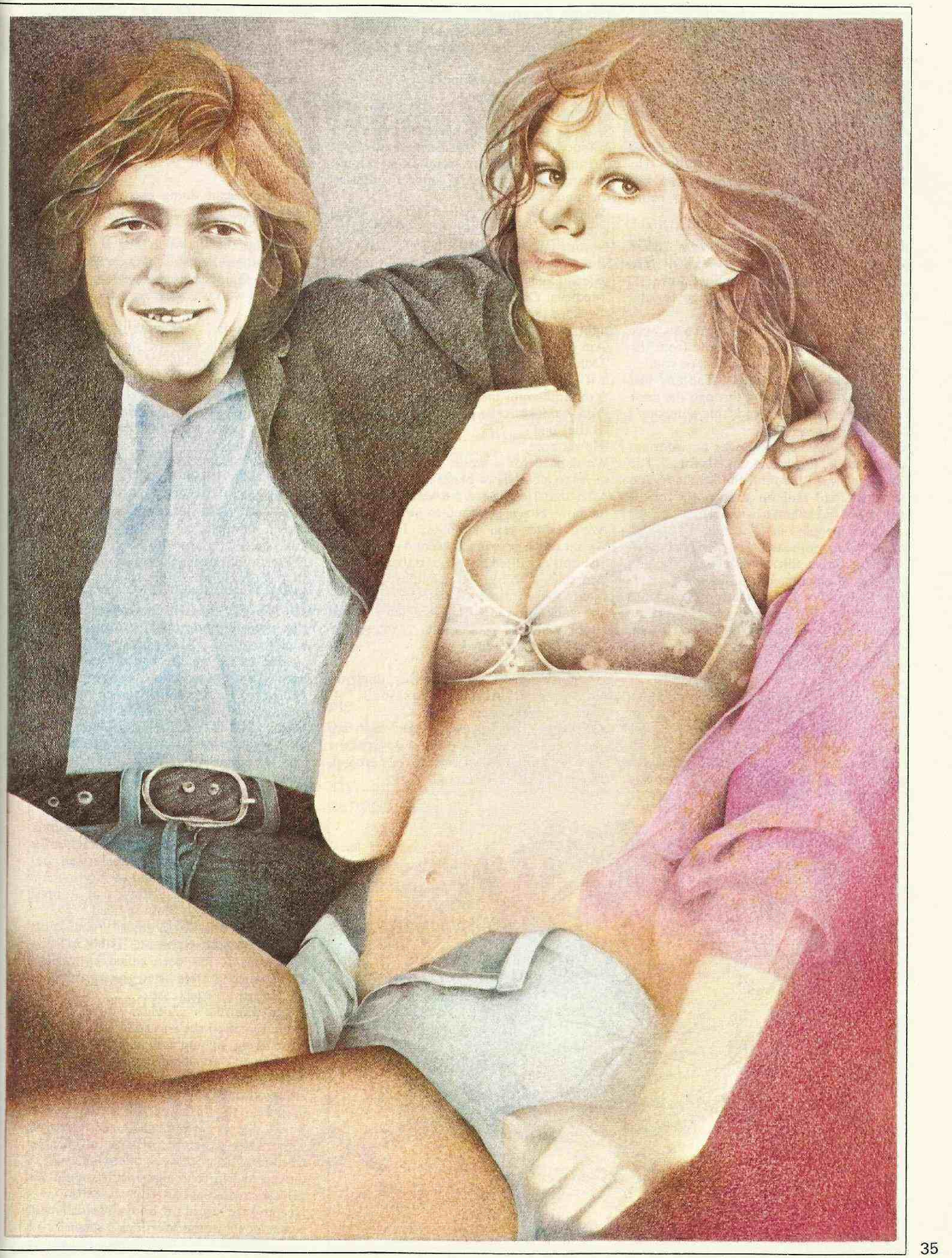


ILLUSTRATION BY JENNIFER EACHUS

THREE'S COMPANY

continued from page 35

town. She had come and sat on my lap.

'Do you mind?' she said. 'I'm trying to keep away from that brute over there.' She nodded to an ape-like figure who was revolving slowly in the centre of the floor presumably searching for Marcelle. 'He keeps trying to put his hands down my trousers,' she explained. 'It's like being handled by a mechanical digger.'

'He looks regressive.'

'He's not regressive with me,' complained Marcelle whose English was excellent. 'He practically ripped the seams just now.'

'An intellectual like me would go for the zip.'

'At least I'd be able to see what you were up to.' Someone called Marcelle from the door. 'I've got to go,' she said. 'See you.'

She left with several others. The ape saw her just as she was going through the door and lurched after her knocking someone's drink over.

The party on the yacht was an informal affair – shirts, shorts and sandals for all. The 'Dolphin' was off round the headland and Murdock had laid on a ferry service. A boozy old Frenchman with stubble on his face took people out to it in a cracked up tub with an outboard. He navigated with one hand on the tiller and the other holding a bottle of champagne to his lips.

The 'Dolphin' was decked out with coloured lanterns now just beginning to glow in the dusk. There were hordes of people on board. At the stern a group was playing. There was food and drink in the vicinity of the wheel house.

Arkwright and his girl seemed to know everyone. I was thrown into a cluster of literary people who had all read the latest reviews. I got down several glasses of champagne and things began to get better. Then I saw Marcelle easing her way through the crowd.

'Hi!' I said, catching her arm. She seemed pleased to see me. 'Where are you off to this time?'

'Nowhere. Are you alone?'

'Absolutely abandoned.'

'Me too.'

'Would you like some champagne?' I grabbed a couple more glasses off a passing waiter and we stood along the rail looking across the dark, smooth water to the land.

'Where's the great Murdock?' I asked after a bit. 'This "Curiosities of Medieval Nottinghamshire" is going to have to shoulder Harold Robbins out of the best sellers if he hopes to pay for this do.'

'Medieval Curiosities of Nottinghamshire,' corrected Marcelle. 'You'd better get it right.'

'Am I supposed to have read it?'

'Don't worry, Ernest will tell you all about it if he meets you.'

'You know him then?'

'Yes,' said Marcelle darkly.

'Is that bad?'

'He's a bore.'

We danced for a while, then helped ourselves to a couple of plates of lobster salad. After that I suggested we went up towards the bow. No-one seemed to be up there.

'We'd better take supplies,' I said.

We sat down on some rope and opened the first bottle. I lifted my glass in the air.

'Marcelle, I think you're fantastic! Every square inch, I mean centimetre.'

She stuck out a long thin leg. 'Do you like knobbly knees?'

'They're not knobbly.'

'They are.'

'They're fantastic!' I patted her thigh up near her shorts. 'Absolutely fantastic!'

'That's not my knee.'

'Oh, isn't it? Anyway, your legs are altogether fantastic!' I gulped down some more champagne, then looked critical. 'Your feet are dirty though.'

She looked down then lifted a foot towards my face. 'Do they smell?'

I deliberated. 'Not too bad.'

She twisted sideways and pushed her breasts out so they were tight against her shirt. She cupped her hands under them and jigged them. 'How do you like my bosom?' she inquired turning back to face me.

'Fantastic!' I told her. 'Quite fantastic!' My face clouded again. 'A bit on the small side though.'

Marcelle began doing exercises with her arms chanting, 'I must, I must, improve my bust.'

I was topping up when I saw Arkwright and his girl approaching with a tall, bloated, shambling figure with protruding teeth and who was wearing a tweed suit of all things.

'Chris! Chris!' Arkwright called. You would have thought he had met me by chance in the middle of the sahara. The three came up. 'Chris, I'd like you to meet Ernest Murdock.'

We stood up and I shook hands with him. Murdock beamed delightedly. He said hello to Marcelle.

'I've been telling Ernest that you were at college the same time he was,' said Arkwright.

'Yes,' said Murdock. 'You must have known Smithers.'

'I did the Victorians with him,' I said.

There followed an extensive inventory of all the people at college to establish who we knew in common. Meanwhile Arkwright and his girl excused themselves and left almost breaking into a trot to get away. I could see why Arkwright had been so pleased to see me. He had obviously been trapped with Murdock as we now were.

There was no preventing the conversation getting round to his book. As Marcelle had already hinted, once Murdock got on to Medieval Curiosities there was no holding him. The flimsiest inquiry would set him going. In any case if you didn't inquire he invented a question and proceeded to answer it.

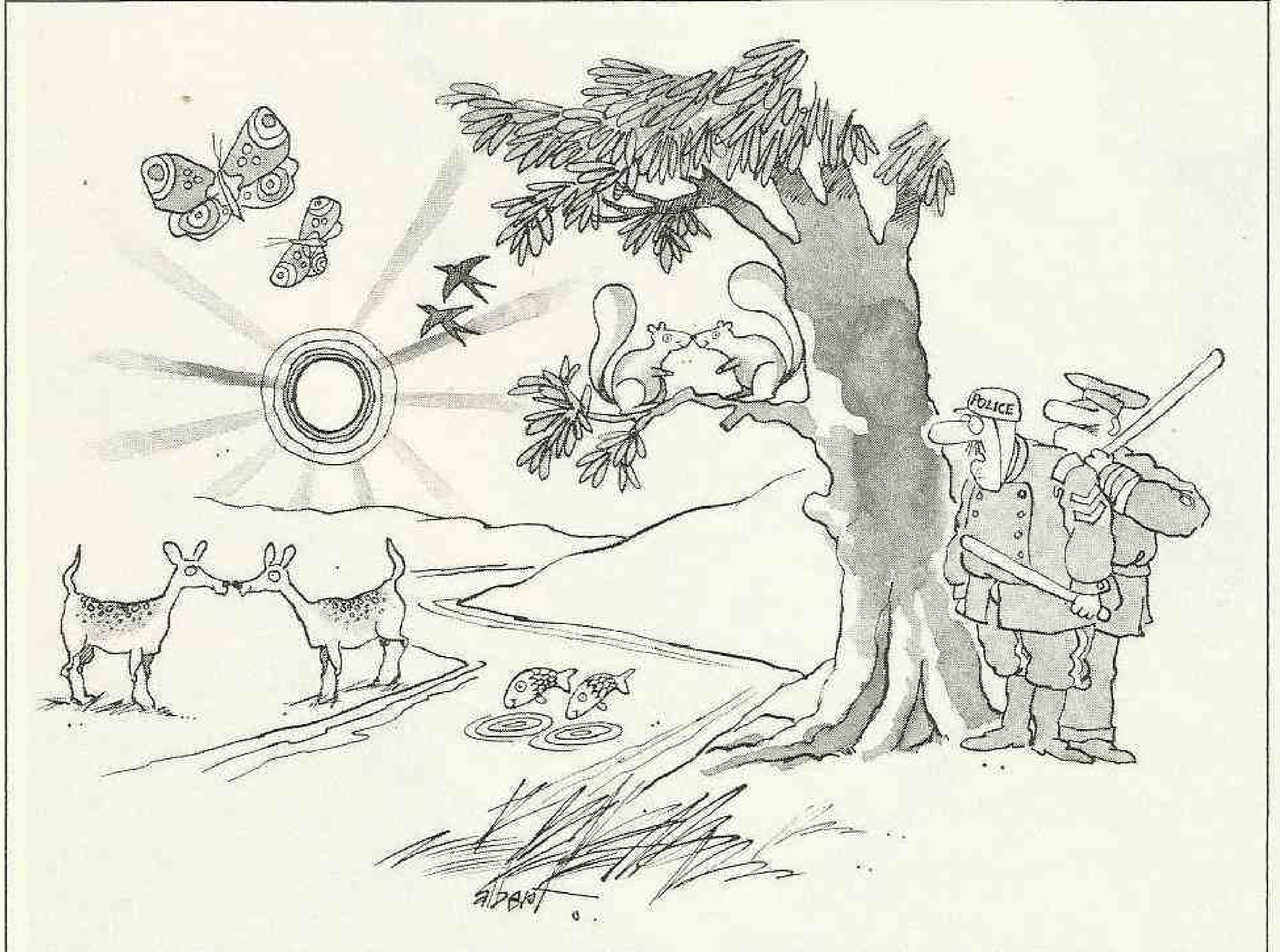
Marcelle and I stood riveted with boredom. Murdock talked on, an ecstatic smile playing over his face as he looked out beyond us (in the direction of Nottingham presumably). The only thing that stopped him was having his glass re-filled.

'Barton-in-Fabis is a most remarkable little village,' he enthused. 'Fabis is Latin for beans. It has been called by various other names . . .' He listed several and gave the reasons in each case.

I felt Marcelle's shoulder move against mine. I guessed she was stifling a yawn, or, more likely, sighing with anger. I looked at her but she appeared to be absorbed in what Murdock was saying. I dragged my attention back to Murdock and was trying to pick up the threads about a vitally significant discovery he had made amongst some 17th Century probate inventories when I felt a sharp tweak on my backside. I looked at Marcelle again and I could see her eyes twinkling.

Keeping the rest of my body absolutely still so as not to arouse Murdock's suspicions I

turn to page 75



'I told the Super it was asking for trouble letting them hold the Festival of Light here.'

THREE'S COMPANY

continued from page 36

moved my arm behind her and returned the compliment. Marcelle shuddered as she tried not to smile.

That started it. Murdock was so engrossed in his favourite topic that we quickly discovered he was immune to almost any distraction.

Murdock was one of those people who produce a lot of saliva and this coupled with the shape of his teeth had produced an effective spray. Some spittle landed on Marcelle's face. She whipped a handkerchief from her shorts and mopped her face all over. She did this several times without causing Murdock so much as to falter.

After that little episode we began asking a stream of inane questions. Murdock listened eagerly to each question nodding his head and smiling to indicate that he fully understood what was being asked and that he knew the answer.

We became more adventurous. There were only the three of us. The noise of the party drifted our way but we saw other guests very infrequently. I began to stroke her bottom. She had her hand on my shirt and was running her fingers along my back. We began to build up verbal contact by using Murdock as a kind of exchange.

'Please go on,' I said to him meaning that Marcelle should continue with her fingers on my back.

She cottoned on at once. 'Yes?' she said supposedly in amazement at the fact that Saxon settlements should avoid Roman ones when in reality she wanted to put her hand inside my shirt.

'Yes?' I echoed. Her fingers began to move softly against my skin.

I was trying to get my hand up Marcelle's shirt but it was tied in a knot in the front and was tight around her waist.

'It's a delightful subject once you get into it,' said Marcelle.

'How does one get to grips with something like that?' I asked.

Murdock was delighted with our interest. He began to tell us how he was first taken with the business when he had discovered a dusty and tattered volume in his grandfather's library.

'When you're determined to do something it goes a long way towards success," I said giving Marcelle's shirt a tug which jerked her backwards almost causing her to overbalance. I examined Murdock's face anxiously but he didn't seem put out. He droned on.

Marcelle's shirt was frustrating me. I gave the back another jerk with no more success than the first time. Then I started tracing words on her back with my finger leaving a long gap between each word so that she knew when one had been completed. 'Let me in,' I wrote.

'Patience,' said Marcelle out loud in a tone of admiration. 'You must have patience. To do all that research,' she added.

Murdock smiled and nodded but, for the first time didn't give the appearance of fully understanding what had been said to him. I topped up the glasses. Marcelle undid the knot in her shirt.

'You're marvellous,' I said and again I could see that Murdock was not entirely at ease with the remark.

I began to explore Marcelle's back from the waist band of her shorts to the top of her brassiere. I couldn't go higher than that in the position we were in. It was difficult enough as it was with both of us holding a glass of champagne and having to stop regularly for refills. The whole thing became a challenge. Murdock was no longer an intruder so much as an acceptable hazard of the game. From an unwanted bore he had developed into a necessity. There was an extra thrill with him there.

I fingered Marcelle's brassiere strap to figure out how it was fastened together. There were two sets of hooks and eyes. I slipped a finger where the hooks were set and tried to push them out with my thumb. Eventually I had them both loose. Then I gripped one end of the main strap and began pulling out the bra in a series of little jerks, until I had the entire garment in my hand.

At this point Murdock completed a sentence with a more than average number of esses in it. I handed Marcelle her bra and she mopped her face with it and handed it back. I swung it round a couple of times by the straps then stuffed it in my pocket.

I reached round to Marcelle's front. I was bursting with confidence. I had visions of completing the entire sex act before his eyes. I think Marcelle would have been willing.

I decided however, that if we were to go further with our sport we would have to move or things would be come indecorous.

'Look,' I said to Murdock. 'I don't suppose you have any copies of your book on board, do you? I'd much appreciate an autographed copy.'

'I do have one or two,' said Murdock hesitantly.

'I'll pay for it of course. That's if you'll accept francs.'

'If you would care to come down to my cabin . . .'

Another successful manoeuvre completed. I felt triumphant. We went below carrying our glasses and the last bottle.

His cabin was much smaller than I'd imagined it would be but perhaps that was because of the numerous volumes of his book that lay stacked everywhere.

Murdock took his time selecting one for me. You would have thought they were all different the way he peered and poked and examined them. Not that I minded. While his back was turned I slipped my hands round in front of Marcelle and fondled her breasts only snatching my hands back at the last moment.

'This one I think,' he said. 'Now you wanted an autograph.' He fumbled for a pen in a drawer of a small writing desk. Marcelle and I sat on the bunk. Murdock sat in an easy chair at one end. We were in such a position that I could get my left arm around Marcelle to continue our dalliance without detection. The trouble was Murdock had become less inclined to talk. The drink had slowed him up and it was necessary to keep firing questions at him.

I was anxious to get on. Marcelle was becoming more and more reckless. I had,

turn to page 78

'The cards say I'm in for an unusual experience.'

THREE'S COMPANY

continued from page 75

undone the three buttons at the back of her shorts and was beginning to make explorations below the belt. I was willing Murdock to drop off to sleep. It was a crucial period: he had to be kept talking until he dropped off. Marcelle was getting frantic.

'Yes! Yes!' she kept saying. 'Go on! Go on! Please go on!' The urgency had no relation at all to the content of his speech. I had my hand inside her briefs.

I had got my middle finger into the tangled groove leading into her crevice and was gently moving it back and forth. With each downward stroke she lifted herself up to meet it. She wanted me to reach further but I was at full stretch.

'Surely written evidence carries no guarantee of accuracy,' I suggested.

'No . . . not necessarily.

It was no good. I couldn't get my finger where she wanted it. I was perhaps a centimetre short but it seemed like a mile. In her frustration Marcelle was making a low moaning noise in her throat. I decided to change my approach. I pulled my hand away and put it down the back of her shorts. She knew what I wanted at once. She stood up slightly to take her weight off the bunk and I slipped my hand, palm upwards, underneath the cheeks of her bottom.

'Documents can be forged,' I said.

'Yes! Yes!' hissed Marcelle through her teeth.

'Forged,' said Murdock. 'Rarely . . . I . . .' He tailed off again.

'Go on! Go on!' hissed Marcelle. There.' Murdock was silent. His eyes closed. I stopped everything staring at him, hoping he was asleep.

'Go on! Go on!' pleaded Marcelle.

'Sssssh!'

'It doesn't matter about him! I must have it!'

Murdock wasn't moving. It was all quiet except for a muffled sound from the group up on deck and a slight creaking in the woodwork. Then his eyes came open again and he rose slowly to his feet.

'I must be getting back to my guests, I'm afraid.'

'I really wanted to ask you about census schedules,' I blurted out. I was desperate. It was inconvenient for both of us to get up at that point. Murdock continued slightly unsteadily towards the door.

I was trying to get my hand out from under Marcelle but she was sitting hard on it.

'No! No!' she pleaded.

Murdock opened the door. 'Census schedules were not in operation in medieval times,' he stated heavily.

'What about woad then,' I said. 'Tell us about woad.'

'I think that you would perhaps like to remain in the cabin' he said. 'You may stay as long as you wish. It does lock though I don't suppose you care.' He went out.

I felt stunned. I got my hand free and went a couple of paces towards the door. 'It won't be the same without Murdock,' I mumbled feeling let down.

But Marcelle was in no mood for philosophising. She came to me and pulled my head violently away from where I stared after Murdock and kissed me greedily on the lips. Her shorts dropped round her ankles and when she started pulling me back to the bunk she tripped and we both fell to the ground. A pile of 'Medieval Curiosities' teetered and fell around us.

We didn't bother to get up. I was on top of Marcelle. She kicked her shorts away and hooked her legs round the outside of mine. She was clutching the hair at either side of my head.

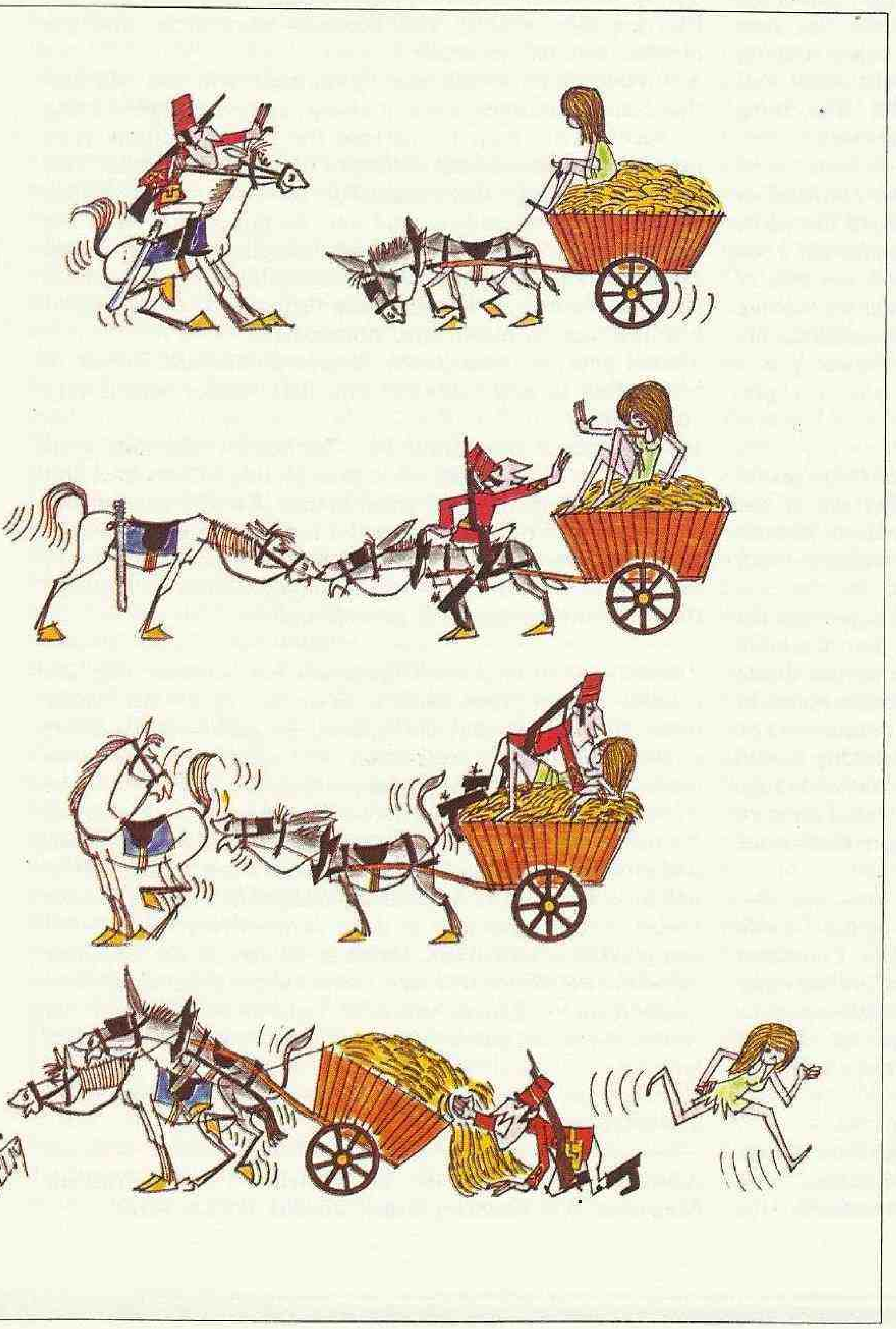
'Do it!' she urged.

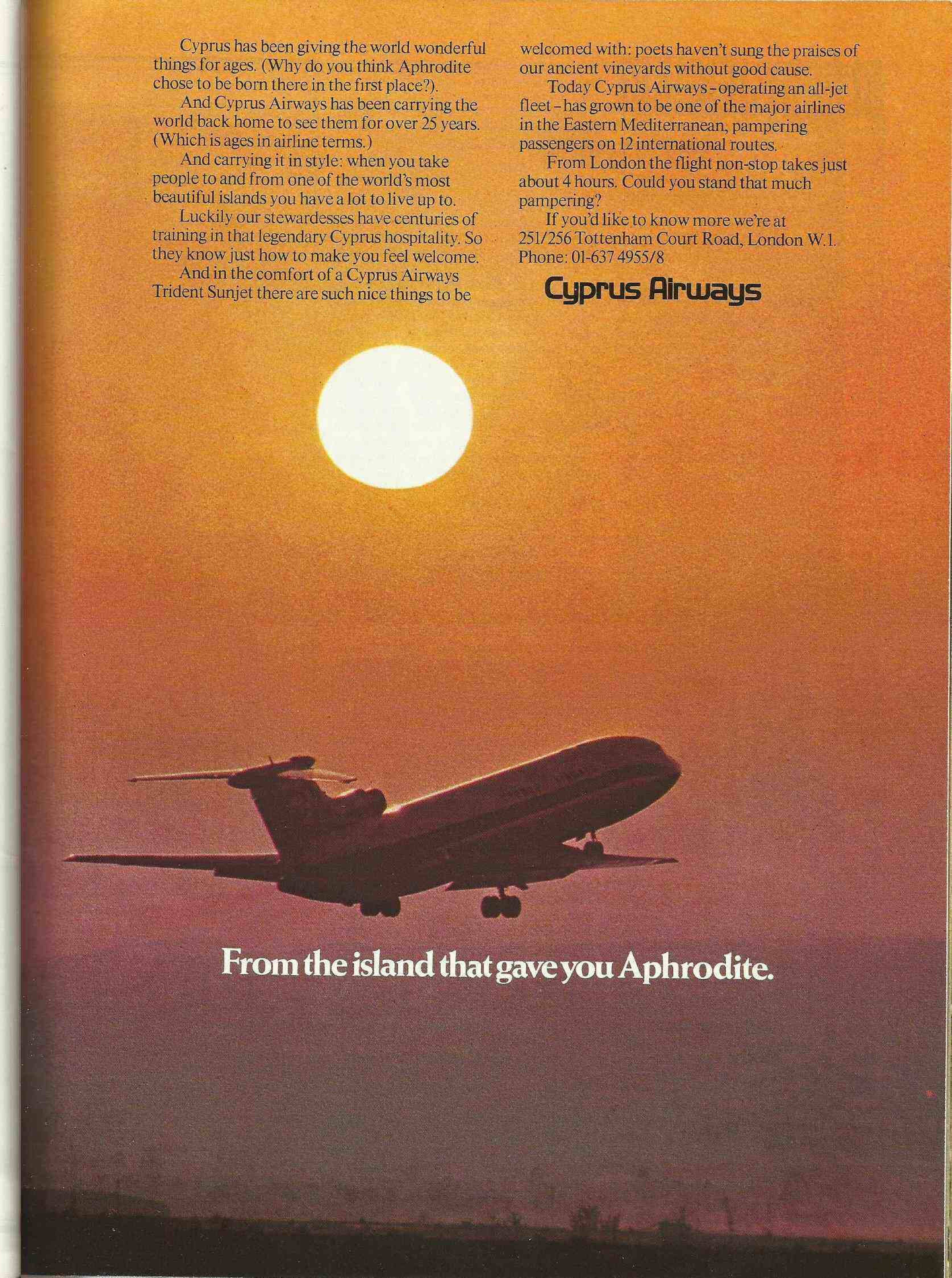
I had my arms down between us trying to get my shorts undone but she was arching herself up so much it was difficult. My fingers were numb from the drink and clumsy with excitement. I couldn't seem to control them.

Eventually I managed. As soon as she felt it against her she let go of my hair. With one hand she pulled aside her briefs while the other guided me in. She groaned as I slid up inside her and began moving with me, her head twisted to one side, her hair across her face. We went on relentlessly as if desperately trying to catch something. Her arms began bending and stretching convulsively, her hands clenched and unclenched, her hips pumped harder, faster. Then finally she began letting out a series of long wavering sighs. Her body started to jerk and suddenly I was on the brink too. She clutched out for something to hang on to and another pile of books crashed on top of us. There were books all over the place. In a way Murdock was still with us. We were both out of control. I was growling in my throat, Marcelle's sighs grew louder until she was crying out. The spasms came one after another, juddering in a double climax.

I subsided on top of her with the cover of one of the books sticking into my cheek. I was too spent to move it until later when we stacked them all up and went back on deck.

The next day I regretted being so conscientious about Murdock's cabin. I discovered the volume of 'Medieval Curiosities of Nottinghamshire' that I had purchased from him had several fairly serious printing defects in it. I realised then why he had taken so long in finding me a copy.




Cyprus has been giving the world wonderful things for ages. (Why do you think Aphrodite chose to be born there in the first place?).

And Cyprus Airways has been carrying the world back home to see them for over 25 years. (Which is ages in airline terms.)

And carrying it in style: when you take people to and from one of the world's most beautiful islands you have a lot to live up to.

Luckily our stewardesses have centuries of training in that legendary Cyprus hospitality. So they know just how to make you feel welcome.

And in the comfort of a Cyprus Airways Trident Sunjet there are such nice things to be welcomed with: poets haven't sung the praises of our ancient vineyards without good cause.

Today Cyprus Airways - operating an all-jet fleet - has grown to be one of the major airlines in the Eastern Mediterranean, pampering passengers on 12 international routes.

From London the flight non-stop takes just about 4 hours. Could you stand that much pampering?

If you'd like to know more we're at
251/256 Tottenham Court Road, London W.1.
Phone: 01-637 4955/8

Cyprus Airways

GREAT NEW MAYFAIR OFFER

Dramatised on Record:

Intimate Sex Acts From The Perfumed Garden

One of the most erotic and explicit manuals of sexual expertise ever to come from the East has been dramatised on tape cassettes and records for a great new, exclusive offer to *Mayfair* readers

Listen to the Arabian masters of erotic pleasure. Hear girls describe in detail what delights them most. Eavesdrop on the hottest sex scenes the Orient has to offer . . . 'I like to have my nipples brushed by a man's fingers, licked and caressed by his tongue' . . . 'When he sees me smouldering he knows the moment is ripe. He opens wide my thighs and puts his knocker in my hand to gently tap the door. Then in he comes and I await my bliss . . .'

Freely adapted from Sheik Nefwazi's 16th century manuscript this unique recording captures the flavour and frankness of one of the world's most famous manuals of sexual expertise. It is a work of total acceptability and immense eroticism. No broad-minded person could possibly be offended by it – yet its handy cassette form ensures that the more explicit passages can, if necessary, be overstepped. Dramatised throughout by male and female actors, it covers both actual instruction in the arts of sex-play and intercourse and humorous and erotic tales to illustrate them. Beautiful women tell a young man how to perform the acts that please them most, the effect of love bites, the looks that signify desire. There is the story of the young wife who takes revenge on a would-be seducer by forcing him to watch as she and her husband make prolonged and ecstatic love. Or the youth who seduces a reluctant young widow only to be trapped by her insatiable sexual appetite. This exclusive recording comes in two forms: on two long-playing discs in a special presentation double sleeve or on two tape cassettes – ideal for portable tape recorders for the man on the move and an undoubted asset for the active bachelor's motor car.

Each side lasts for 20 minutes, making a total playing time of 1 hour 20 minutes. When we first had this recording we sought outside opinion and discovered an amazing fact: Listening to it brought a fantastic response from women. It really turned them on. For only £4·20 (LP) or £4·15 (cassette) you can try for yourself. But we cannot answer for the erotic consequences.

Cut out this coupon and send it to: **Mayfair Record Society,** 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I would like to enjoy the erotic delights of the East. Please rush me your exclusive recording of 'The Perfumed Garden'. I would like the L.P. record/tape cassette version (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose a cheque/postal order for..............................

Name.. (I am over 18)

Address ....

.... Date M91

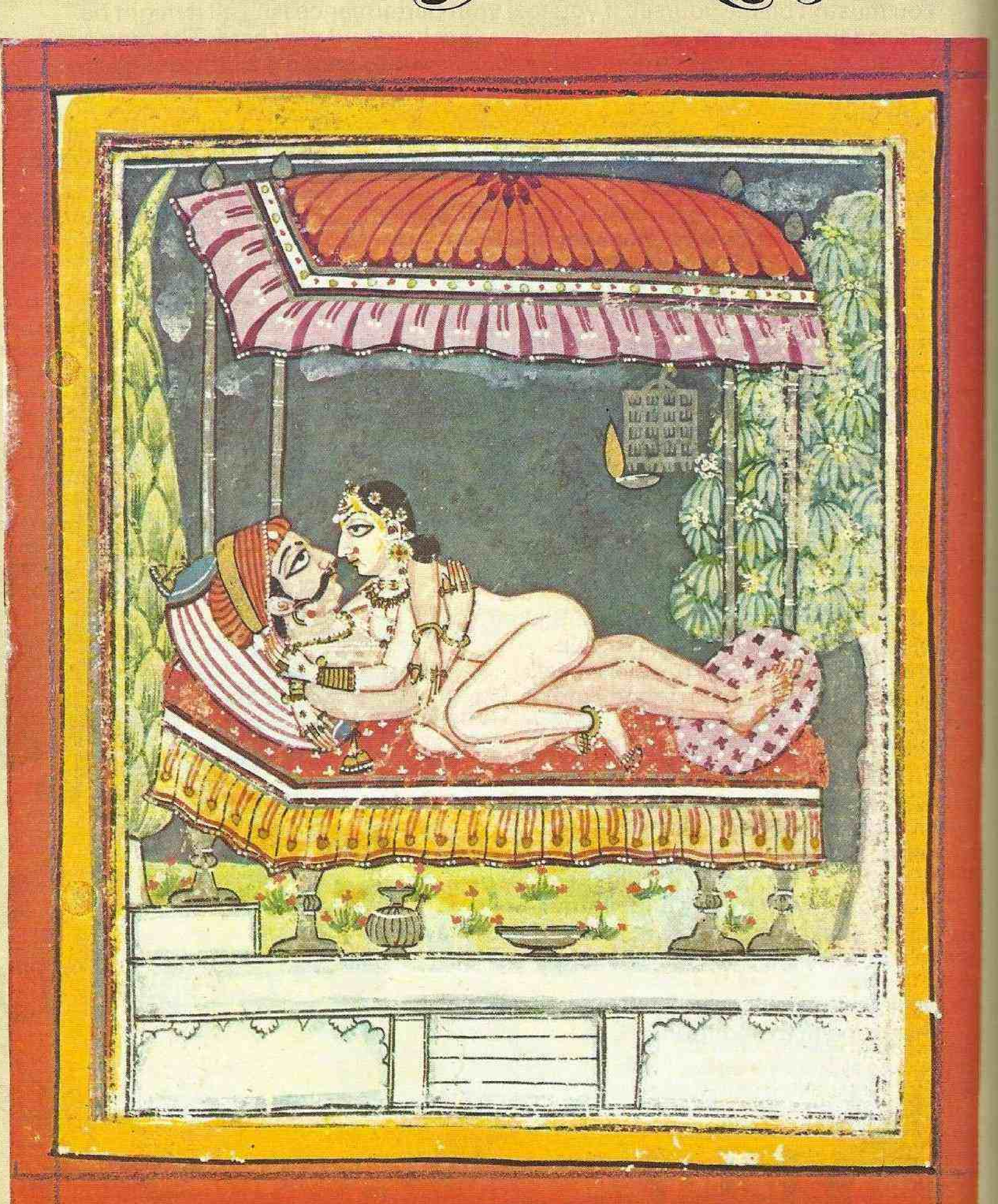
Both the records and cassettes are sent under plain wrappers. The records are available in the UK only.

Reg. London No. 875169.

GREAT NEW MAYFAIR OFFER

Dramatised on Record:

Intimate Sex Acts From The Perfumed Garden



One of the most erotic and explicit manuals of sexual expertise ever to come from the East has been dramatised on tape cassettes and records for a great new, exclusive offer to *Mayfair* readers

Listen to the Arabian masters of erotic pleasure. Hear girls describe in detail what delights them most. Eavesdrop on the hottest sex scenes the Orient has to offer . . . 'I like to have my nipples brushed by a man's fingers, licked and caressed by his tongue' . . . 'When he sees me smouldering he knows the moment is ripe. He opens wide my thighs and puts his knocker in my hand to gently tap the door. Then in he comes and I await my bliss . . .'

Freely adapted from Sheik Nefwazi's 16th century manuscript this unique recording captures the flavour and frankness of one of the world's most famous manuals of sexual expertise. It is a work of total acceptability and immense eroticism. No broad-minded person could possibly be offended by it – yet its handy cassette form ensures that the more explicit passages can, if necessary, be overstepped. Dramatised throughout by male and female actors, it covers both actual instruction in the arts of sex-play and intercourse and humorous and erotic tales to illustrate them. Beautiful women tell a young man how to perform the acts that please them most, the effect of love bites, the looks that signify desire. There is the story of the young wife who takes revenge on a would-be seducer by forcing him to watch as she and her husband make prolonged and ecstatic love. Or the youth who seduces a reluctant young widow only to be trapped by her insatiable sexual appetite. This exclusive recording comes in two forms: on two long-playing discs in a special presentation double sleeve or on two tape cassettes – ideal for portable tape recorders for the man on the move and an undoubted asset for the active bachelor's motor car.

Each side lasts for 20 minutes, making a total playing time of 1 hour 20 minutes. When we first had this recording we sought outside opinion and discovered an amazing fact: Listening to it brought a fantastic response from women. It really turned them on. For only £4·20 (LP) or £4·15 (cassette) you can try for yourself. But we cannot answer for the erotic consequences.

Cut out this coupon and send it to: **Mayfair Record Society,** 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I would like to enjoy the erotic delights of the East. Please rush me your exclusive recording of 'The Perfumed Garden'. I would like the L.P. record/tape cassette version (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose a cheque/postal order for……………………

Name…………………… (I am over 18)

Address……………………

…………………… Date …………… M91

Both the records and cassettes are sent under plain wrappers. The records are available in the UK only.

Reg. London No. 875169.

Some of the extraordinary, over-endowed, super-sexed heroines that stride through the fetishistic world of the erotic cartoon have now entered the province of serious art. Hans Siden traces the history of the kinky comic

THE AMAZING ART OF THE KINKY COMIC

The world of cult comics has recently been resurrecting the burlesque old 'eight-pagers'. Reprints have been circulating as a nostalgic reminder of the dirty thirties, but now the American comic strip heroes like Popeye, Dick Tracy and Flash Gordon are more likely to be caught with their pants down displaying their various predilections. There has also been an avalanche of new, freaky, satiric and very inventive underground comics created by Robert Crumb and his merry pals in San Francisco, some of whose characters like 'Jailbait', turn up in the underground press in Britain.

But what about those 'kinky comics' – the spanking, bondage and battling babes variety? These strange and fascinating comic strips, aimed at rubber, leather and sado-masochistic-oriented readers, are every kind of fetishists dreams come true.

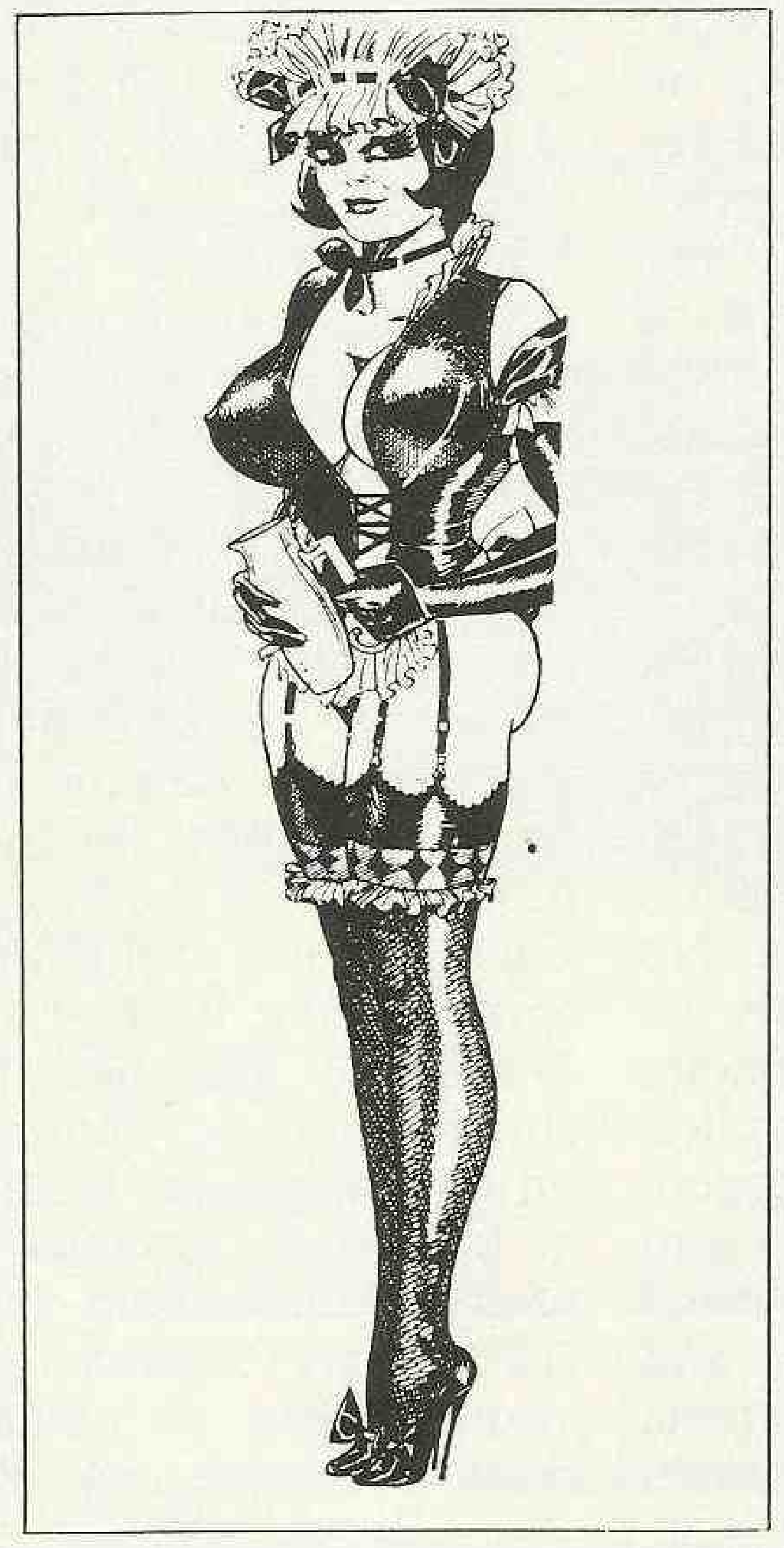
Very little attention has so far been paid to these strips and it is a pity because they do deserve recognition. After all, they have been around since the early fifties and are a central part of modern erotic comic strip history.

It is time now to take a peek at a few rare samples from material previously almost unobtainable, hidden away in private collections.

John Willie, an artist who died around ten years ago, is the daddy of all kinky comic strip creators. Willie was a trend-setter in this field with his classic tales about the poor, constantly suffering heroine 'Sweet Gwendoline'. This strip dates back to 1946 and has served as a never ending source of inspiration for a whole generation of kinky comic strip artists. 'Sweet Gwendoline' didn't contain any nudity at all, just the sweet young thing in tasty lingerie trussed up with ropes or chains in various ingenious positions.

Willie's artwork is not really very good and he has problems with proportions. But in the forties his naughty comic strips were considered something of a sensation.

Two of the most prolific modern kinky comic strip artists are Eric Stanton and Gene Bilbrew. Both have been active since the early fifties and the amount of strips they have produced so far is staggering. They have turned out literally thousands of short erotic comic strips, but curiously enough neither of them are known to more than a small minority of enthusiastic followers.



Above: a typical Gene Bilbrew heroine, complete with high-heels and leather tunic. Opposite: Hilda Harm, one of his most popular and colourful creations.

Gene Bilbrew, a black artist who often signs his strips just ENEG, and Eric Stanton, sometimes known as 'Stan', have created their own lurid world, a fantasy-land populated almost entirely by women with a capital W. They are big, cruel, long, lean and extremely big-bosomed, generally dressed only in black stockings, high heels, garterbelt and bras. Lesbian themes are used frequently and transvestism occasionally crops up, but true heterosexual acts are almost non-existent.

The men in Bilbrew's and Stanton's strips are without exception meek and spineless weaklings who are treated with the utmost contempt. They are constantly tortured, humiliated, harassed and completely dominated by their aggressive mistresses. Gene Bilbrew is especially well known among his fans for several colourful heroines like the muscle-bulging wrestler 'Enorma' and tough chicks like 'Hilda Harm' and 'Big Milly'. All of these ladies are vicious, men-hating, fighting females. When there are no men around to beat the living daylight out of with fists and whips, they just love to indulge in kicking, scratching and hair pulling other women.

Topless female boxing champs, pirate queens, various jungle-goddesses and sinister characters like 'Satana' are typical Bilbrew creations.

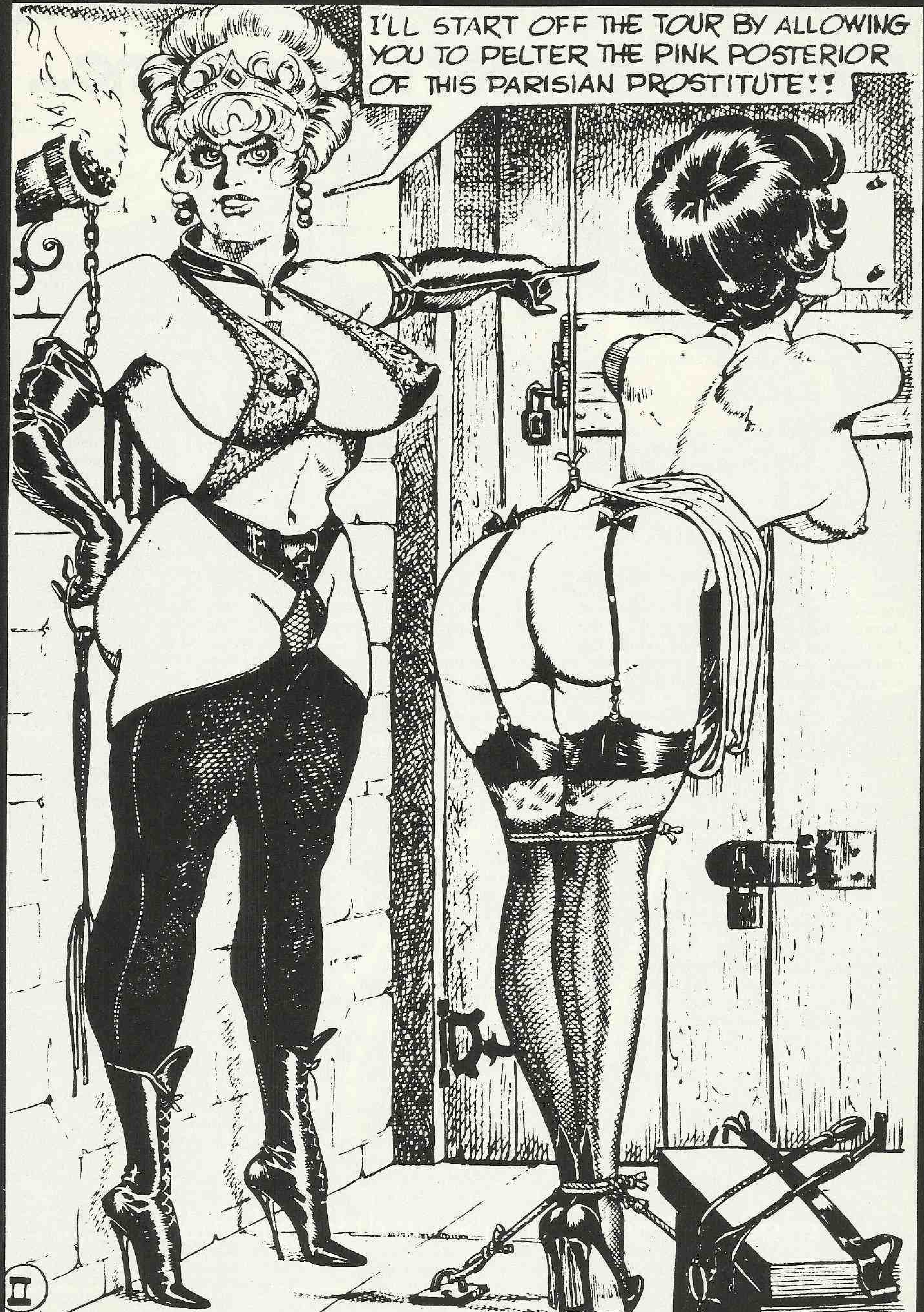
Eric Stanton prefers his heroines to be a bit more realistic and presents them rather as housewives or office girls. But they are just as exciting as Bilbrew's ladies. He has a certain knack for mad comedy and has done many tongue-in-cheek sado-masochist parodies of which the brilliant take-off on John Willie's 'Sweet Gwendoline', called 'Sweeter Gwen' and signed J. W. Stanton, is the most memorable. The arch-villain here, the dwarf-like Sir D'Astard, is a nobleman who looks incredibly like comedian Terry Thomas.

Stanton and Bilbrew's slick, kinky comic strips have been published in booklets of various size through the years as well as in instalments and they have been sold and distributed by several now defunct mail order companies like Nutrix, Satellite, Peerless, Flag and Kaysey.

The price on the strips varies from around $3.75 for an early 64-page booklet up to $25 for more recent work in big format, which means they could cost up to £10 in Britain.

Until quite recently, Bilbrew's and Stanton's strips were very hard to get in ordinary bookshops. They were only obtainable through mailing lists. Obviously these lists are long, but how this market was opened up from the beginning, and later cultivated, is rather difficult to discover.

turn to page 44


I'LL START OFF THE TOUR BY ALLOWING YOU TO PELTER THE PINK POSTERIOR OF THIS PARISIAN PROSTITUTE!!
II

THE AMAZING ART OF THE KINKY COMIC

continued from page 40

Eric Stanton, is furthermore, known to have done a lot of 'custom work'. Anyone interested could write his own manuscript and send it to Stanton who would turn it into a comic strip at a going rate of a minimum of $20 per page – a surprisingly low figure considering the painstakingly thorough job that goes into a kinky Stanton strip.

The Bilbrew and Stanton strips have occasionally appeared in specialised magazines like *Bound, Exotiquel, Bizarre World,* and *Whips and Rods.*

Several other kinky comic strip artists cropped up from time to time during the fifties and sixties. Ruiz, a Mexican, did many strips in a nicely rounded, rather old fashioned style during the early fifties. A Canadian artist called Glen was quite a name in the early sixties, but neither these nor other artists are heard of today, whereas Stanton and Bilbrew are still putting out new strips.

There is a new and very promising artist though, who specialises strictly in bondage, and calls himself 'The Bishop'. He has produced some very interesting work recently in two thick volumes, 'Bishop on Bondage'.

But the best kinky comic strip work now is done by talented Bill Ward. He is no newcomer, since he has made his name as a sexy cartoonist in countless men's magazines during the last 20 years. He is also a long time contributor to the humorous publication *Cracked*, where he signs his artwork 'McCartney'. Most of Bill Ward's hard-core erotic kinky comic strips on the other hand have until only recently been published unsigned.

Some years ago Ward did a truly classic and very famous sado-masochist yarn called *Torture Manor*. This is a very typical Ward strip, a clever combination of titillating sexuality and rather grim humour, spiced with a heavy dose of erotic violence. Ward's style is quite staggering. His women are streamlined beauties oozing sexual energy, endowed with breathtaking measurements and always dressed in the finest black undergarments and the highest heels.

The text is also very randy in a recent big-size Ward booklet, *The Diabolical Quest*, where little 12 year old Paul gets his first practical sex education from a well stacked young farmer's wife.

The Milkmaids' Mudfight is one of Eric Stanton's more eye-shattering recent strips, done originally as a 'custom work', ordered by a collector of erotic art who had a weakness for big breasts, the bigger the better. Stanton really outdid himself in this strip, creating physically impossible king-size tits. But still the customer later complained: 'The boobs could have been made bigger . . . couldn't they?'

In the early sixties it was of course impossible to be too direct even in kinky comics, and then, the text to a Stanton strip called *She Dominates All Men* contained this dialogue:

'Oh, yes I WILL BEAT YOU! You're not STRONG enough! You can't match me. You haven't enough STRENGTH, Stephen, and strength darling is what counts. I have more strength in my lovely female legs than you have in all your puny male body. Whoops. Now HOW did you go and let me get your head between my strong legs, little male opponent? THAT was a BIG mistake.'

'Oooooooooo, my God!'

'My big hard sexy thighs just LOVE having little boys' necks to squeeze between them. Who's not going to beat you now? Stevie, hus? You're BEATEN!'

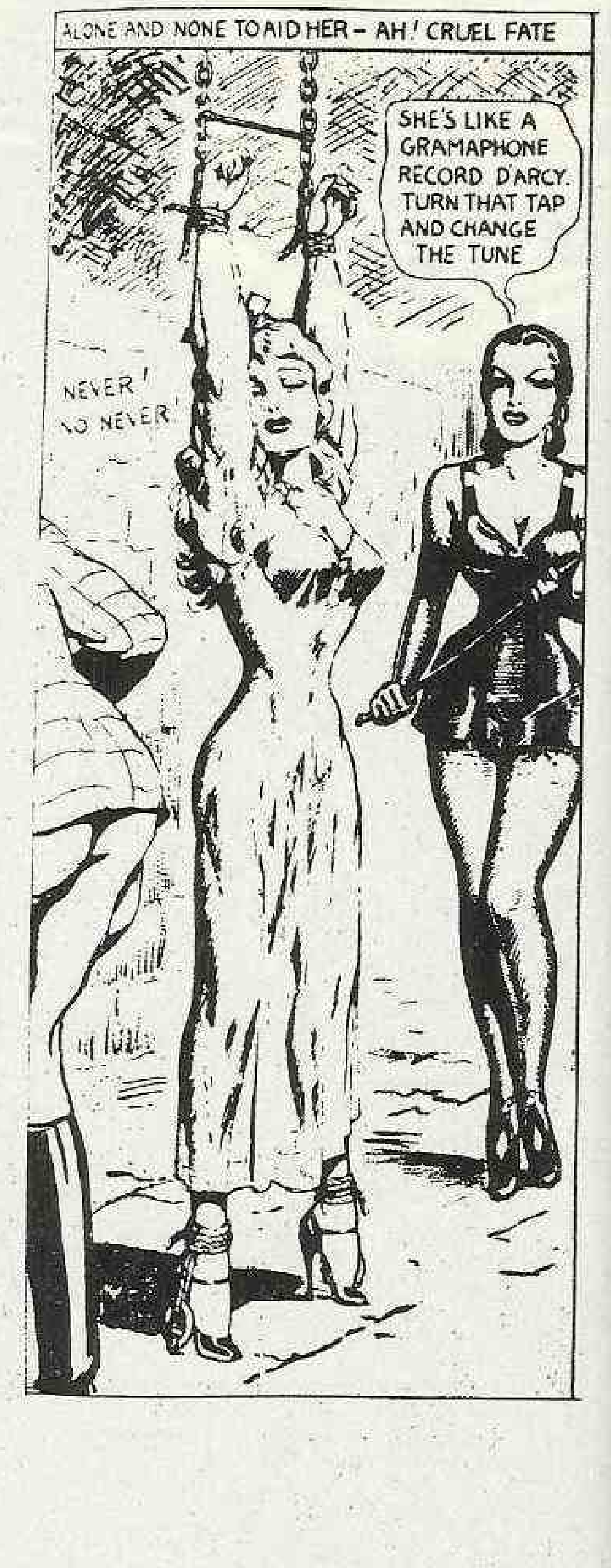
Is there big money in kinky comics? Definitely *no!* according to Eric Stanton, who sounds very bitter when the subject of finance is brought up. Stanton claims he has never earned the kind of money that would cover even the time and effort spent dreaming up new ideas for his strips, much less for the hard work with pencils and ink. It seems no artists have been more ripped off than those dealing in kinky comics. Stanton's and Bilbrew's work has been reprinted again and again in magazines both in America and Europe, mostly without the artists' permission, and very seldom have they been paid anything for these unauthorised reprints. Bootleg copies of many Stanton-booklets can today be found in pornobookshops in Germany, Denmark and Sweden.

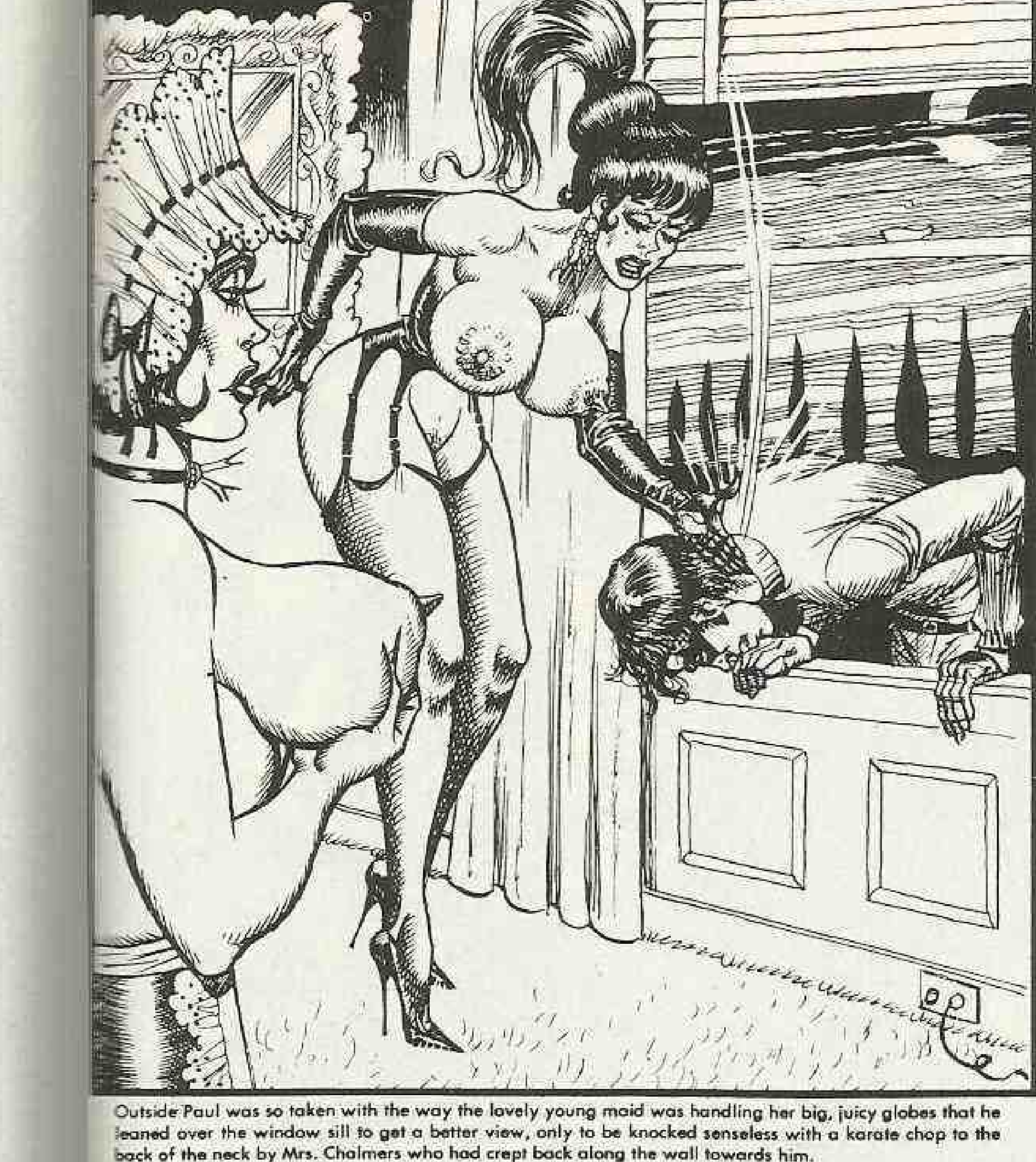
'I never made anything but barely a living out of my drawing erotic comic strips,' says Stanton. 'But I do hope someday to find someone who is interested in seeing that I make some money too.'

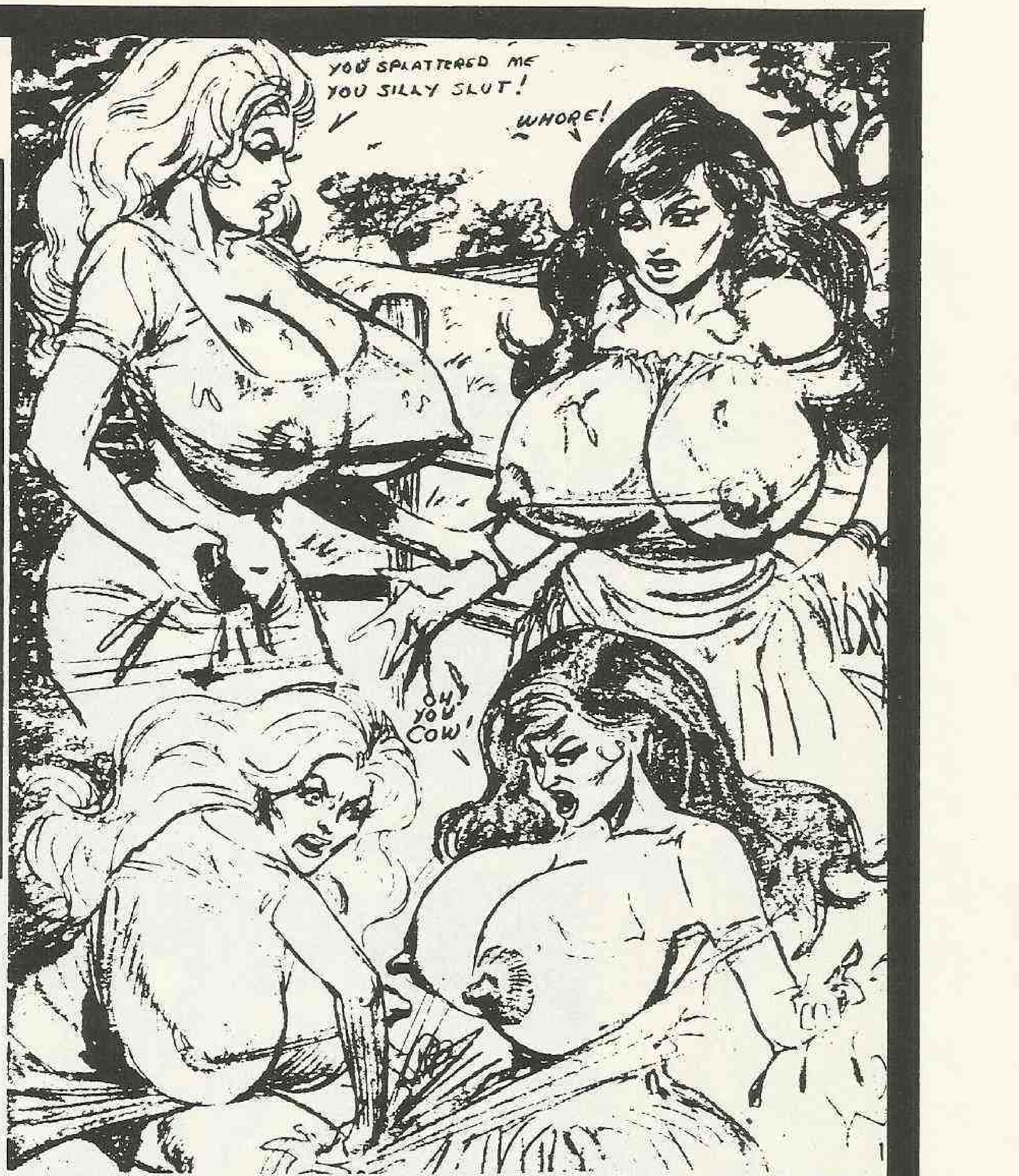
Eric Stanton's secret dream is to be able to publish a huge volume containing what he considers to be his best work in the erotic comic strip field.

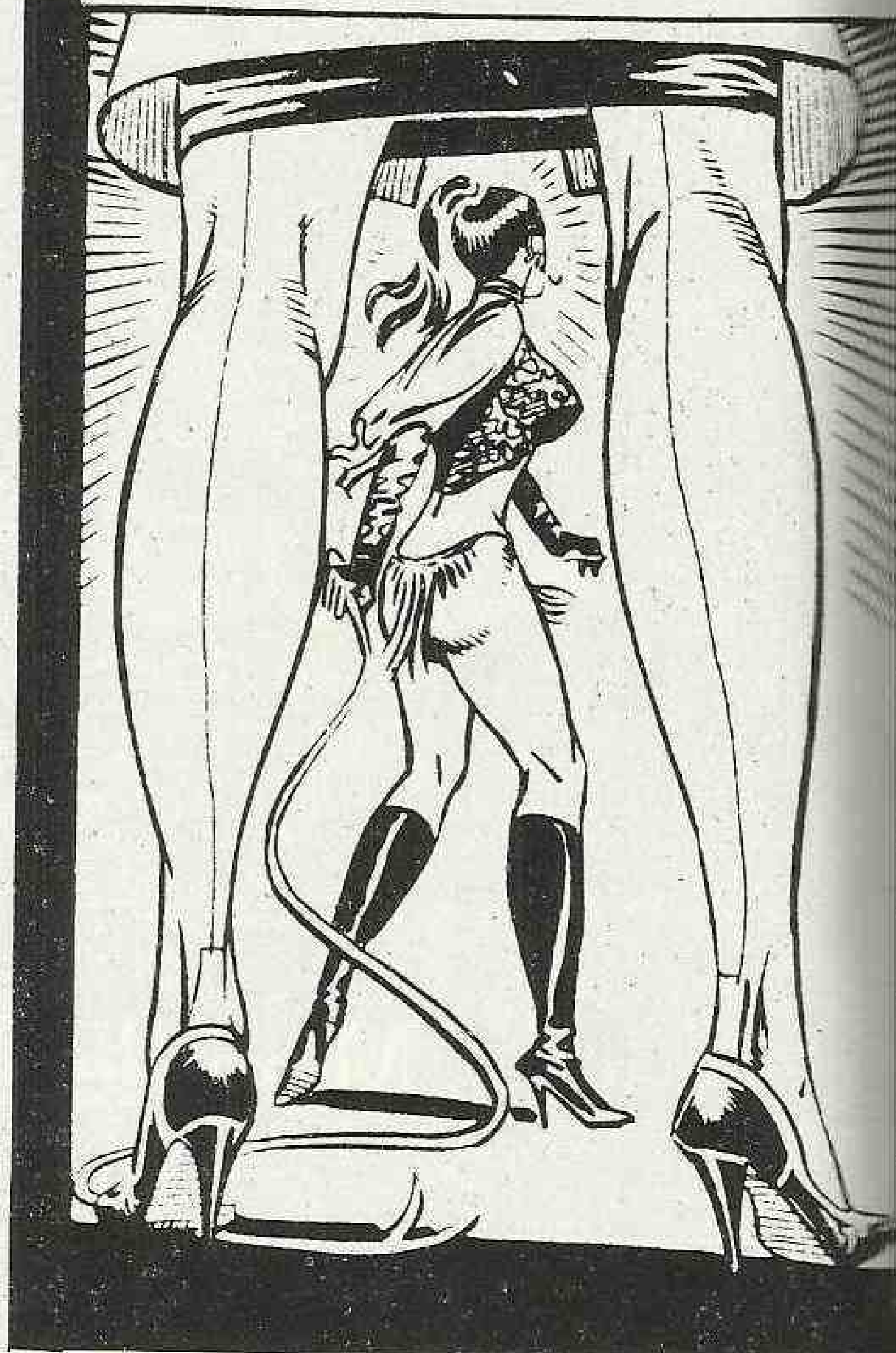
That book is surely something to look forward to with eagerness by anyone with even the slightest interest in those kinky comics.

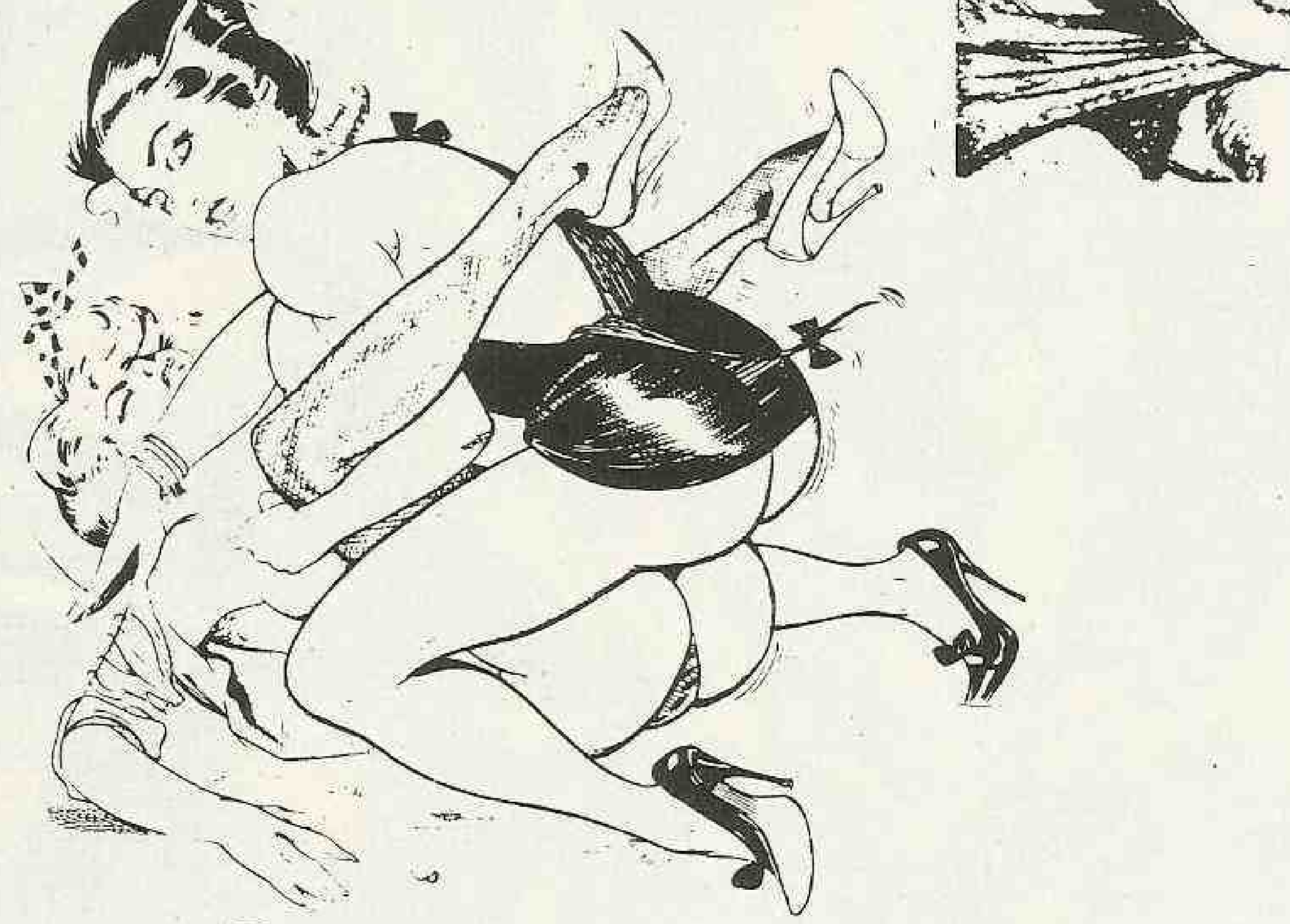
Top row, far left: straphanging 'Sweet Gwendoline' drawn by John Willie, daddy of all the erotic strip creators. Gwendoline, who appeared in 1946, was trussed up with ropes and chains, but was never nude. Second from left: an excerpt from 'The Diabolical Quest' by Bill Ward. A talented artist, he combines titillating sexuality with erotic violence and grim humour. Far right: Eric Stanton's 'Milkmaids' Mudfight'; originally a 'custom' job, the client complained that the breasts could have been even larger. Bottom row, far left: a fetishist catalogue by Stanton, boots, whip, high heels and stockings. Second from left, women's lib gone mad, also by Stanton. Centre: vintage Gene Bilbrew; vicious uninhibited female wrestling in 'Booze Battle' has overtones of lesbian love making. Far right, a sweating victim of the unlikely Hilda Harm.

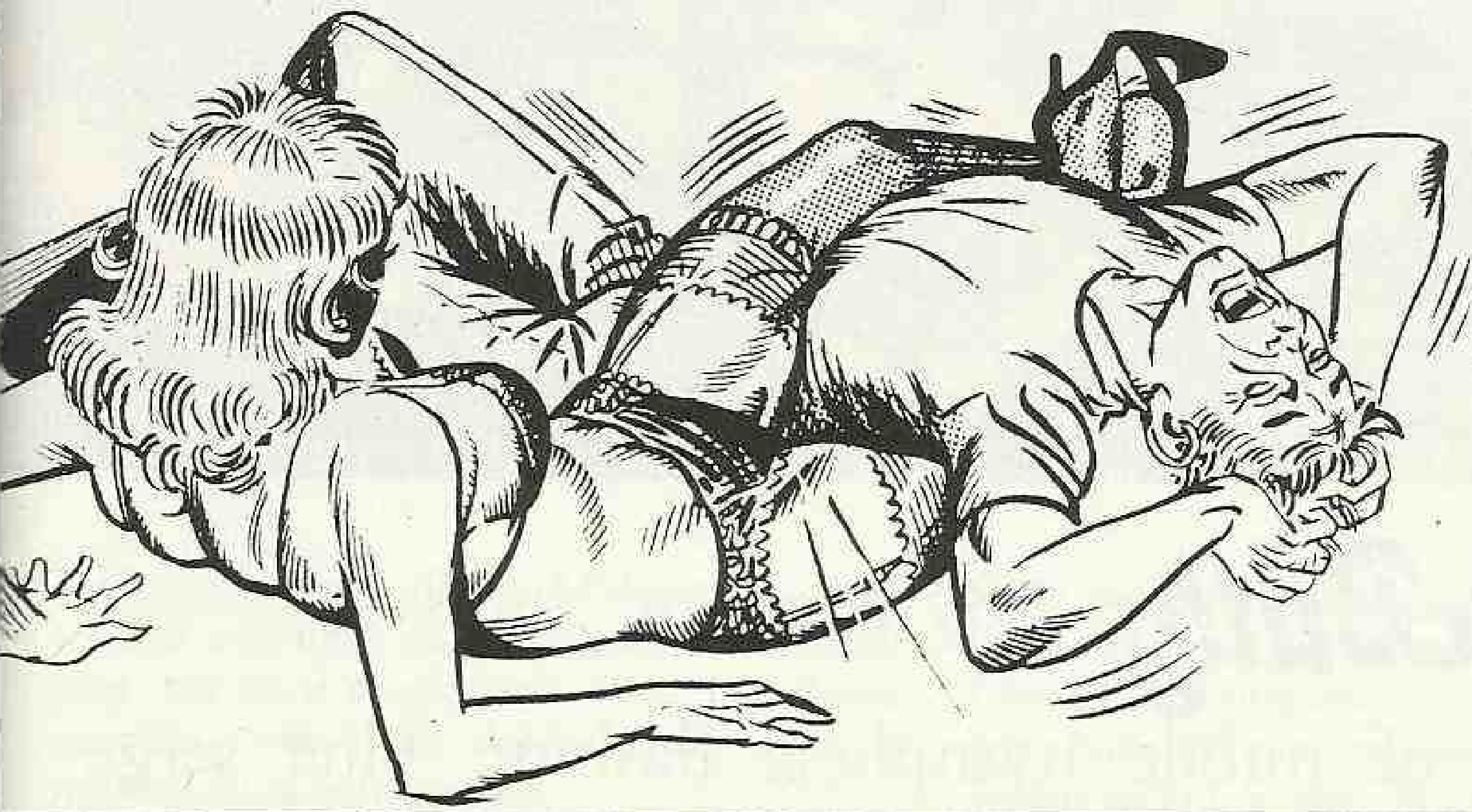

ALONE AND NONE TO AID HER – AH! CRUEL FATE
SHE'S LIKE A GRAMAPHONE RECORD D'ARCY. TURN THAT TAP AND CHANGE THE TUNE
NEVER! NO NEVER!

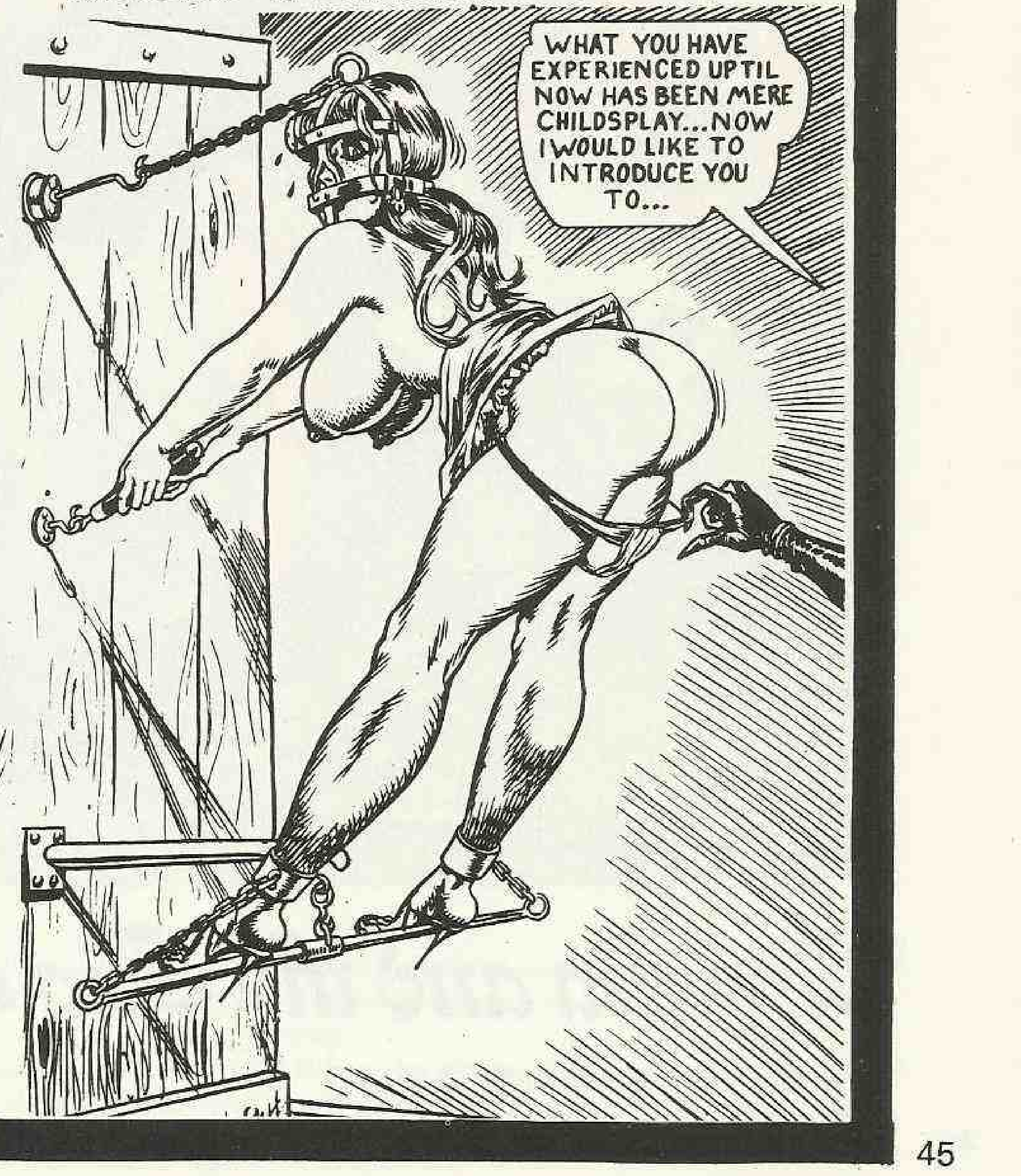

Outside Paul was so taken with the way the lovely young maid was handling her big, juicy globes that he leaned over the window sill to get a better view, only to be knocked senseless with a karate chop to the back of the neck by Mrs. Chalmers who had crept back along the wall towards him.


YOU SPLATTERED ME YOU SILLY SLUT!
WHORE!
OH, YOU COW!








WHAT YOU HAVE EXPERIENCED UP TIL NOW HAS BEEN MERE CHILDSPLAY...NOW I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO...

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A sad-looking middle-aged woman walked into a pet shop and asked the assistant for a budgerigar.

'Sorry, madam,' he said, 'I've just sold my last one.'

'What about a canary?' asked the woman.

'All gone, I'm afraid.'

'Parrots then?'

'Not one left,' the assistant apologised.

Glancing round, the woman spied a small yellow bird with slant eyes. She asked what it was.

'That, madam, is a Japanese Karate Bird,' said the assistant.

'Nonsense,' said the woman, 'How can you have a Karate bird?'

'Just watch,' said the assistant. He placed a house brick on the counter, opened the door of the cage and cried, 'Japanese Karate Bird – house brick!'

The little bird flew out of its cage, once round the room, hovered over the house brick, then smashed it with a blow from its wing.

'Japanese Karate Bird!' the assistant cried. 'Counter!'

The little bird flew once more round the room, hovered over the counter, then smashed it with a blow from its wing.

'Is that bird for sale?' asked the woman.

'Yes, but it's our most expensive.'

'I'll take it,' snapped the woman.

'It *is* £150.'

'Cash,' said the woman.

So the sale was completed and as the woman turned to leave the assistant couldn't help asking, 'What are you going to do with the bird, madam?'

'Well,' said the woman, 'my husband will come home late from work tonight, beat me, make me get him his dinner, beat me again, settle down and read the paper. Then when he's finished that he'll look around the room, see the cage and say to me, "What the bloody hell is that bird doing in here, woman!" And I shall say, "That's a Japanese Karate Bird, dear," and he'll say, "Japanese Karate Bird – balls!"'

'I have to take every precaution to avoid pregnancy,' a woman confided over the back fence.

'But hasn't your husband just had a vasectomy?' asked her neighbour.

'Yes – and that's why I have to take every precaution.'

Up in London for the rugby, Evans decided to celebrate a team victory with a visit to the ladies of Soho. Unfortunately, though small in stature, Evans was quite remarkably well-endowed elsewhere and the moment the girls saw his dimensions they quickly shook their heads and said, 'Sorry, ducks; we've all got limits; we can't manage that.'

In despair Evans confided his story to a friendly taxi-driver.

'Don't you worry, taff,' the driver said. 'I'll take you to see Doris. Nothing ever worries Doris. She'll see you all right.'

Delighted, Evans was whisked away to a quiet mews address, and there was Doris: tall, elegant, well-furred and nonchalantly chewing gum. Hesitantly Evans explained his problem.

'No problem,' she said. 'Just as long as I can do this.'

And she took her chewing gum and stuck it neatly on the end of Evans' organ.

'Now,' she said, 'We'll get on with it. But when you see me chewing gum again that's the time to stop.'

Out late at night on his first beat, the young policeman discovered the front door of a house wide open. Stepping inside he called up the darkened stairs, 'Who is it?' a female voice replied.

'Police, madam. You've left your front door unlocked and it's not safe.'

'I can't come down,' the woman shouted. 'I'm under the doctor.'

'I'm sorry,' said the young copper, 'one of you will have to come down.'

A young man was being interviewed for a job and had clearly made a good impression. But as the interview was about to close the interviewer asked, 'Forgive me, I couldn't help noticing, but can't you stop that wink?'

The young man replied, 'I'm afraid (wink) it's a habit of mine, but (wink) if I take an aspirin it soon disappears.'

'I see,' said the interviewer.

'Wait a moment,' the young man said, 'I've got an aspirin in one of my pockets.'

First he checked his trouser pockets and emptied about 20 French letters on the desktop. Then he tried his jacket pockets and dropped another dozen French letters onto the desk. Finally he reached in his shirt pocket, pulling out five more French letters, and an aspirin.

'Good God,' cried the interviewer. 'Are you some kind of sexual athlete?'

'Oh, no,' said the young man,' but whenever I go into a chemist and ask for a packet of (wink) aspirin I get one of these.'

A man applied for a job with a fur dealer and was told that only experienced men could be accepted. As a test the dealer asked him to judge different furs and their worth with his eyes closed.

The first was mink worth £500. The second was beaver worth £70. The third was Afghan worth £15.

'Absolutely right,' said the dealer.

Overjoyed the man rushed home and was awakened the next morning by his annoyed wife.

'You kept me awake all night talking in your sleep,' she complained. 'What did you mean by, "Hedgehog, worth 5p"?'

There was a young student of Queens
Who haunted the public latrines.
He was heard in the john
To say, 'Bring me a don –
But spare me those dreary old Deans.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Relax
STEREO
SLIM KINGS
SPECIAL VIRGINIA FILTER
SLIM KINGS

Make it a long weekend.

More elegant than everyday cigarettes 26½p

RECOMMENDED PRICE FOR 20

WSK 29F

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Virginia and the Big Bully

By Mervyn Yates

To be treated as a god by a horde of nubile nymphets flashing blue serge knickers and bare thighs might sound like heaven. Until it actually happens

Julian I dug as a flatmate. He was a snob, loaded and ugly, and rarely hustled me for rent. So we'd stuck each other for eleven months, which in shifty South Ken is approaching permanence.

Julian was Something in the City. Something respectable, Tory and woollen, Something keeping him in after-shaves and Christies catalogues.

My half of our relationship was envy. Julian didn't notice. Providing he got two scrapes from the blades I borrowed, providing my yoghurt cartons never got serious, harmony reigned, or kept to its part of the pad.

When the phone rang this Friday, the pad was mine for the month. This should have

turn to page 48

Virginia and the Big Bully

continued from page 47

been brilliant, opportunity for seduction and swing, with Julian's wardrobe, hi-fi and club memberships at my bachelor beck. But I was barren of cash or company, January Resolutions driving the regular dolls to parts Majorcan or Adriatic.

I willed the call from Turin. From Sandy, may her thighs have lockjaw.

'Jules?' The receiver whinnied.

'This is not Julian, that's who', I scowled, returning Sandy to my Got Away File.

'If you're not my second cousin thrice removed, who are you?' Whinny geared into giggles. 'I'm Virginia'.

'Yeah?' I leered. 'And are you?'

The giggles went glacially silent. I cursed my technique and explained that Julian Winthrop was in Iceland, brass rubbing. Could Joe Briggs help? My yawns suggested otherwise.

'You mean it? How marvy . . .' Delight thawed Miss Frigid, and I was soon agreeing, chuckling and generally committing the week-end, before querying the nature of my assistance.

'Hockey, silly. It's our yearly struggle against St Godfrics. Honestly, we'd be lost without Jules . . . I mean you'.

'One moment,' I finicked. 'I'm not gingering any group of club-cleaving sheilas . . .'

'You're only umpiring', the receiver crackled in mirth. 'I'm in town, shopping, so I'll be around in the morning. Explanations mit coffee, OK? You're very sweet'.

The line went dead.

I fumed. Julian's whacky doings were his privacy, no concern of mine. My sports are ash blondes and darts, no concern of his. If he wanted to lie in dewy bracken and eavesdrop the congress of thrushes, if he thought immersing his Adam's apple in cavernous potholes was character-forming, then banzai to the chump. The least he could expect from the current craze for Viking headstones was Reykjavik frostbite. I remained tolerant, long as tolerance was uninvolved.

To distract my resent I picked the catch on his bedroom door and sleuthed. I wished I hadn't. On his dresser, between the varnished cowrie and the crossed rackets, stood a photo. A girl, roughly. Affectionate scrawl in one corner failed to obliterate the V of her signature.

I don't have to detail my data. Not after those St Trinian horror movies. But I shall, anyway. Pigtails, tortoise-shells and braced teeth assembled beneath a straw bonnet, the kind worn by well-dressed donkeys in Deauville.

No wonder Julian hadn't advertised this duckling. That he indulged in the finer points of hockey, I did not doubt. Public school prepares you for esoterica, bedwetting to bobsleigh. Me, I'm strictly dropout and stayout material, the subject of hockey conjuring a big blank, with faintly risible edges.

She'd referred to a match. Teams. Two dozen facsimiles of this freckled freak, two dozen cudgels swoshing about my ears . . . I almost blew from the scene. Only stubbornness downed its slippered foot. I wasn't being run out of my residence by any bifocalled beanstalk. I sat tight. I even slept. Badly . . . the nightmare took place over greensward. I was the ball. Or was it puck? They were legion, acres and oodles of ostrich-thighed gym-slipped shilaleagh-sporting sirens, hacking and shrilling for my blood . . .

Saved from a sweat by the door chimes, I grabbed a kimono and shuffled. This Virginia was some early riser. Morning, she'd said. And it wasn't eleven yet. Hoping I looked like my feelings I opened up.

The following five seconds loosened my sportive illusions. They fell like mental dandruff. Whilst not a liar, the camera was obviously liable to date. The creature facing, sweeping past my sleepy goggle bore as much relation to that bedroom photo as I to a topless eggsucker. The creature I tailed into the kitchen was laden with Biba bags, quivered where some folk walk, and displayed the shapeliest vertebrae next to cobras.

Her hair was not ash blonde. I made allowances for chestnut ringlets. Her trenchcoat was unbuttoned and French, her cord jeans damask and moulded, her bomber boots matt leather and her skinny sweater wonderfully inadequate. The tightness of the apparel entailed much fluidness with the goods contained, or not contained, and my sensory tongue hung out while intros and mutual inspection was effected.

'I'm Virginia'. An eyelash fluttered. I sustained a heady draught. 'Why hasn't Jules mentioned you?'

'My feelings, exactly', I switched on the percolator, my mind racing when it wasn't howling. 'Though he and I aren't on intimate terms'. The snake.

'My feelings, exactly', she perched nearer my scrutiny. Praise be the makers of lofty stools. The displacement of her cute and cheeky fanny upon upholstery took an ice shower to dispell. As I soaped my back and fancies, Virginia, true to her word, provided coffee and commentary, an edition of her eighteen well-engineered years.

Daddy was a widower banker, commuting from Nassau to a Swiss counting-house. Enough.

Virginia's upbringing was clearly select and sheltered, convents and boarding schools. Her latest, St Letitia Of The Blessed Candle sited in deepest Surrey, was the finalist in a local hockey league, their opponents none other than neighbouring St Godfric's, hiss hate and boo. Reading between the lines – and superbly slender they curved – I got the gist of a grudge venue, its importance to the honour and status of either institution. Somehow, my total inability to adjudicate seemed excusable. After all, ignorance answers no bias. Under minimal pressure from Virginia's pointed frontage I flushed all objections down the plug hole, entering in the blithe spirit of jolly hock-sticks.

'How did Julian's decisions go over last year?' I asked, dressing.

'Terribly well', she made a moue. 'He is a qualified umpire; and much too Julian to cheat'.

That figured. Fair play can lead a feller astray. Fossicking about Julian's cupboards produced a tracksuit, running shoes, a rulebook. 'Here's a notepad', Virginia undulated up to me. 'For cautions and things'.

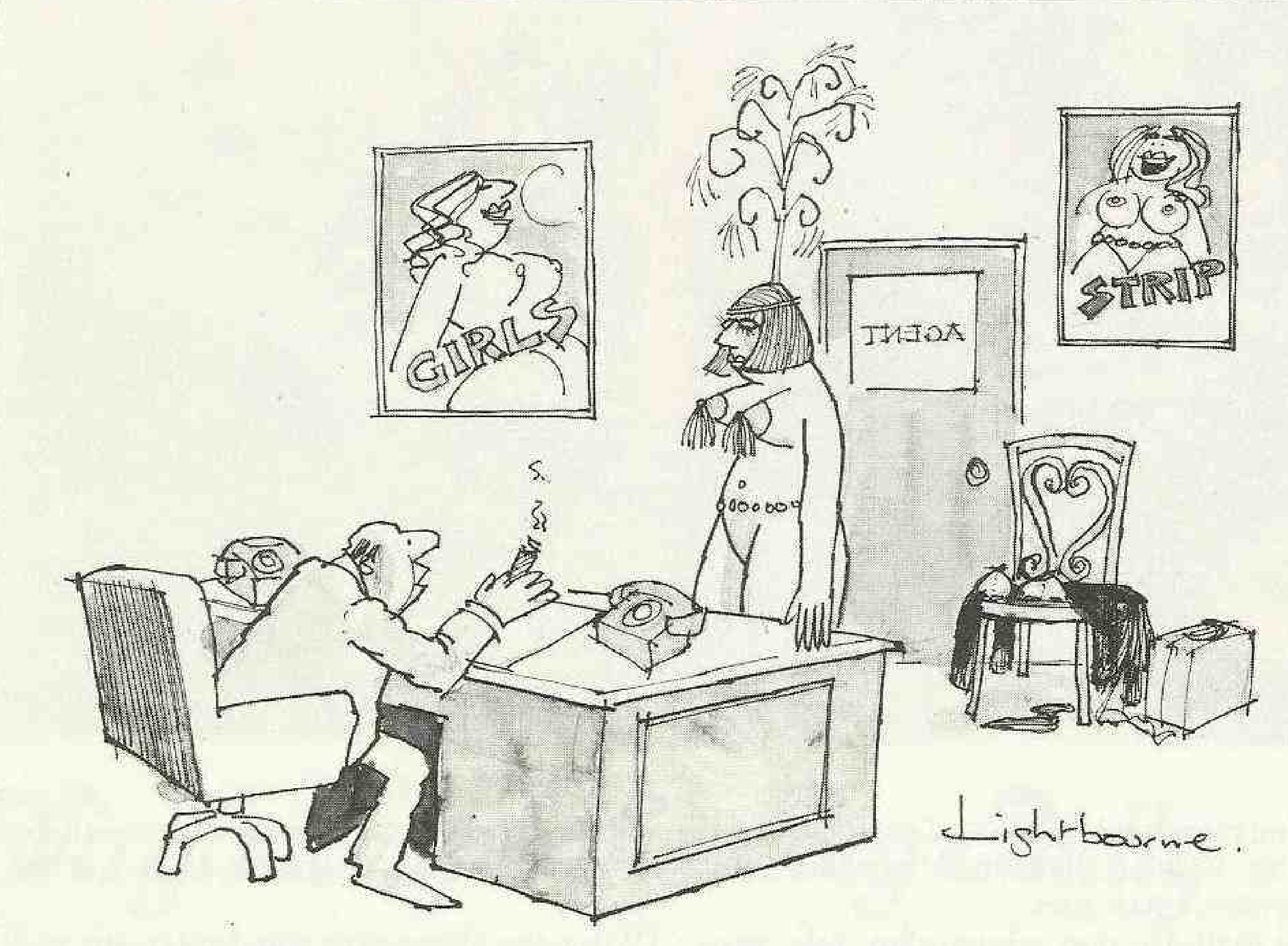
'I'm taking your name first', I growled as we left the flat.

'For what offence?' she twinkled.

'Redirecting my weekend', I wore a martyred air.

Virginia squeezed my wrist. I'm sure it was my wrist. 'I'm very grateful, Joe Briggs'. Huskiness suffused a peaches and cream complexion. I counted up to ten freckles on her neck, awarding her school medals for its bloodstock. 'Are they all like you on the farm?'

'Wait and see', she winked saucily. 'Sixth form prefects are bred, not born', she catwalked a kerbside demo.



'No luv, contra-rotating means in opposite directions!'

I acquainted a most perfect prefect with the Morris. Nervously. I mean, a dish like her could count her courtiers in Jensens. And my buggy is held together with rust and parking tickets.

But Virginia, bless those hazel eyes and bubbly bearing, still retained the gift of enthusiasm. Christening my chariot a fun thing, she humoured sagging springs, a lack of dashboard. I realised I could really like this chick. She hadn't asked what I did for a living, sparing me access to lies.

Between Streatham and Croydon we adjourned in panic. I hadn't a whistle. Mad tours of novelty stores led nowhere. I was considering mugging a boy scout when Virginia brainstormed. It took us to a gent's toilet, where I changed personalities. Suitably tracksuited, I strolled into a fuzz kennel with this fool yarn of having lost my tooter and could they oblige?

I must have looked the part, for I got what I wanted, plus pitying glances.

Cruising through rural lanes, Virginia gave me a crash course in hockey. A barbaric pursuit, psychologically akin to the Eton Wall Game. If she'd wiggled any closer I'd have treated Virginia to a crash course in massage. Only innocence saved thrusting tits from a hellish mauling. The odd thing about the whole caper was my sobriety, my calm cooperation with a daunting prospect. Virginia, a comparative though companionable stranger, expected me, a practising coward, to stride across turf and be the sheriff between clashing females, satisfying both their competitive militance, and the eagle eyes of staff, pupils and parents.

'If in difficulty, blow your horn and look stern', she advised, as we approached a cemetery-like drive.

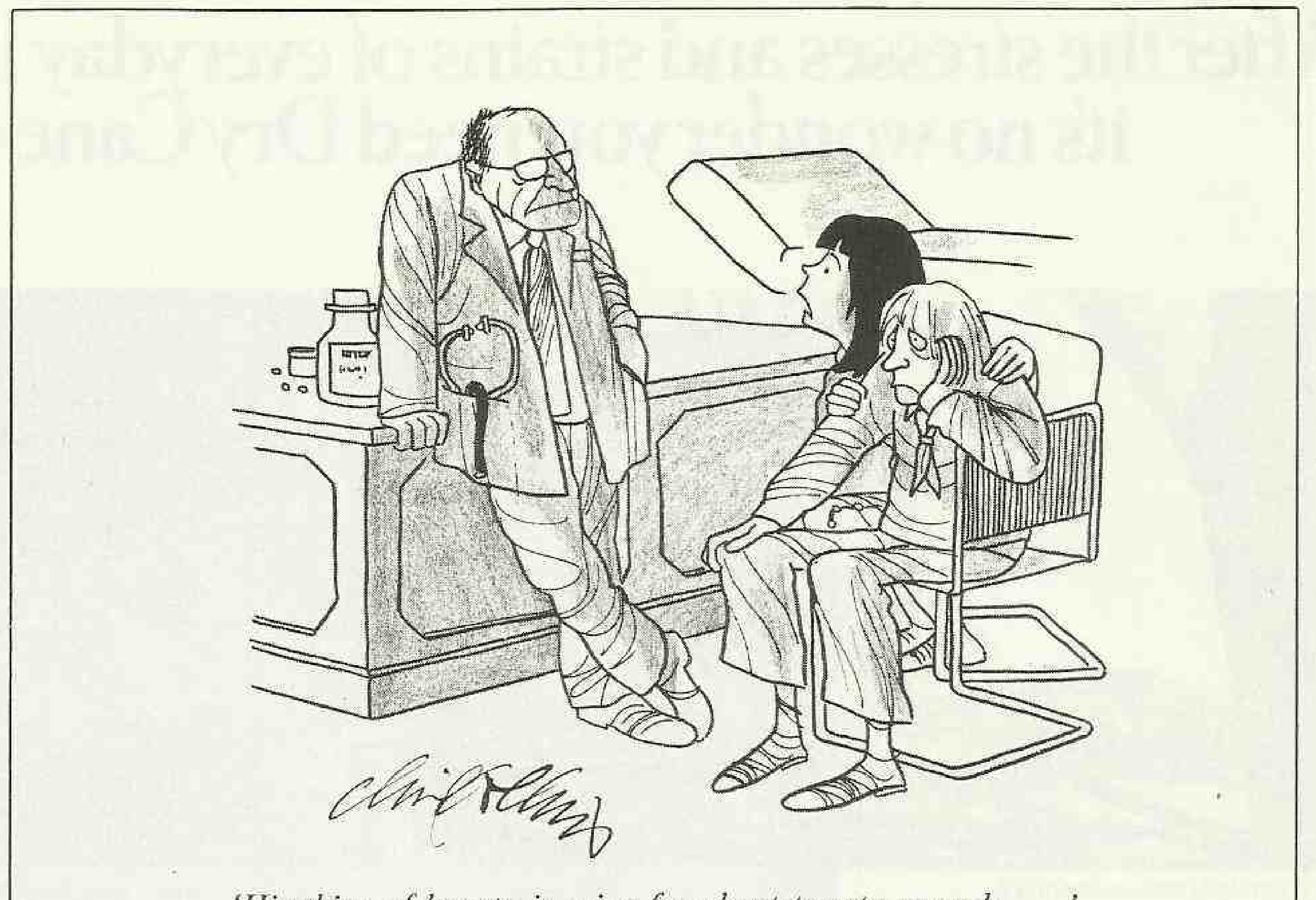
Vintage Victorian Crumble, a mansion helped prop the horizon. There was greenery, lawns, lodges, a huge tent and seething crowds marking the field of battle.

I braked in a screech of gravel. The reception was without exception elderly, establishment and intent on nobbling my neutrality. Quietly thanking Virginia's briefing, I ploughed through rival headmistresses, tweedy hippos, and rival matrons, seedy spinsters, plus a paunchy melee of Colonels, stock-brokerage and assorted good ladies. A right garden party of hacking jackets and floral hats. It was like meeting Mr and Mrs Julian in menopausal and gouted stages of prosperity.

Virginia vanished after introductory noises. Her explanation about my replacing Julian at short notice made me hero of the hour, and I was borne on tides of thanksgiving towards a sumptuous tea. Platters of mouthwatering pastries compensated for silly sandwiches, postage stamps hinting of anchovy. I held my own at char and crumpets, sipping loudly when awkwardly questioned.

'M'dear, so kind of you to come', gushed one Mrs Arbuthnot Danvers. 'I'm sure we can rely on your sound judgement. Of course, St Godfric's are in a class of their own.'

I diverted that 'of course' into an eclair, coming up for air when prodded by a shooting stick. Its wielder was wizened, and dog collared. A clergy, chocker with phlegm and jaundice.



'His thing of beauty is a joy for about twenty seconds . . .'

'Briggs did you say your name was?'

I hadn't, but nodded warily, gums fixed with cream.

'You're not listed in the Southern League', baldpate waved an official booklet.

'I'm Home Counties', I mumbled. 'Helping out'. Luckily, I was rescued by the headmistresses, though that buffer's suspicions riveted my shoulders as we wended to a wooden hut. One glance at sagging shingles and sellophaned windows confirmed the game's rank amateurism.

'Changing rooms. Ladies only', simpered a schoolmarm.

'You'll want a muster for the pep-talk', the other hand-clapped, a signal for the teams to troop out, though over bare boards they fairly thundered.

A psyche-stirring sight assembled. Like the rodents of fabled Hamelin, I was surrounded by youthful womanhood in sundry shapes and sultry sizes. Small ones, large ones, thin, trim and slim ones.

Naturally, I hadn't visualised replicas of Virginia. There isn't that much quality control in Mayfair, let alone Surrey. But the sum and parts of variety wasn't half bad. Adolescence, pubescence and amazonia were represented. St Godfric's costume was maroon knickers and jerseys, the left boob charmingly badged, St Letitia's favouring a demure skirt and blouse arrangement of pleated poplin. End of fashion note.

Physically, let me just state that fresh air and exercise are no longer sins with me. Comely thews and exquisite ankles gathered around. On a trainer's command, St Godfric's cohorts commenced arm flinging and chest expanding limbers. 'Good for the wind', their trainer beamed. I commenced heavy breathing exercises. Ribcages rippled and mammaries joggled and yards of pink and alabaster thighbone kicked and alternatively flicked.

I saw that St Godfric's meant business, their obedience to orders disciplined, whereas St Letitia's were of a cuddly more wayward stock. Strawberries and nettles sprout together, I suppose. Sly looks from ingenues made me appreciate why roosters and sheiks like to be outnumbered.

A blow on my whistle called these nudging nymphettes to order. I barked for Captains. St Godfric's was a swarthy wench, with a raven ponytail and a soliciting pouty mouth. Italy, garlic and coals smouldered her cheekbones.

St Letitia's leader was none other than Virginia, though by now I was past surprises. In bulldogged tones I exhorted the Olympic decencies, terminating with 'Remember, girls, 'Tis not results but the participation'. This crap drew a snicker from Sophia Loren, and the winsomest twitch from Virginia.

Teams positioned, lines-girls waved flags, the crowds eagerly ah-d, and I allowed battle to begin. The twenty minutes to halftime flew by without score or casualty, a grazed knee apart, which I was allowed to powder and pat. I must confess I was in my element. Randiness, trotting to the fore of pretty pack skirmish like the master of a foxhunt, pursued and plagued by panting lolitas, skirts awry and bosoms tremulous.

My frequent blasts on the blower and offside decisions earned no end of abuse. Another illusion went south. Sylphs do swear. The language ripping out of debby poise and goldilocked langour would have cut the grass at Billingsgate.

During the interval, whilst barleywater and advice plied a perspiring huddle, I consulted Virginia. Hot flushes made her even lovelier. I enjoyed a mini orgasm, imagining her in climax. On her flawless flesh a goose-pimple would look erogenic.

'By the linseed on my dribbler', she wagged a horribly notched weapon. 'I'm whacked'.

'If you can swallow strategy from an outsider', I whispered. 'Wait till they plunder your goalmouth. They'll get cocky and overstretch. You could run through, then'.

turn to page 72

Virginia and the Big Bully

continued from page 49

'We'll try it', she wiped her brow. 'Now buzz off, or your preferences might show'.

On such authority I felt no qualms in circulating around St Godfric's sweaty sisterhood. Their splay-legged dishabille was exhilarating. I caught voyeurs-eye views of luscious labia, flimsily encased buttocks, hips and haunches casually threatening erotic exposures. The variance in crotches, bulge, swell and droop, was astonishing, a subject worth fuller investigation.

The pouter I'd tagged Sophia arrested my appraisals with a bold come-hither. 'Will you check my wrist flick, Sir?'

I checked a flaunted hourglass figure. Dark delicate ringlets peeked from the gusset of her taut pants, proud promise of luxuriant lichens within. I spent a rewarding time coaching Sophia, supervising her pelvic stance, her ball control. Her attempts to vamp officialdom were transparent as a see-through kilt. But I couldn't discourage her slinky sidle and alluring glances, gallant sod that I am.

The second half started inauspiciously for St Letitia's. Forcing the pace, St Godfric's dominated the play, their forwards clustering the net of their target for successive corners. Sophia was their star, feeding and fanning the ball, bulldozinger triumphantly at bullies.

Bullying off is a savage rite, similar to a pair of golfers teeing in opposite directions with the same missile. Violence is inevitable, and left to the luckless umpire to regulate. I had to crack down on Sophia's hurley tactics, which inspired an eloquent glare. If frowns killed, I was disabled.

Though a plucky player and tireless at rallying, Virginia was no match for her rivals push and shove. Twelve minutes from the final whistle, St Godfric's scored. The crowd squealed and moaned, and the scorer, Sophia, was leapfrogged and hugged by congratulators. I would happily have contributed, had the pitch been less public. Piling on the agony, St Godfric's seemed sure of a second slam when the breakaway happened. Checking a wing pass, Virginia dashed hell for leather past a startled defence and, aided by my blocking an enemy halfback, she scooped, clouted, scooted a winner home.

One all. Four minutes left, including injury time. The sides arrayed for a centre-line bully. My throat was sticky, my hearing closed to nearby hisses of vengeance and venom. These took their hobbies seriously. A swift ruck, and Sophia was off in a vicious sabre slash of sticks. Defeating desperate fouling lunges to stop her if not the ball, she skidded spectacularly in the goalmouth's mire. Instant mudbath. St Letitia's grabbed a last chance and pronged an attack which would have dithered had the ball not accidentally gained momentum off my left toecap, a stroke of fortune converted by Virginia with a lightning bash.

The crowd went mad. To a background of back-thumping hurrahs and boaters flung skyward the teams cried cheers and womanfully shook paws, a test of moral fibre I would have personally flunked. Although their aftermath chatter was valiantly civil, I foresaw some hair-pulling and bitchery in the changing rooms.

A trophy presentation for winners and runners-up was scheduled, followed that evening by a dinner and dance. But I avoided the rostrum, the dignitaries, a festive scrum of gentility, my sixth sense insisting I depart before shamateurism was uncovered.

Unable to reach Virginia, now chaired by screaming spotty minors, I left an Urgent Phonecall – Must Dash message with a matron and mobilised the Morris.

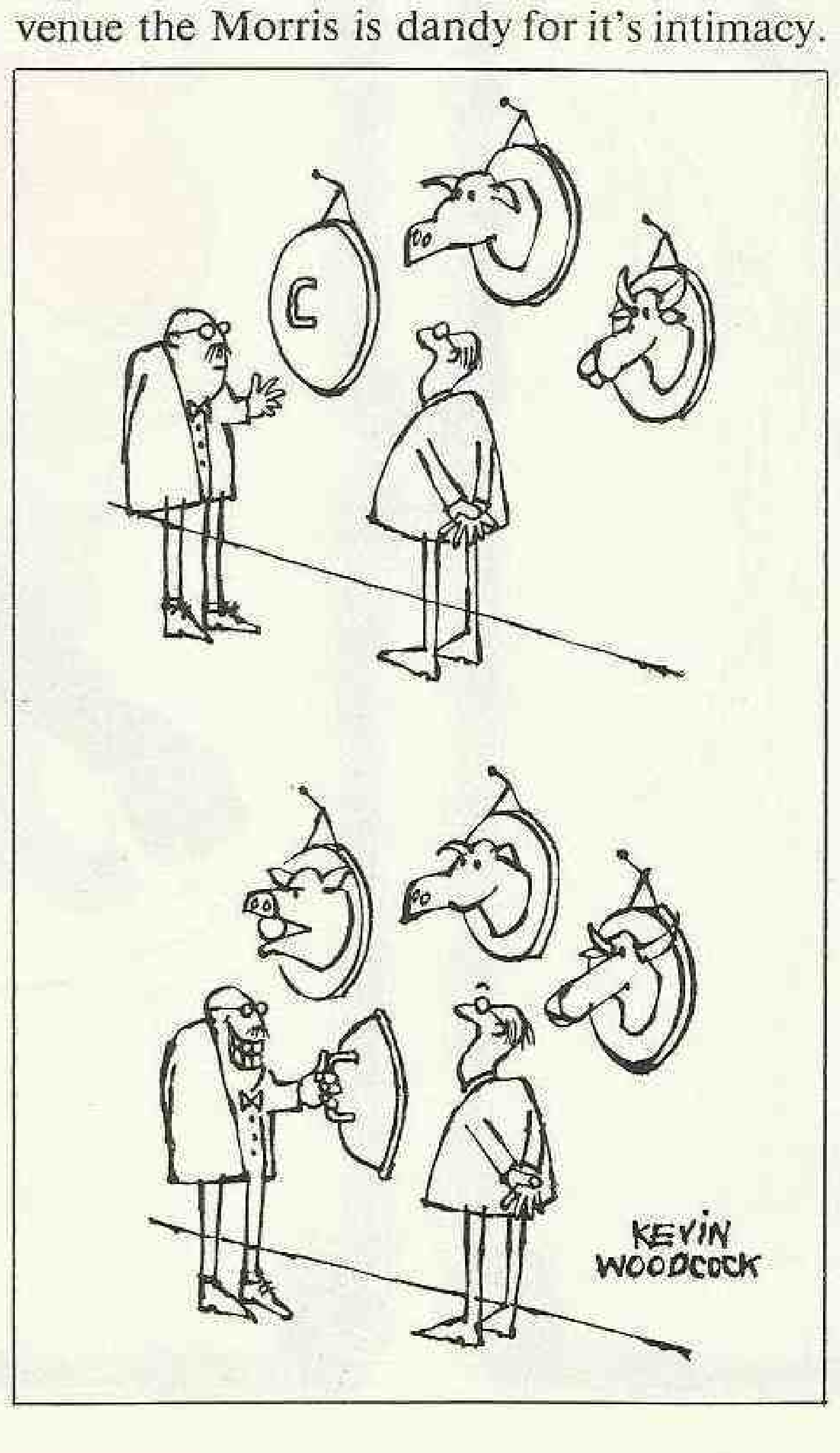
Parking behind a hedge at the gated exit, I pussyfooted to the rear of the changing hut. I had a vague plan of discreetly ambushing Virginia. I'd reckoned without a certain critical cleric.

Stepping out of a hydrangea, baldpate pinned me squarely with 'Sir, you are an imposter'. He flourished more booklets, and a cablegram. 'You're not bona fide in hockey circles, from Cornwall to Cumberland. What have you to say for yourself?'

Like water into wine, my blood was jelly. Not bothering to bluster, I hung my head. 'I provided a stopgap. Is that so awful?'

'Awful, unethical and abominable', he socked it to me, pure pulpitry. 'As a governor of St Letitia's, I take an exceedingly dim view of this, this outrage. However – his brimstone mellowed – 'As hon. sec. their hockey committee, my dimness is inclined to stay myopic on this happy occasion. Thank you, young man, for a noble impersonation. Be so good as to return to your transport and I will despatch our fair team Captain. It seems she has words for you as well.'

Twenty dizzying minutes later landed me in the wet embraces of Julian's second cousin thrice removed. Wet, because Virginia had showered but not towelled in her eagerness to clinch. Now, if there's one venue the Morris is dandy for it's intimacy.



Euphoric with success, Virginia was all over me, a pleasureable place to be.

'Oh Joe Briggs, you're the answer to a maiden's prayer', she mussed my hair and restraint. 'How can I ever thank you'

'Let's examine the options', said I, easing her horizontal unzipping her jeans. She allowed my middle finger to reconnoitre silken recesses, sighing when I stroked the petals on her throbbing rose. Then she moaned a protest. I halted my probing and lit a fag. I'm afraid stop-go coyness turns me off. I let her know it, bitterly. 'Rape is not my style, honey. Here's no place to start'.

'Don't be angry, Joe Briggs', Virginia shivered against me. 'I can ride, ski, water colour, type, cook, sew and play the piano. My petitpointe is exquisite, my deportment adequate. And I'm off soon to a lycée in Lausanne. But', she bit her lip miserably, and mine lingeringly. 'Laugh if you're a bastard. You hit the nail on the head last night' – she tremored – 'I was never more aptly named. Isn't that killingly funny?'

Collapse into tears. My cue for tender reassurances.

I felt humbled, and honoured. Let's face it, hymen isn't a museum rarity, but it doesn't hang from the racks in the metropolis. With all the glandular goodwill in the world I'd have sworn she was more chased than chaste. Even in rustic Surrey there had to lurk a butcher's boy, an apprentice gamekeeper.

Apparently not. I'd have to go soft and gently into her sanctuary. The challenge made me feel relaxed and good.

'Do you want to make that dance?' I dried her eyes. 'It must mean a lot, your last year and all.'

'And share you with two hundred wallflowers?' she weakly tittered. 'You deserve better than boring speeches and skiffle records. Besides, that hussy Sophia – she's the Captain of St Godfric's – is searching for you to have a bonepick. Over my dead body'.

Actually, the property in question was rapturously alive, shy in surrender yet keen to respond to my exploring fingertips.

'Look', I said, slowly kneading her breasts, till I could feel her tactile aching. 'Julian is away for twenty six whole days'.

'And nights', she murmured dreamily.

'Can you live on coffee, croissants and caresses?'

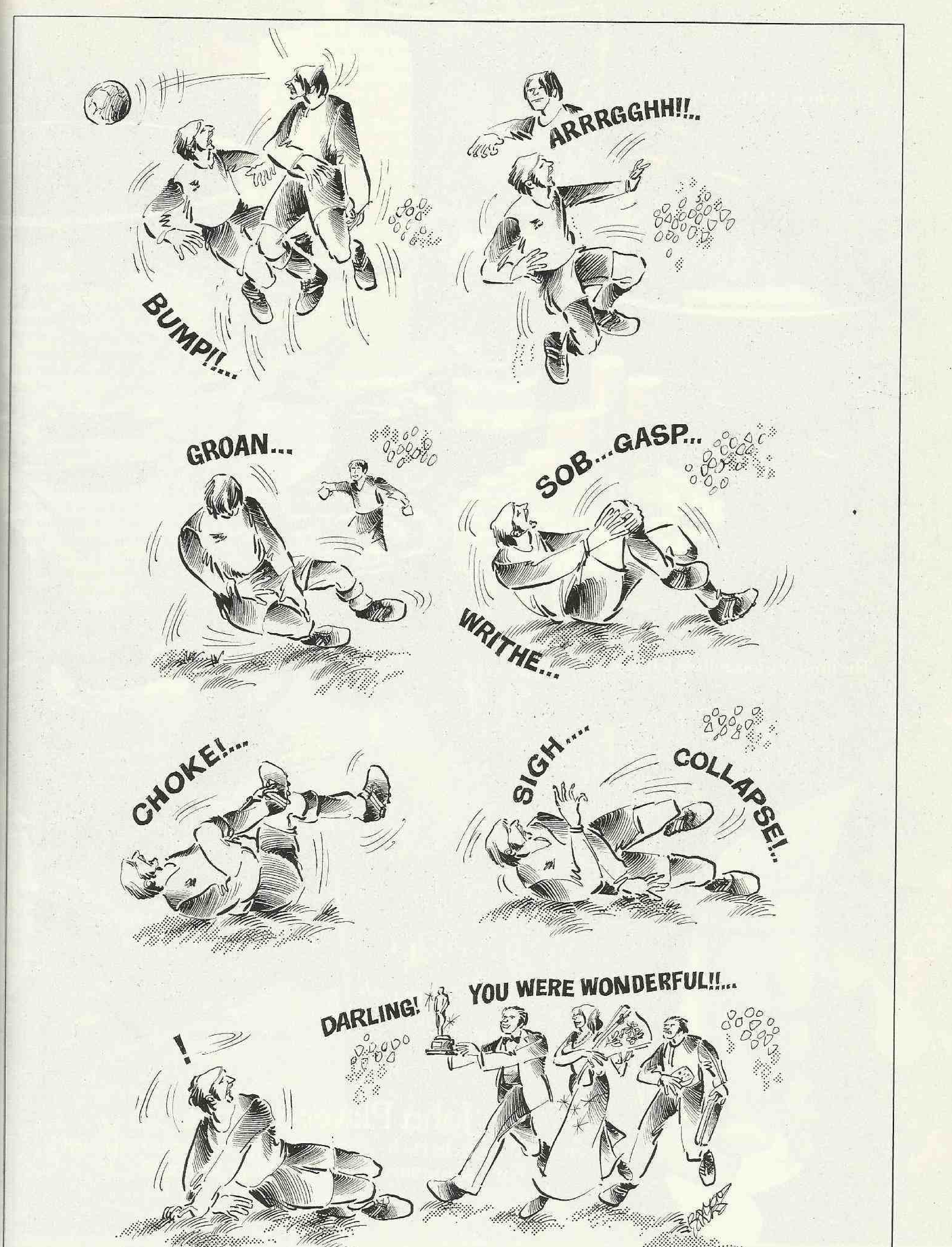
'I'm willing to try, Joe Briggs'.

I believed her, the way she swamped me with cuddlesome contact. I headed the Morris home in a lather of anticipation. with a bra-less boa constrictor in one's lap, motoring can be deliciously dodgy. 'Young lady', I signed. 'In a built-up area, my navel is out of bounds'.

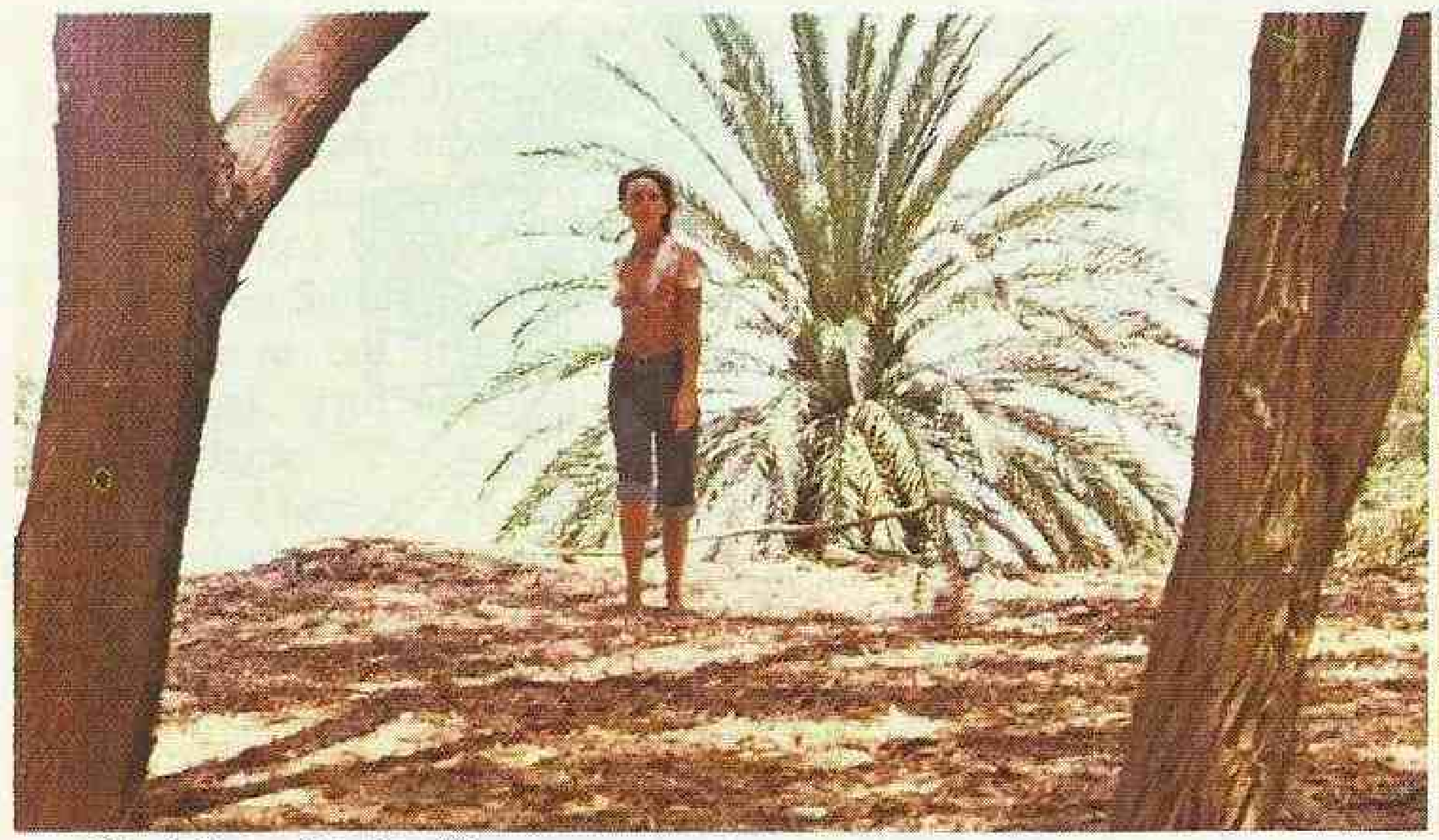
'I'll have to be patient', she purred with the certainty of a promise nearing delivery.

Frankly, she hadn't long to wait. When Virginia finally caught a plane to that lycée, there wasn't an inch of her wanting in sensual finish.

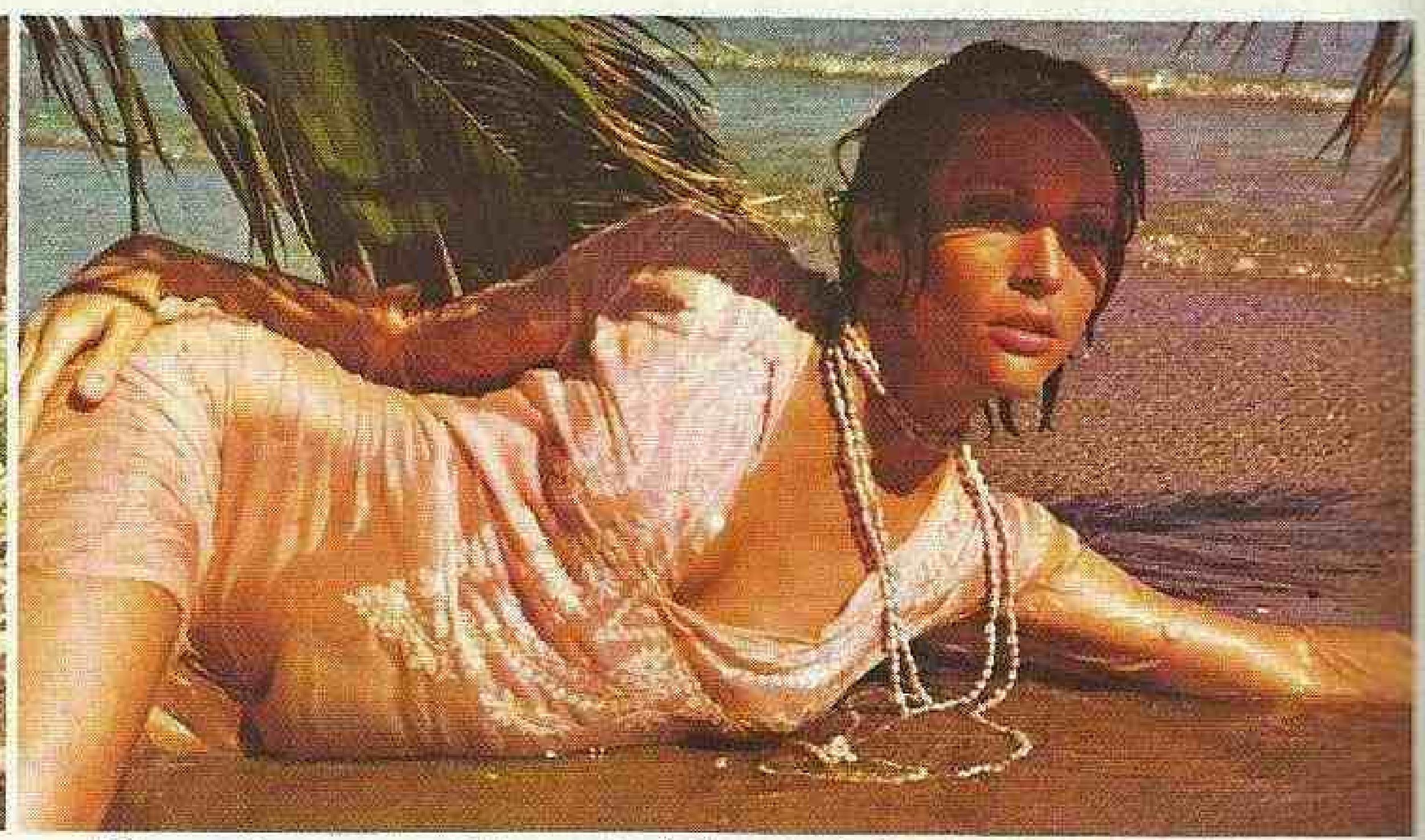
I even collected a cheque from the hon. sec. of St Letitia's. Six guineas, for services rendered. That's what I call value for money.


BUMP!!...
ARRRGGHH!!..
GROAN...
SOB...GASP...
WRITHE...
CHOKE!...
SIGH....
COLLAPSE!..
!
DARLING!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL!!...

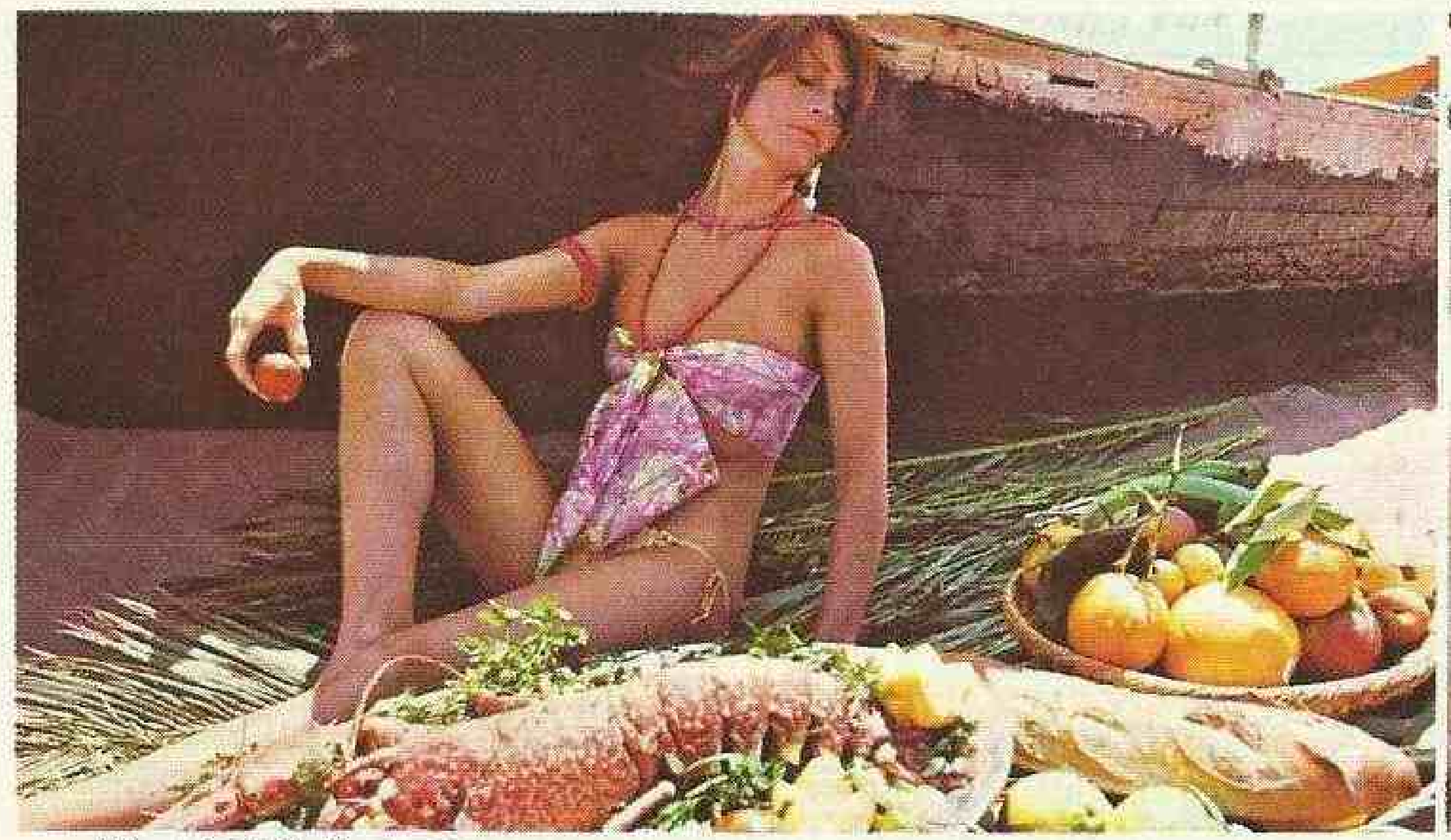
After the stresses and strains of everyday life in the Caribbean it's no wonder you need Dry Cane to cool down.



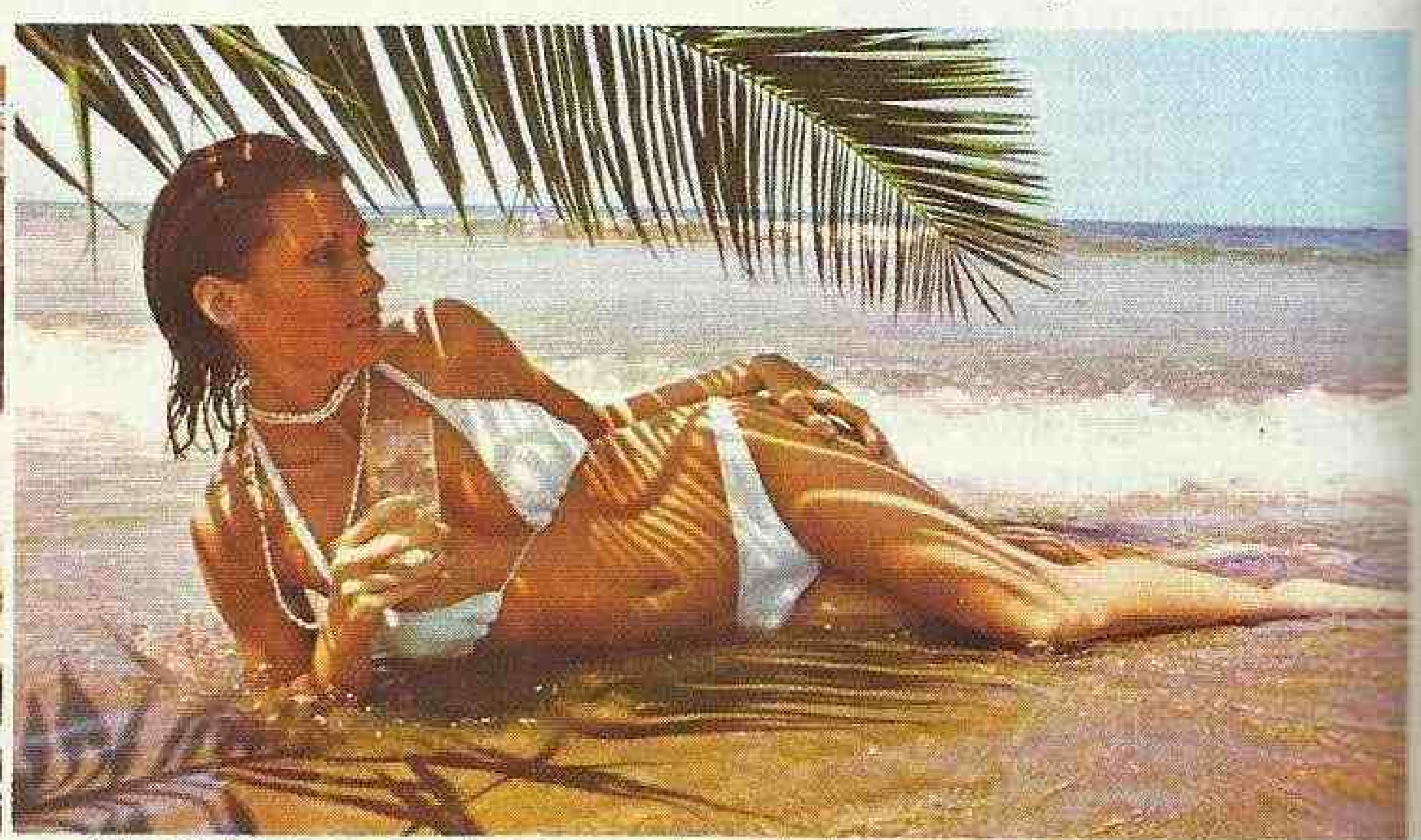
The daily rush to the office.



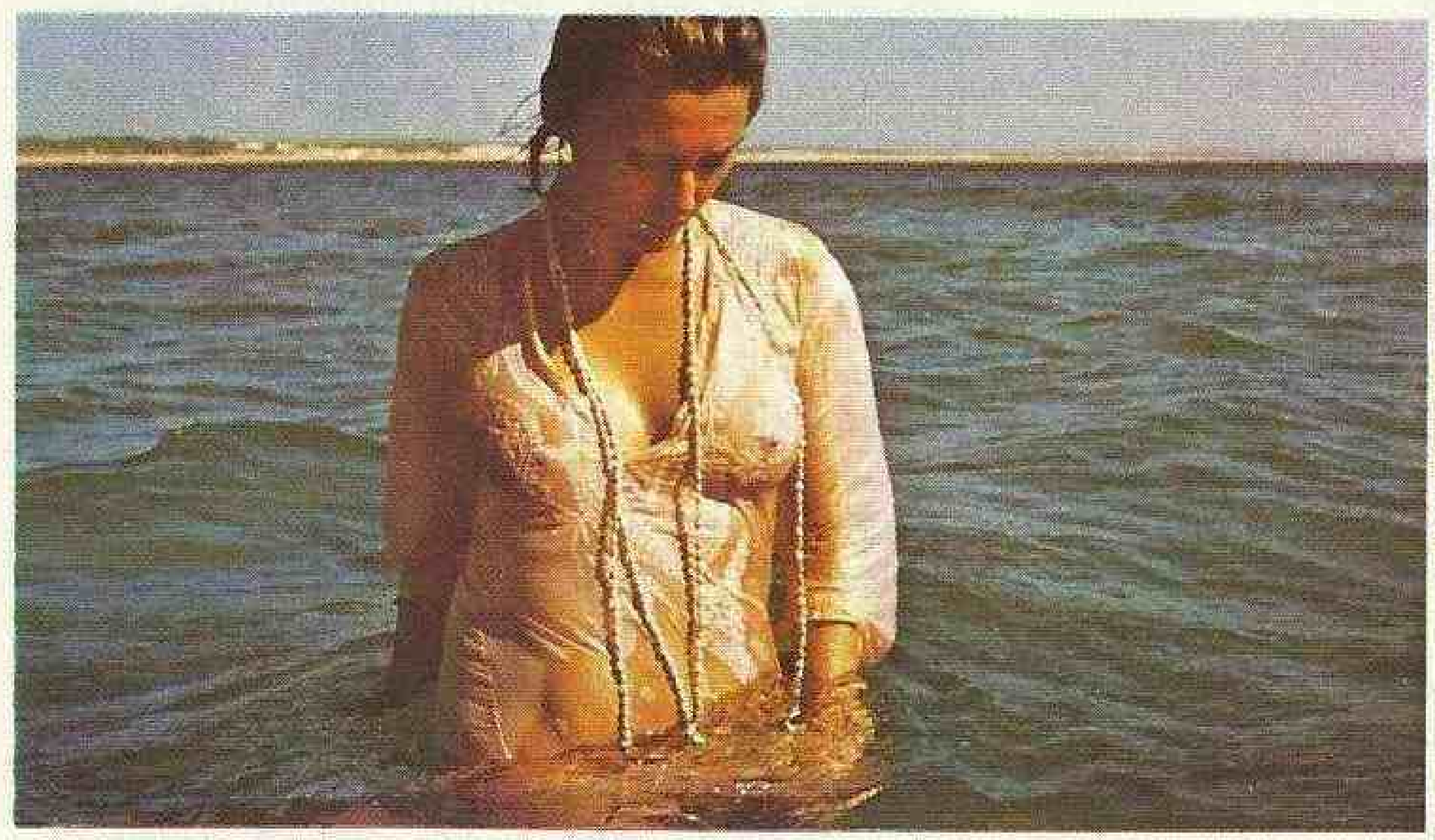
The usual pressures and demands of a busy workday morning.



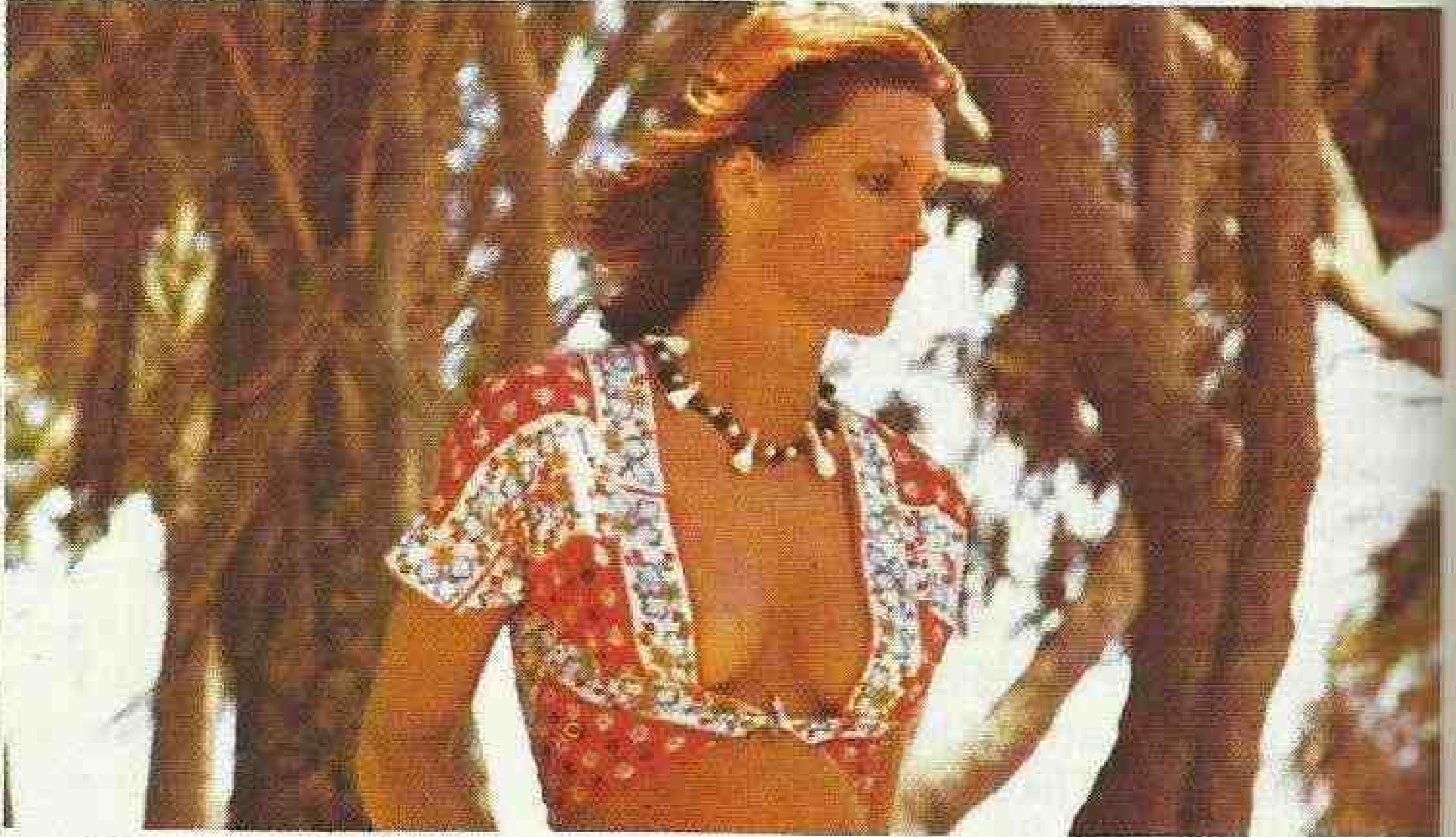
A hurried bite for lunch.



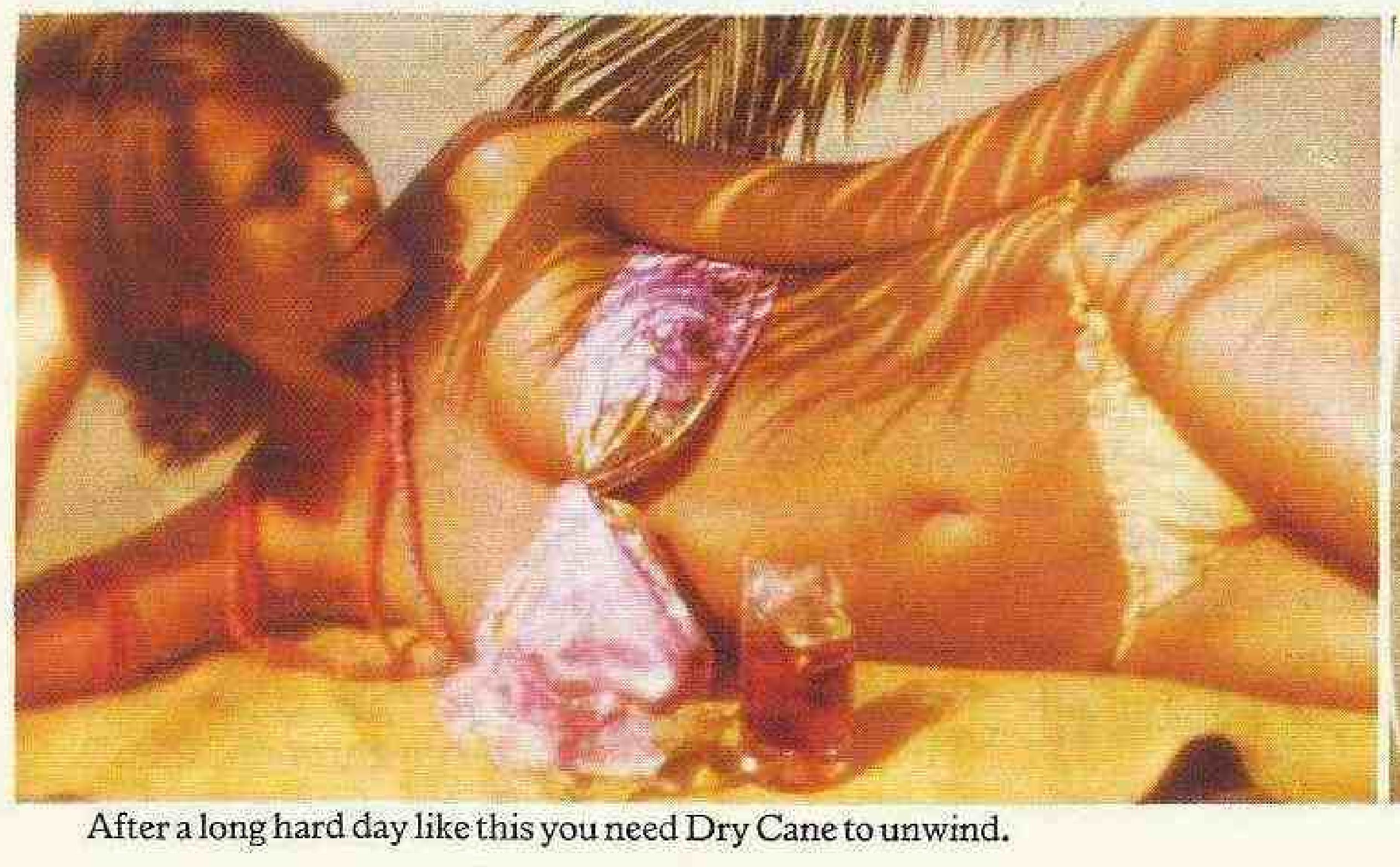
The Caribbean tea break. A long cool Dry Cane to help you through the afternoon.



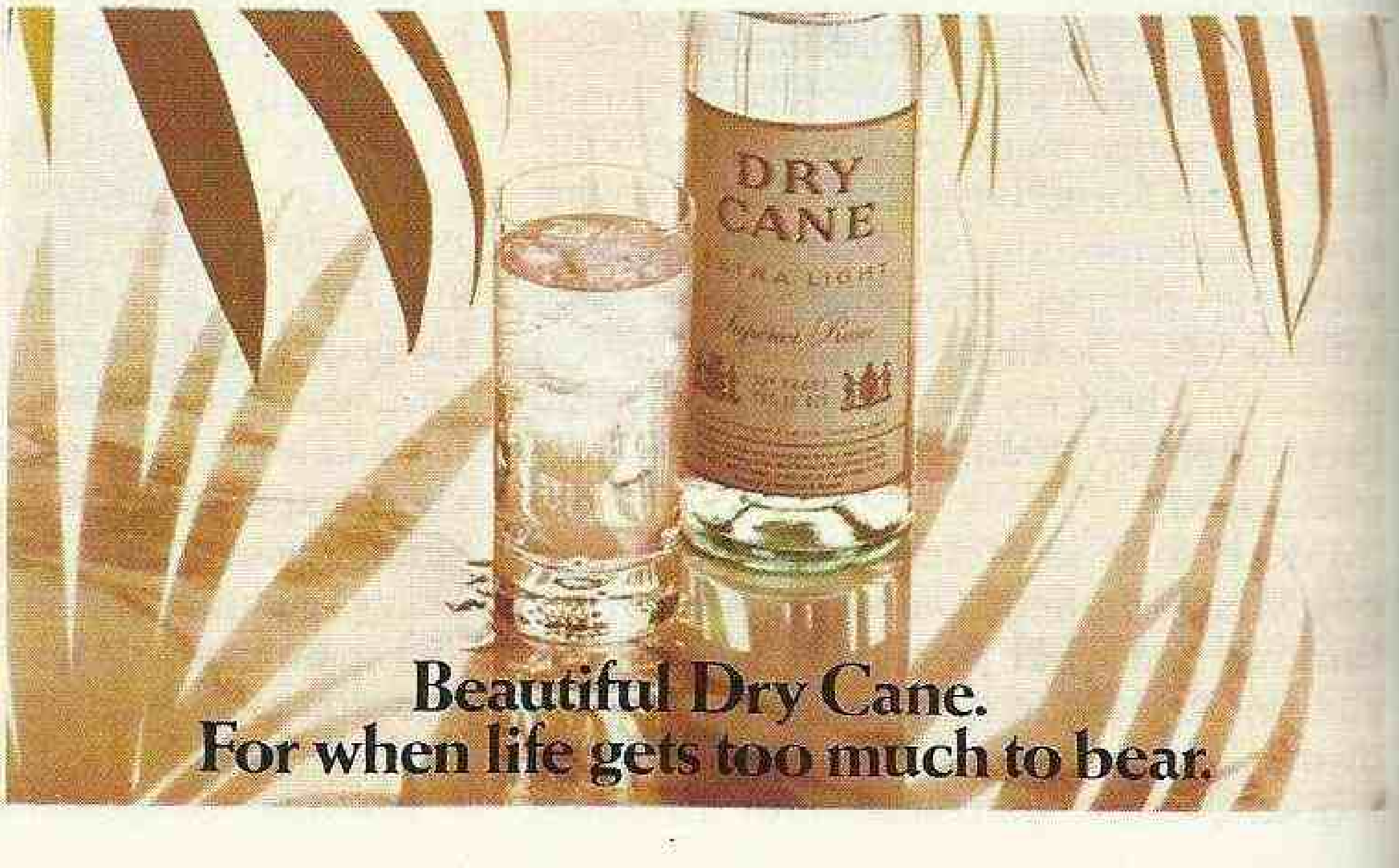
As the day goes on the work builds up.



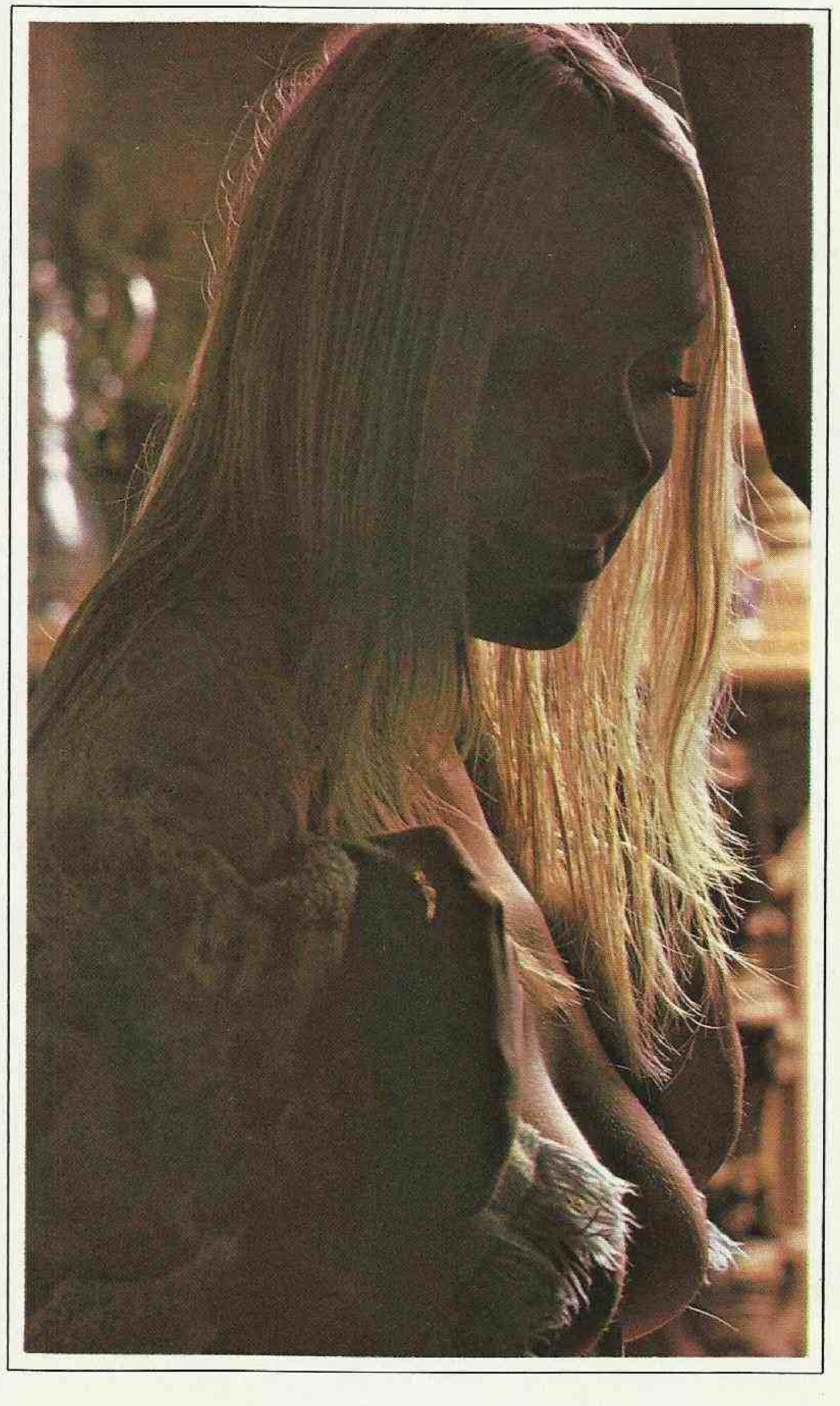
The same mad rush home.



After a long hard day like this you need Dry Cane to unwind.



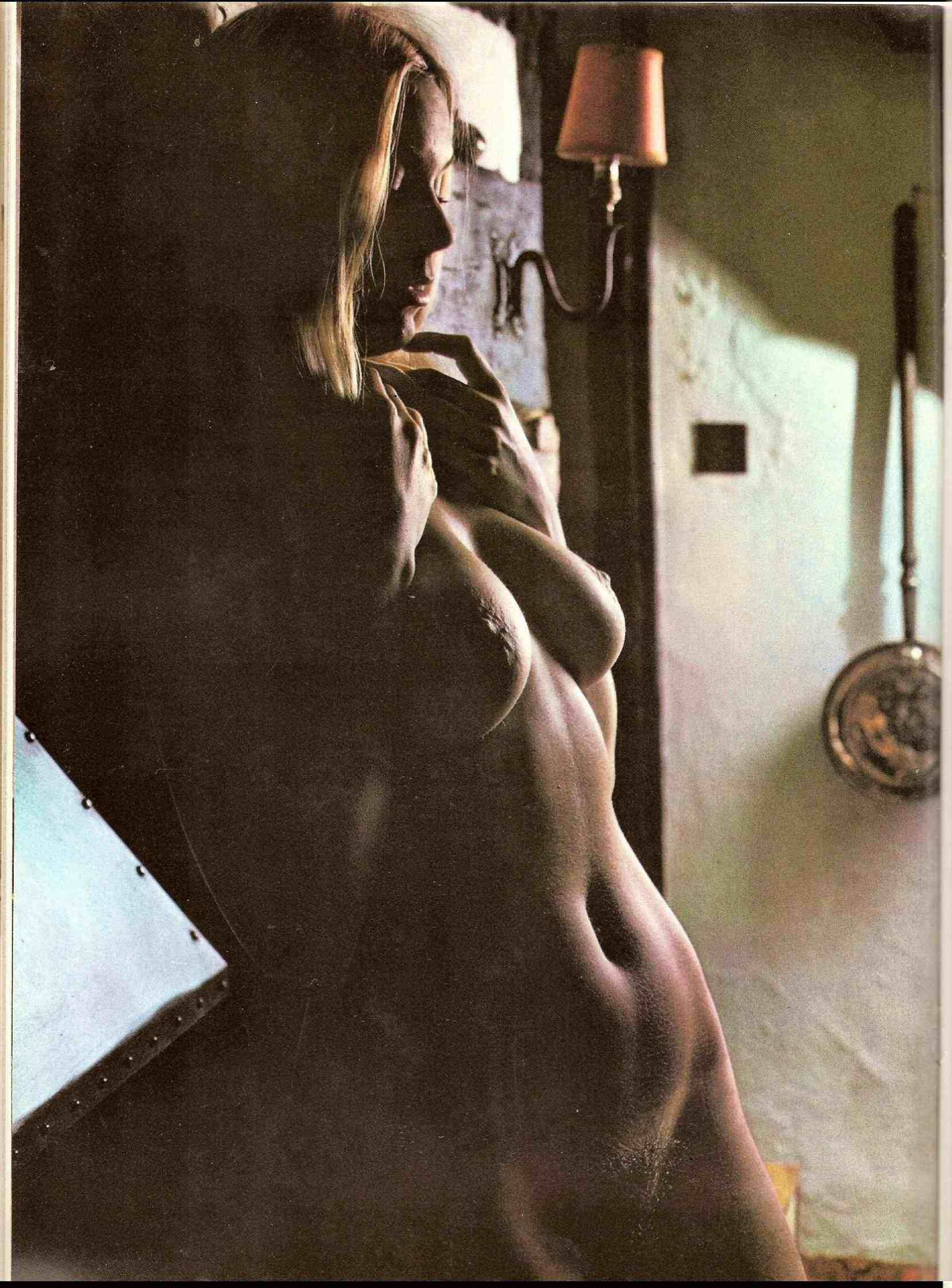
DRY CANE
EXTRA LIGHT
Beautiful Dry Cane.
For when life gets too much to bear.

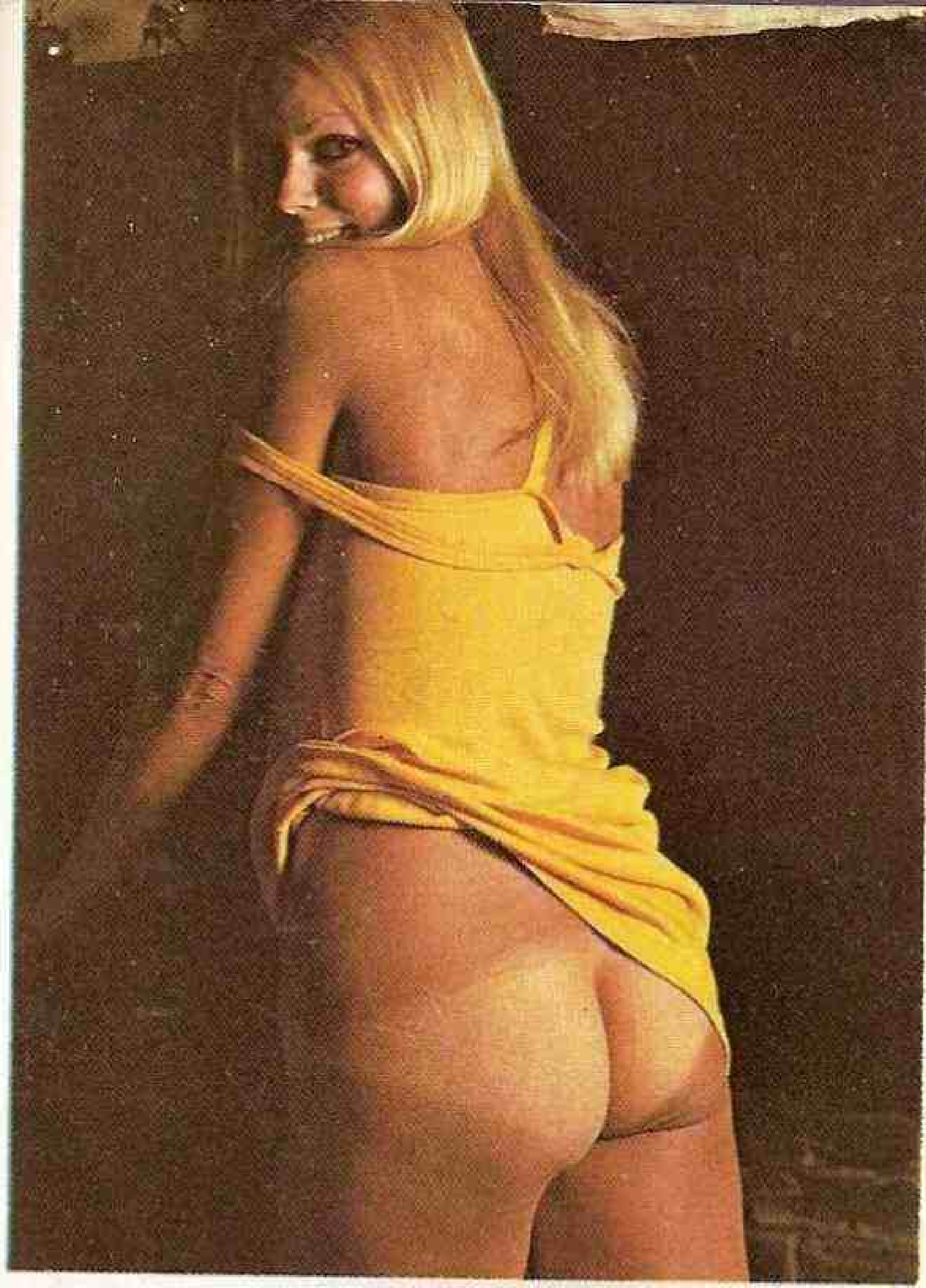


Lisbeth Lindeborg

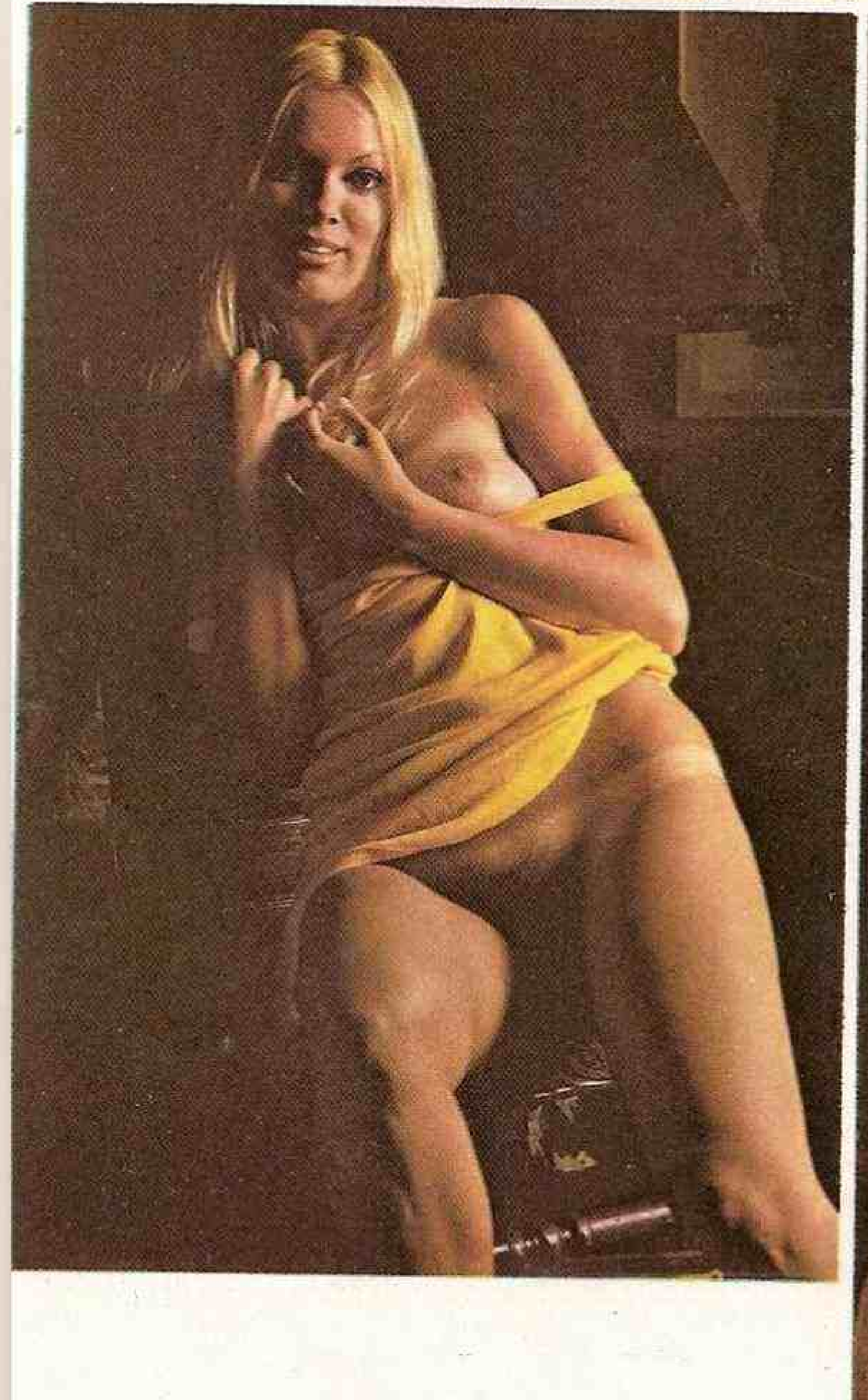
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN

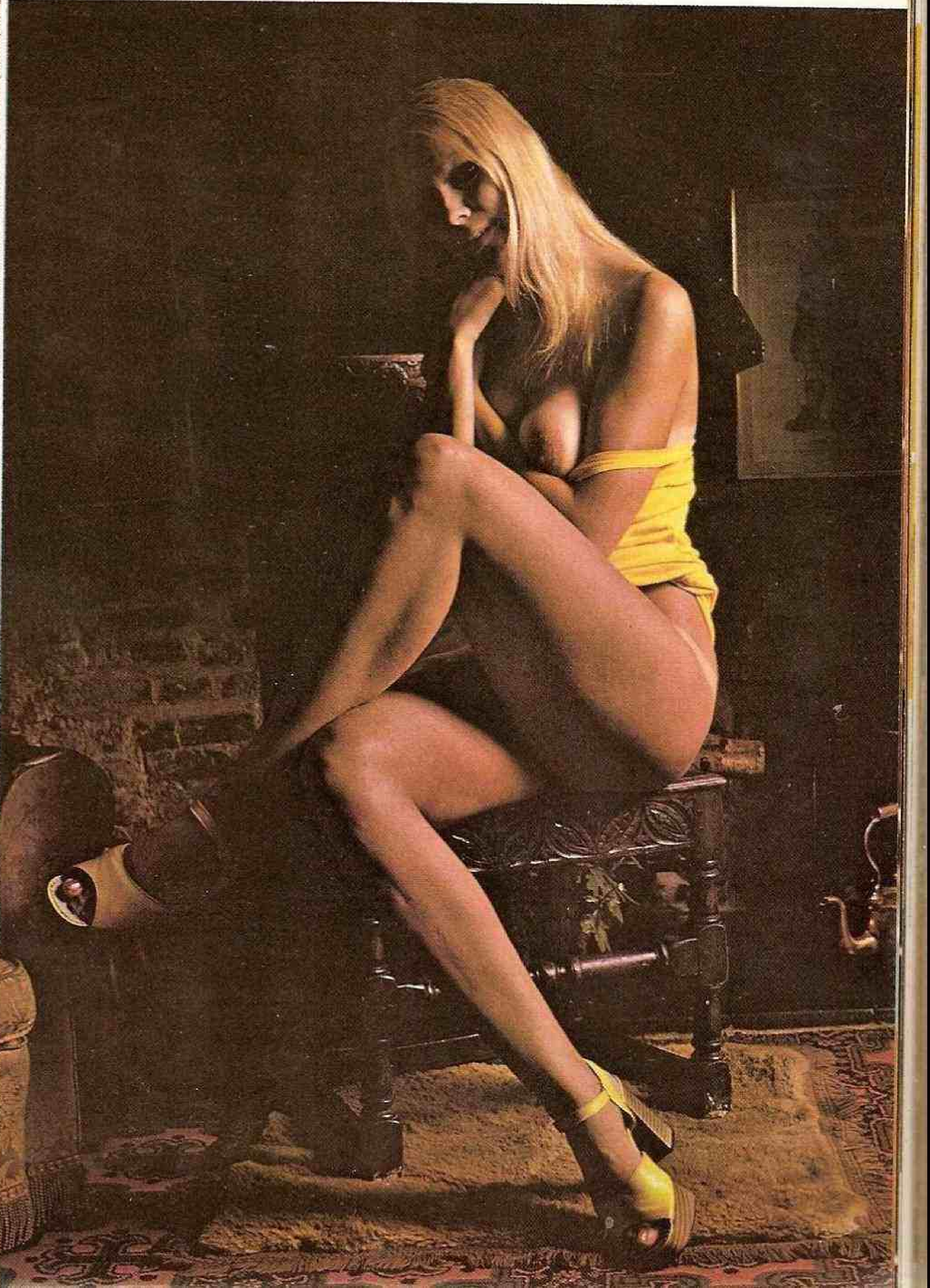
Some people have all the luck. Not only does the humble Swedish male share the midnight sun with some of the most statuesque, scintillating and blonde females south of the arctic circle but he also enjoys one of the most liberated and sexually progressive societies in the world. Unfair, you may think, until your envying eyes catch on a truly international female, like the lissome Miss Lisbeth Lindeborg. An actress first and last, 24-year-old Lisbeth has travelled the world in a career that has encompassed leading roles on stage, films and television in Sweden and America, singing in cabaret, lecturing, fashion design and modelling, teaching the humanities and economics and guiding grateful tourists around the UN building in New York. It's a long and formidable list which does nothing to detract from her obvious physical charms. Five feet 9½ inches tall, 9 stone 9 pounds, Lisbeth's shoulder-length blonde tresses crown a very ample 39½–24–37½. Calm and confident she exudes a genuine warmth that skates the thin edge of a provocative sensuality. A sensuality



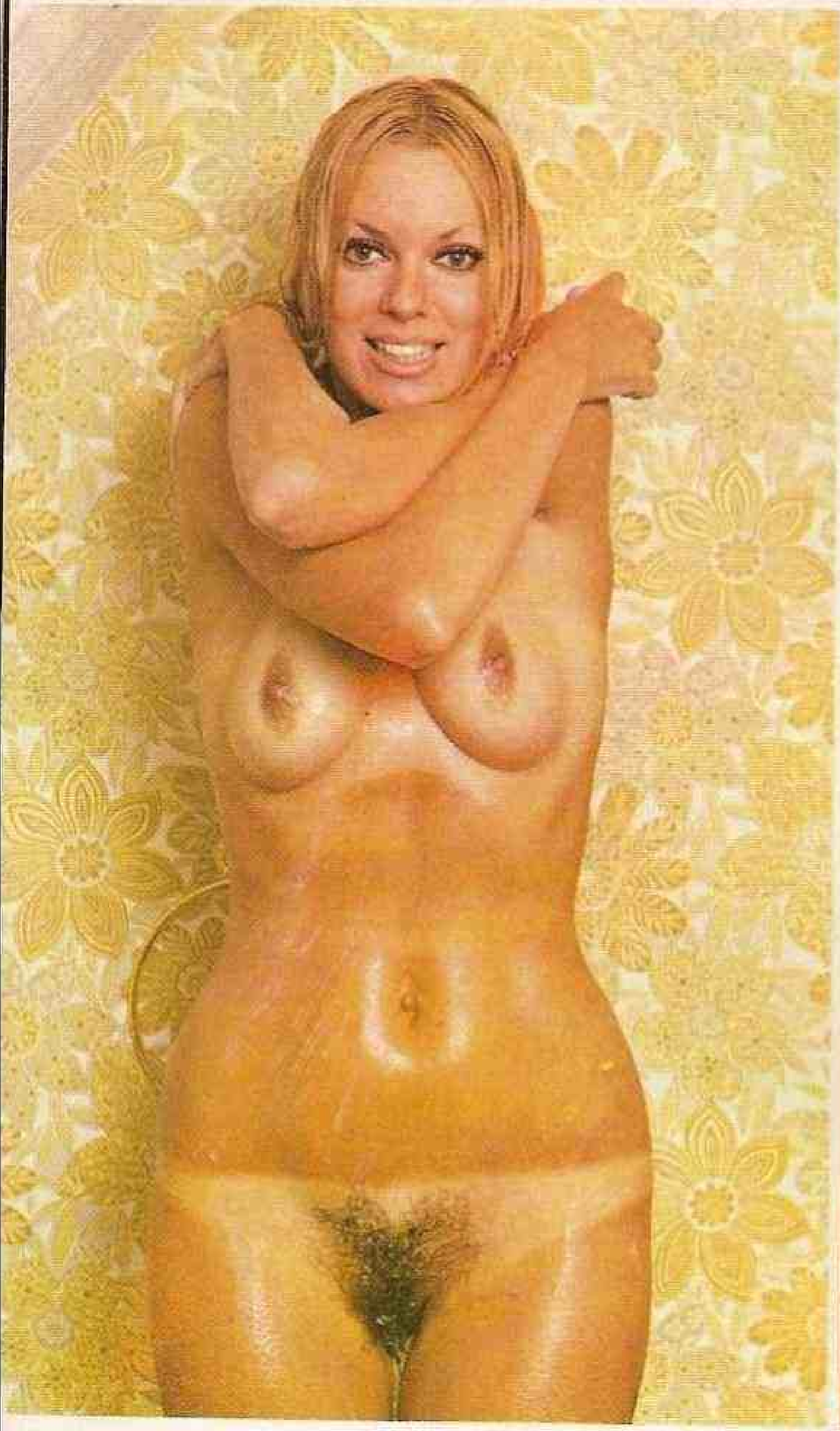


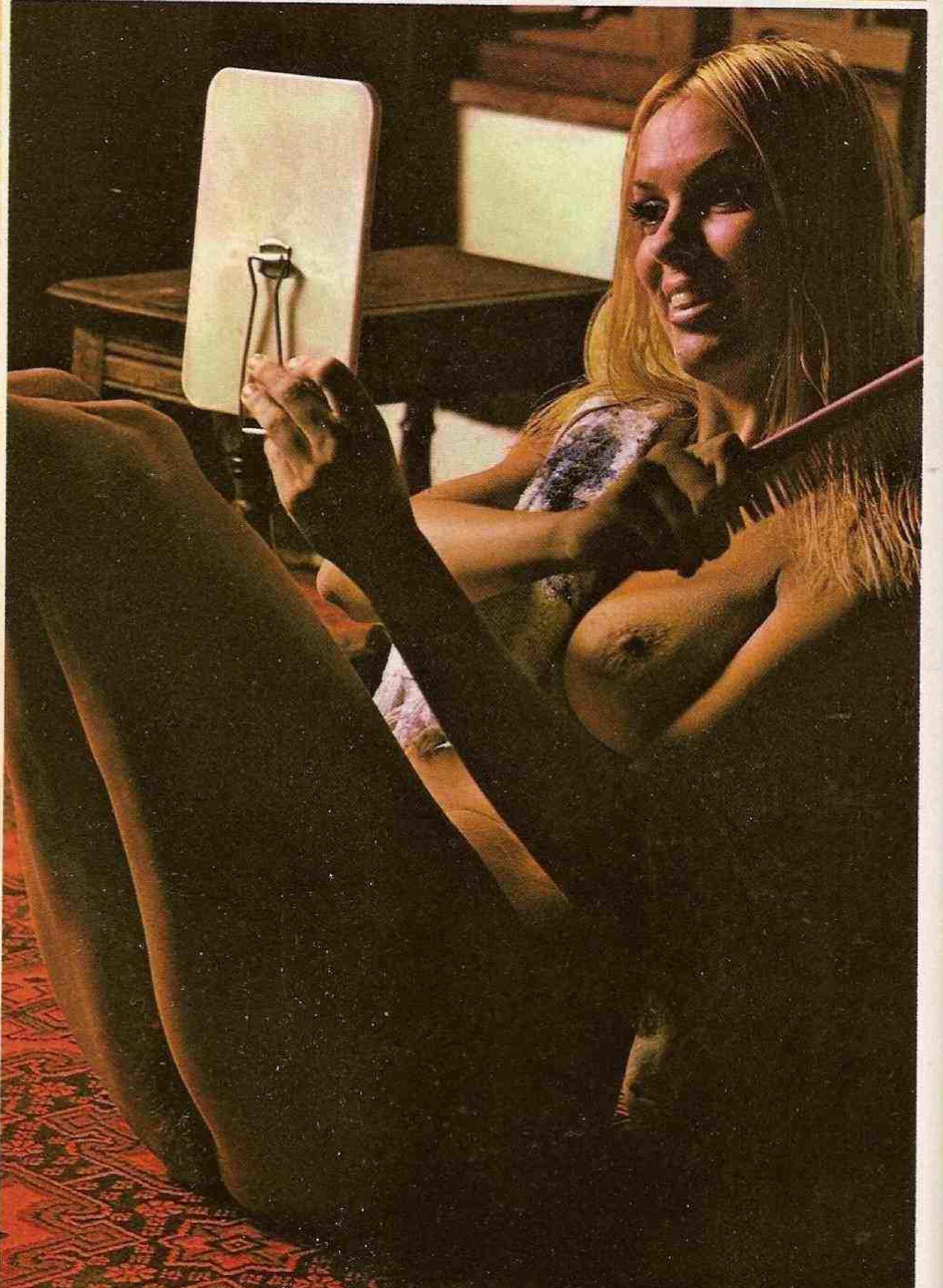
that can scorch celluloid. Her starring role in the Swedish film, 'I, A Nobleman' – a sex comedy by the makers of the celebrated 'I, A Woman' – brought critical acclaim and large audiences in Scandinavia, before becoming a huge commercial success throughout the world. It led to star parts in two Danish productions – and the lead in a successful Copenhagen stage show. In fact Lisbeth was already a well-known figure on the Swedish stage, having played Shakespeare's Juliet and Lady Macbeth, Medea, Amanda in 'Private Lives' and Nina in Chekov's 'Seagull.' She learned the basics of her acting skill at Gothenburg's Ellen Bergman Theatre School after spending a year at university studying French and Art. In 1965 she came to London and worked as a photographic model, appearing in several TV commercials, but she was unable to obtain a work permit for stage or film work and had to give up an offered role as one of James Bond's girls in the film 'Casino Royale.' She returned to Scandinavia to act, model and teach in what spare time she had left – she holds a





substitute teacher's licence in economics and the humanities up to degree level – and followed the success of 'I, A Nobleman' to America. There she lectured, acted in repertory, sang and worked part-time at the UN. She also developed a passion for strawberry cheese cake. Lisbeth's chief hobbies include skiing, swimming, driving and listening to popular music. With such a varied and widespread career in hand it can only be a brief time before this Scandinavian supergirl becomes a stunning new screen superstar.





MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LISBETH LINDEBORG

HALLOWED ALLARDS

The specialist sports cars that the remarkable Sydney Allard produced and raced were not especially pretty. But they had plenty of poke. Motoring by William Boddy

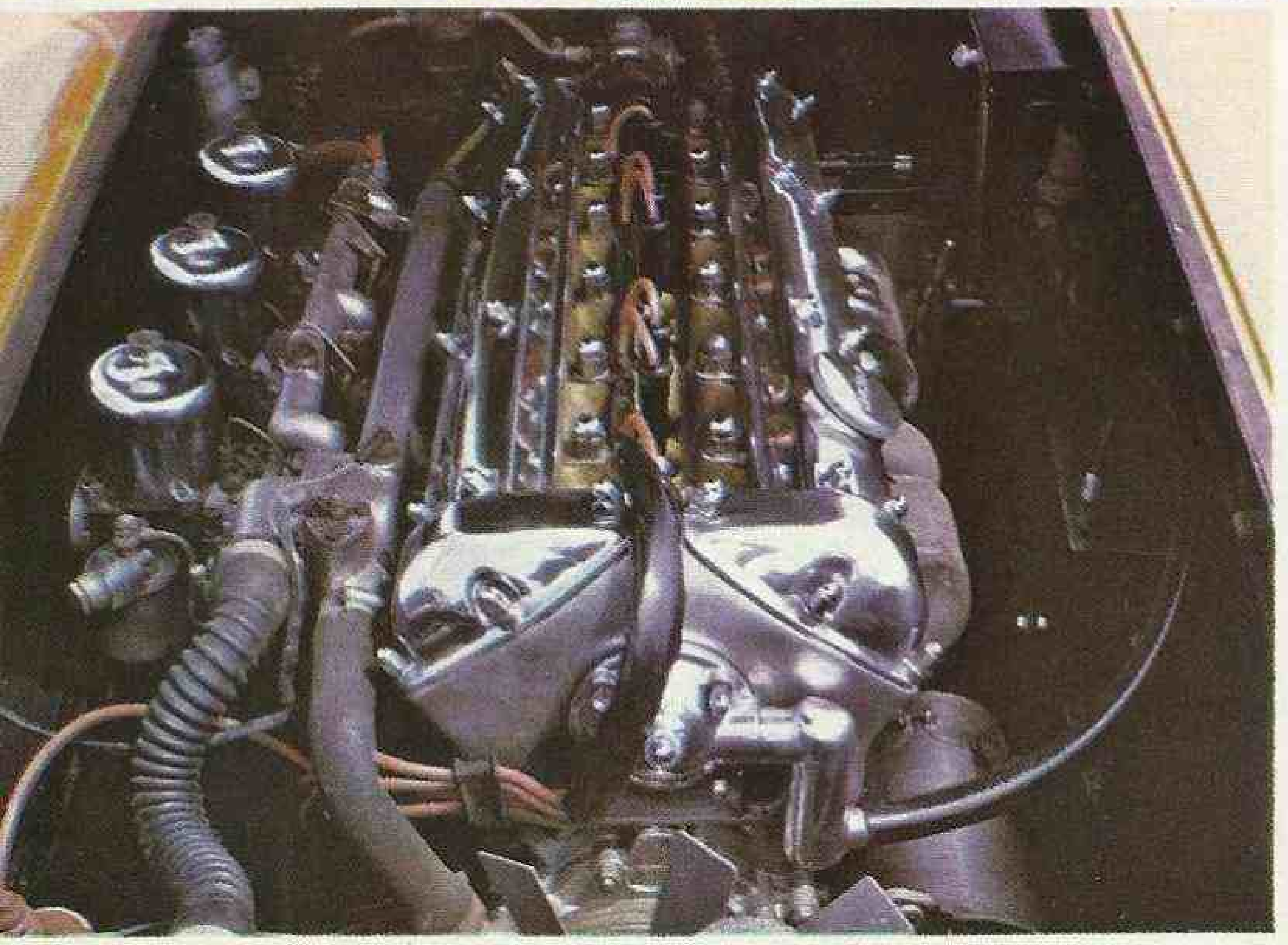
Top, a polished 3.6 litre V8 Ford engine in an L type Allard; above, perhaps the raciest member of the stable, the J2. This one has a modified 400 bhp Chrysler V8 and lives in America; above right, a 1948 L type convertible; right, this 1952 competition J2X with an aerodynamic racing body and 5.7 litre V8 Cadillac engine competed in Le Mans in 1957; far right, top, a Mk 11 Palm Beach with a 3.6 litre V8 Ford engine which took part in the Brighton speed trials; far right, bottom, a K1 type designed for competition driving.

The Allard was essentially a sports car. Or if you insist that only open two seaters deserve that description, it was a specialist car in the same way that today the Morgan, the Clan, the TVR and a few others are specialist cars. Such things usually spring from the enthusiasm of one person for his own, individual kind of car. The Lotus, to quote one very, very good example, developed because Colin Chapman built himself a trials Austin Seven a good many years ago.

Even longer ago the Allard evolved in much the same way. Sydney Allard and his several brothers grew up in an atmosphere of cars and were active members of the Streatham & District Motor Cycle Club. They were pretty wild, even as motoring youngsters go. Sydney specialised in converting a Morgan three-wheeler into a four-wheeler, presumably because it would go round acute corners faster that way. He then hacked a hole through the floor through which a pivoted lever protruded with its lower end lined with a slice of tyre tread. By getting the Moggie nicely wound up and then hauling on the lever, the most fearsome sounds of skidding ensued, to the alarm and discomfort of the near-by populace and the enjoyment of Syd and whichever passenger he had coaxed into the vehicle at the time.

At Brooklands another brother fell out of the racing sidecar of a Brough-Superior outfit as it rocketed off the starting line. A further Allard got bitten by the veteran-car bug when you might have thought he would have grown out of such things and in consequence suffered some tiresome rides to Brighton on a very primitive solid-tyred Napier.

Of all the family, Sydney was the most motorised. When he grew tired of the Morgan lark and a few other not-slow possessions, he decided he must race. He used a Ford V8, modified a trifle, and endowed with a pointed-tail body off someone's GP Bugatti. Now the Ford V8 was a very clever



Top, although Sydney Allard won the 1952 Monte Carlo Rally in a saloon car like this, it is doubtful if it sold him many cars; above, a six cylinder Jaguar engine which sits in a 1953 Mk 1 Palm Beach type (below) that has been extensively rebuilt.

production power unit. Top engineers said that multi-cylinders were fine for smooth power and bags of torque and were more handy in vee-formation because that way the completed engine would fit beneath a normal-length bonnet. But you would never mass-produce a vee-eight cyclinder engine. So Ford did just that. They perfected the tricky task of casting the two blocks and the crankcase in one.

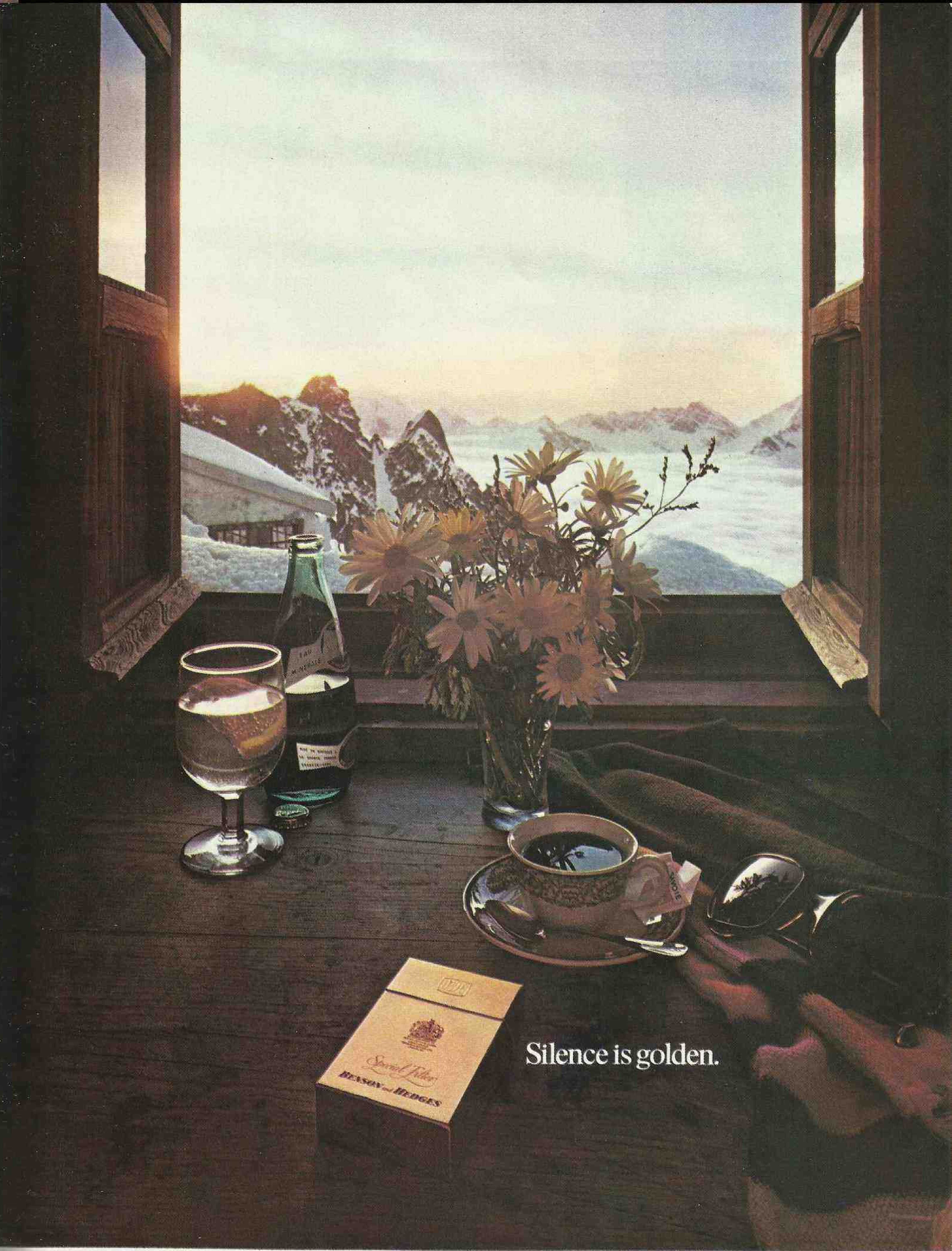
So Sydney Allard saw much sense in using such a power producer, especially as he had a family interest in Adlards Motors, who were Ford Main Dealers. The snag was that this was some six years before the war and the engine, like so many in those times, kept its valves at the side. This not only restricted output from the 3.6 litre unit, but if you tried to up it, as Sydney and other speed seekers did, the water came to a boil all too quickly.

However, the Allard Special, a big, beefy, rather Indy-looking outfit, managed to win a 100 mile race up on Southport sands, steaming like a good domestic kettle before the intrepid Sydney crossed the finishing line and received the traditional kiss from his blonde wife. That was the early Allard in racing. But its role was much more that of a trials car. In those carefree pre-Hitler times mud-plugging trials frolics took place every winter weekend, the ploy being to try to climb slippery lanes aided by knobbly-treaded back tyres, weight over them, enough power up front, and a skilled throttle-foot to control the wheelspin which would bring all to a standstill.

However, it was not the sport as Allard and so many others – yours truly included – knew it, in the good old days long ago. As it was then, big but not too temperamental or heavy cars won all the trials' pots. The Allard, a sort of refined Ford V8 with the engine moved back in the chassis, the front axle divided below its transverse leaf spring to give simple independent suspension and fuel at the rear to get weight over the driven wheels, was a useful trials tool. Sydney's friends persuaded him to build a few for their own competition fun-and-games. The Allard Motor Company was in being.

By using mostly Ford components, Allards were not too costly and spares were easy to obtain. Sometimes the private customer dislikes being up against a works entry, but no-one seemed to object to Syd and his rich buddy, Ken Hutchison, joining them and often wresting from them the top prizes. At first Sydney made Allards, in very small numbers, at Adlards Motors' premises in Putney. It wasn't until after the war was over, in 1946, that he founded a separate company, the Allard Motor Co Ltd, at Clapham. Mostly the cars were for sporting use

turn to page 68



EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

HALLOWED ALLARDS

continued from page 62

only. Some indeed were very stark. But a few were tarted up, with nice bodywork, well stocked dashboards, and remote gear levers, which somehow exuded an air of quality never achieved by the down-to-a-price Ford V8s.

When more power was needed to get up steeper hills and more quickly through the timed tests which decided trials ties, there was the Lincoln V12 engine, another Ford product, just asking to be used. This must not be confused with the earlier Lincoln V12 which vied with the Packard and Cadillac for the American luxury-car market, although this beauty was also Henry's hobby. The 4.4 litre side-valve engine which Sydney Allard shoe-horned into his sports cars was that which powered the not-altogether-successful, but eye catching, bargain price, later Lincoln saloon, the Zephyr. Tuned up, this really made Allards get a move on. I know because I went down to the West Country one night beside Hutchison in his twelve-pot Allard and passengered for him next day in the Experts Trial, which naturally all the big-names were anxious to win.

There was drama in this because the previous year on one of the "best" hills, from the organising Club's viewpoint that is, an Allard had rolled over pinning Sydney and his wife beneath it. It was felt this might reoccur, with fatalities, this time. It didn't, but we certainly shot up the hazards, power full on, mud and water flying, back wheels spinning, and steering control at a minimum. (The public did not use these hills, of course.) Sydney, as you will believe after hearing about his Moggie, was a sound practical motor-builder. I do not think much went on to drawing boards. But he would look at the car in the workshop and decide how to get more urge, better control and nicer lines for the post-war clients' models. So things like coil-spring front suspension, a low-line radiator grille, hydraulic brakes, and even Allard's own de Dion back-axle, came into use after the war. By then the Allard was a great name in sporting circles. It had won so many trials. In 1952, using a four-seater saloon version, Sydney, driving very determinedly, won outright the very-much-noticed Monte Carlo Rally, when this was still a long-distance adventure you could undertake in production cars and not a night race ending in endless bickers. The tough and lead-footed Sydney even tried the Italian Mille Miglia race, when it was the winning preserve of near-racing Ferraris and Alfa Romeos. He all but refused to stop when his passenger, Tom Lush, reported that they were well and hotly on fire behind, as the tank had been punctured on striking an un-level level-crossing. In 1950 he was actually third at Le Mans with Tom Cole.

Such things sold quite a nice lot of Allards for a time. You could buy a K-type two-seater, an L-type tourer or an M-type drop-head coupé for prices upwards of £1,125, soon after hostilities ceased.

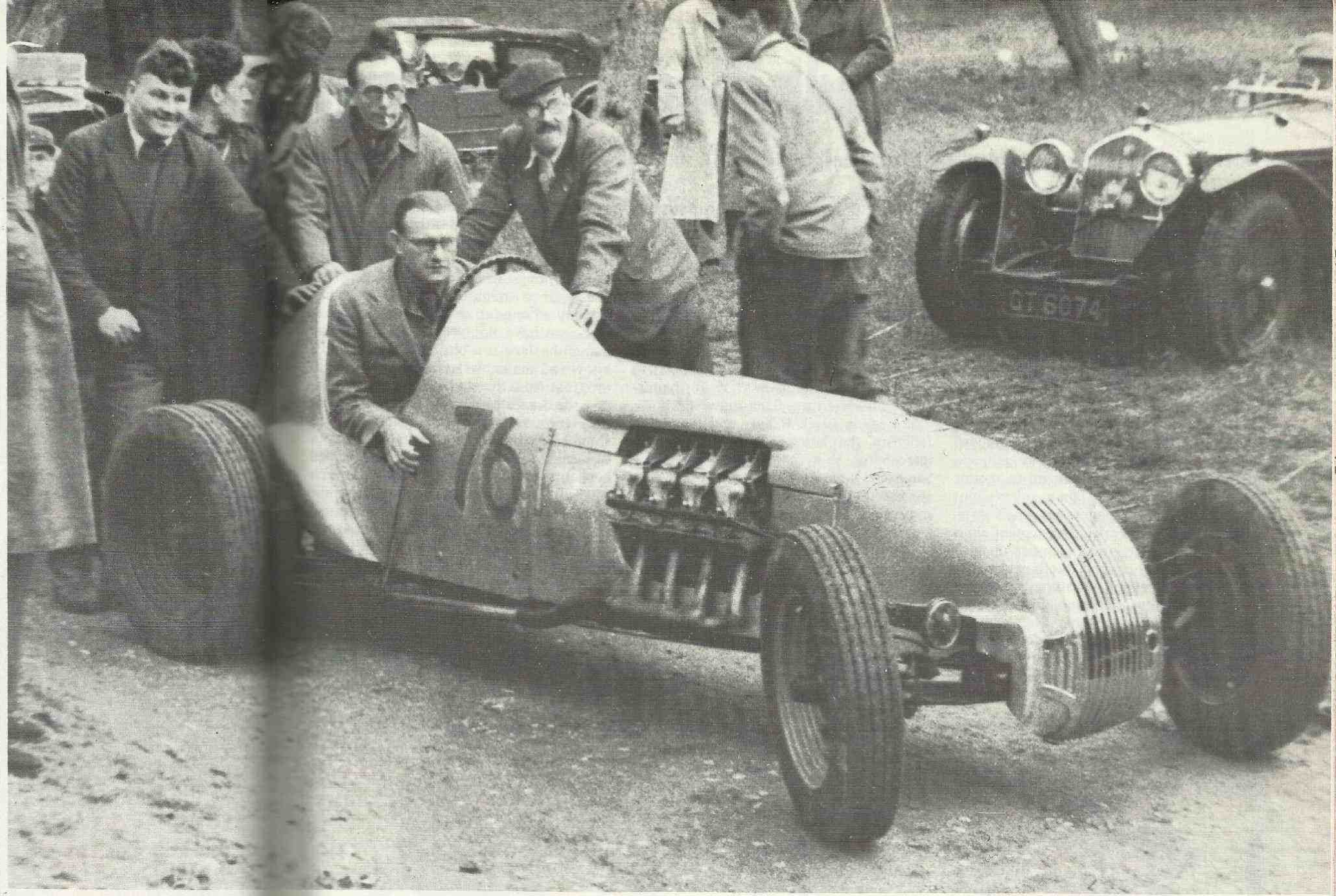
There were other ideas to follow up after the war at this pocket-sized factory on Clapham Common. When the supply of Ford V8 engines dried up or did not give sufficient poke, the versatile Sydney dropped in such bombs as 5.4 litre Chrysler and Cadillac motors, which were just the job for the considerable American clientele. He also shoved Ardun overhead-valve heads on a 3.9 litre Ford V8 Mercury power pack. So the conception of Allards as large, powerful, no-nonsense jobs persisted.

As often as not the specialist manufacturer has a thin time, however, and Jaguar, with their superb twin-cam sixes, ate into Allard sales. The Allard factory was of pocket-handkerchief size and I think sometimes Sydney had to lead the Ford inspectors carefully, in case they felt that his sports-cars were being built where normal Fords should be serviced! By now Sydney had taken to hill climbs and sprints. His ascents of hills like Prescott or up the Brighton kilometre were always worth standing well back for. He branched out into a very clever single seater driven by a war-time air-cooled horizontally-opposed Steyr engine for these sprints.

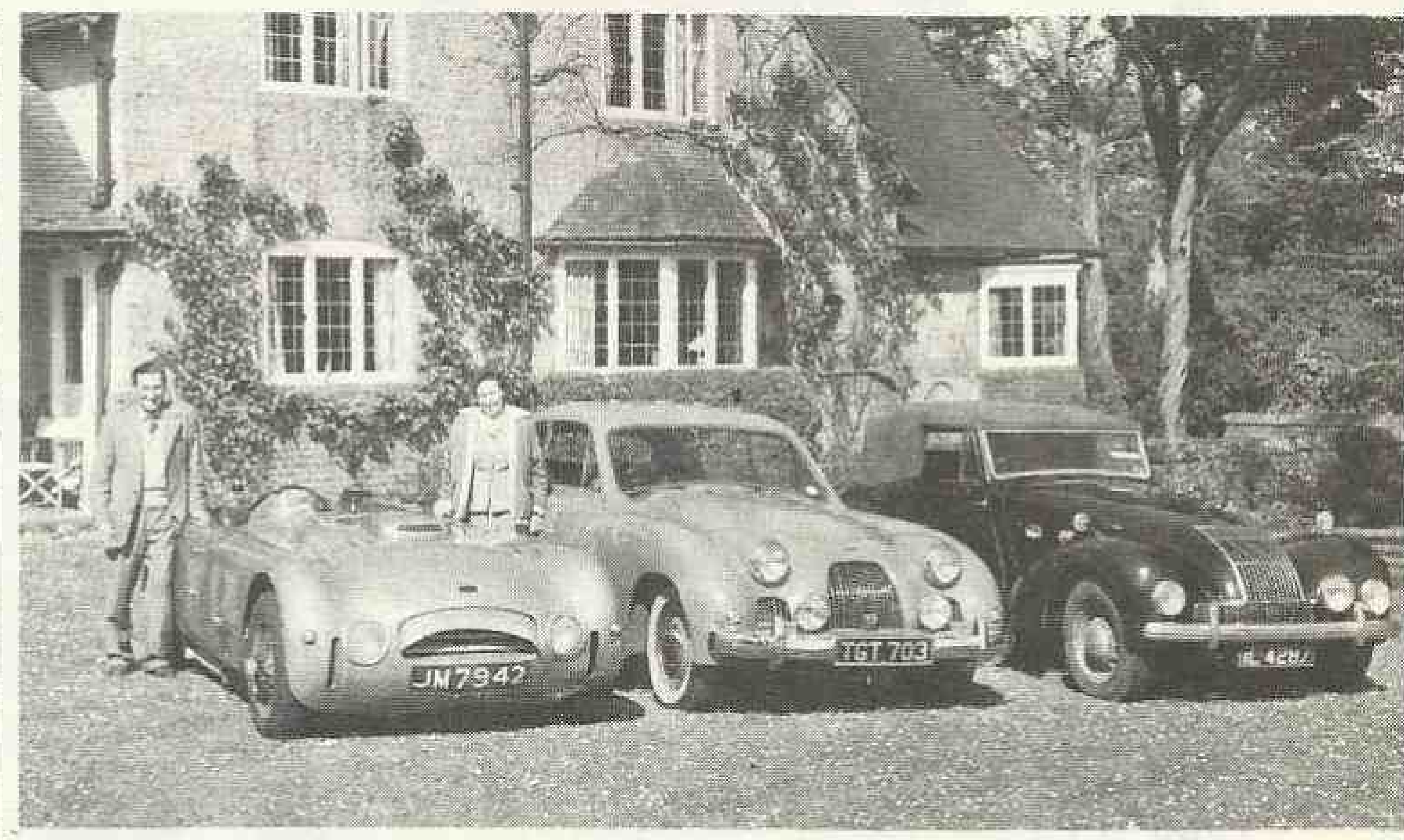
But the end was near. The Cadillac J2 de-Dion-axled Allard was one of the last of the hunks-of-power sports-cars. The saloon which won the Monte was backed up by a load-swallowing, ridiculously-quick Allard Safari. But the world was looking towards smaller cars and the Palm Beach Allards, with Ford Consul engines from Dagenham, never really caught on. They turned to a stupid 346 cc three-wheeler, and Jaguar power units where Ford V8 had sat before. But to no avail. The Allard died in 1960.

In its day, though, it was a good means of winning trials and driving tests if your skill matched its power and traction. Lead-foot Sydney, who had only one working eye, following an accident as a boy (but didn't let on to the RAC) was a great driver. He took me as ballast on the last speed hill-climb held before the war. We made fastest-time, all right, but went on making it beyond the finish. This put us into a slide backwards into a bush, and a boulder therein functioned better than the most powerful brakes. We both sailed out, as the Allard rolled and crushed its cockpit. Landing on our bottoms, no lasting harm was done.

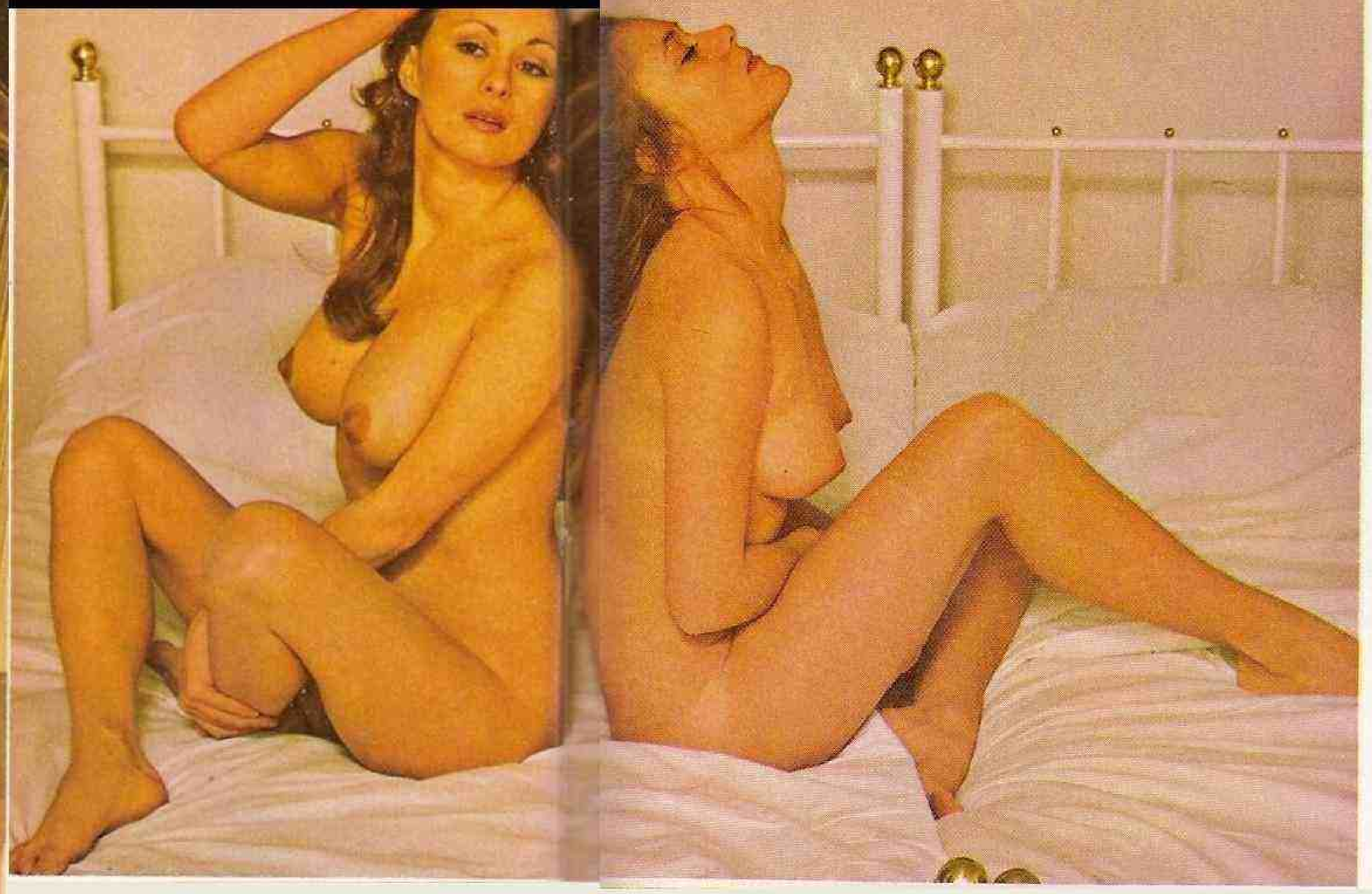
There are some stories I like about Sydney. One is how, having persuaded his wife to become no mean competition driver in her own right, she and a girl-friend set off on a Monte Carlo Rally. Only to run out of fuel in the depth of nowhere, at night. 'Never mind,' said Mrs. Allard, 'Sydney will be along soon and we will flag him to stop.' He was, and they did. But when you're in the winning slot you don't stop – even for the missus. Finally, I met Sydney behind a big table in a fine new office in his new Clapham premises, new Allards on display in the showrooms below. He gave a sheepish grin, saying 'Look where they have put me; I'd rather be downstairs in the workshops.' Poor Sydney. He was tough, fearless in a car, full of 'tiger' up a hill or on a rally. He lived in Esher and bred tropical fish. He survived so many alarming motoring accidents and incidents, including rolling down part of Ben Nevis when he was trying to conquer it in a V8 Ford. He couldn't conquer cancer. His son, however, carries on his father's ability to make Fords faster than when bought, and he will gladly advise you about supercharging and other kinds of hot soup.



ALLARD MOTOR CO LTD
WELCOME HOME SYDNEY
MLX 381



Top, Sydney Allard in the air-cooled V8 Steyr-Allard in which he won the 1949 British Hill Climbing Championship. Beside him, in a cap, is Tom Lush who later drove with him in the Mille Miglia; left, a welcome for Sydney Allard at the Clapham High Street showrooms after he won the 1952 Monte Carlo Rally in the P1 saloon; above, a collector's line up with, from left to right, an aerodynamic J2X, a P2 four seater saloon and an M type convertible.



BIRGETTA & KAY

It began with Birgetta. Since she appeared in *Mayfair* a myriad readers have written to say 'more.' When we hurried to oblige we found Kay there as well. 'Come on,' suggested Birgetta, 'take pictures of her too. We could call ourselves bosom and bum. You don't have to ask who's bum. Come on, show them,' and she gives Kay's bikini pants a revealing tug. Unstoppable laughter bursts out. Outside, two storeys down, is the Thames and an oblique view of Oxford's Folly Bridge. Kay is the blonde, bright and effervescent; spontaneous giggles belie her fey, pre-Raphaelite looks. Brunette Birgetta is quieter, more soulful. 'We have body contests,' she says. 'I've always thought my breasts are too

big and I know my backside is bony. Mind you, some men say they like to feel the girl beneath. 'Kay wouldn't have taken her clothes off unless I was here too,' Birgetta says. 'She's not used to modelling.' 'I'm a shrinking violet,' pouts Kay. 'Clothed,' grins Birgetta, 'she's a menace.' Birgetta and Kay were born in the same month 22 years ago. Both 5 feet 7 inches, Kay's 34–24–35 is normally cloaked in the antiseptic white of a dental assistant's uniform. Birgetta, once a laboratory assistant, earns greater dividends now as a model.

When bouncy young ladies go riding, For the boys it's Halloo – what a view!

Some girls go ga-ga for a long hard ride on a frisky stallion, but humourist Mike George and artist Ronald Cobb think men can get a kick out of it too

Mounting, riding, jumping, dismounting – and this time it is horses we are on about. And birds. And what happens when the two kinds of beast get together.

As pubescent boys pine for motorbikes and fast cars so their sisters hanker after fiery stallions. A magnificent, nostril-quivering, snorting, black-coated stud, pawing the air with earth crunching hooves, can usually be guaranteed to sort out the girls from the girls and bring a glint to the eye and a bead of perspiration to the upper lip of the ones *we're* interested in. While their throats flutter in sympathetic accompaniment young loins positively ache to get one dainty foot up into that stirrup to mount the noble beast and ride him to submission.

It seems that no sooner has one's two-month-old daughter learnt to swim than she will be struggling to clamber up into the saddle of her first moth-eaten, fly-blown little Shetland. Trotting round the paddock usually offers enough giggles to keep her amused until her first birthday when she will start agitating for the real hairy stuff: like hurdles and more horse-flesh with which to overcome them.

In no time at all she will be wielding her plastic spurs and whiplet with as much dexterity as her spoon and pusher. Apart from what mother nature has put into her female marrow, she still won't *really* know what it is all about, except that she knows she likes the feel of it and can only hope for the shape of things to come.

By now she is almost three, of course. Let us skip the next 15 years of sugar and spice and all things nice – learning how to become supreme mistress of 16 hands-worth of whinnying, flank-quivering horse – and rejoin Black Beauty and Samantha Jane on the latter's 18th birthday. Or thereabouts.

Samantha Jane and her clique of lovelies are now fully developed, fully fledged and competent and handsome young horse-women. The paddock, the trot, the canter and the dressage are all old hat by now and they are raring to move on to the real live adult stuff.

Over the fields and hedgerows of England's shires is where the gutsy, foam flecked, blood lust action lies – where the smoothly honed young squires, bloods and blades with thigh and sinew to match, ride untrammelled o'er the country's sward.

Where real spurs spur and real crops crack, not only across the withers of horses. That's where Samantha Jane needs to be at. Pretty bloody quickly, actually. Just to get in amongst it. And how.

But wait a minute, now. Hold hard, cowboy – rein up a little. There is one point we have not yet discussed, surely? Samantha Jane is a bird. You know and I know and she knows and thank God for it too, that from the cradle to the grave what *ever* she does, a bird has to be *dressed* for it.

So! Horse riding. Plimsoles and jeans? I should coco. There is a veritable plethora of creaking leatherwork and saddle soaped accoutrements burnished to a gleam which can only be shown to advantage by the female of the species being rigged out in the very acme of horsey attire. We are in the realms of your Savile Row craftsmen now, y'know. And if anyone knows how to set off Samantha Jane's assets with unsubtle allure, it's those boys. Like sail makers rigging a Brigantine's canvas for war, so must her loins be gird in figure hugging, second skin breeches, jodhpurs, or whatever, ready to withstand the rigours of rub, rain and thistle and still look as though her owner has stepped straight from a St Laurent catwalk afterwards. No mean feat.

Boots. Well now, the libido must surely leap at the prospect of leather booted birds and in horse riding circles it is *de rigeur* for birds, leather booted so to be. What do you want now? Blood? (You do? Stick around. It might just happen).

Booted, spurred and sheathed in white, beige or brown breeches Samantha Jane cannot afford to boob over her accessories, either. The ghastly white plastic bone domes inflicted by law on scooterists won't do for the Samantha Jane sorority, I'm very glad to say. Oh no. Whether she be a honey blonde Lady, a silken brunette Honourable or just a straightforward, complicated, red haired Double-Barrel, a severe black riding hat to save her dainty skull bouncing off a passing farmyard serves at once both to accentuate and to protect against the rigours of the sport.

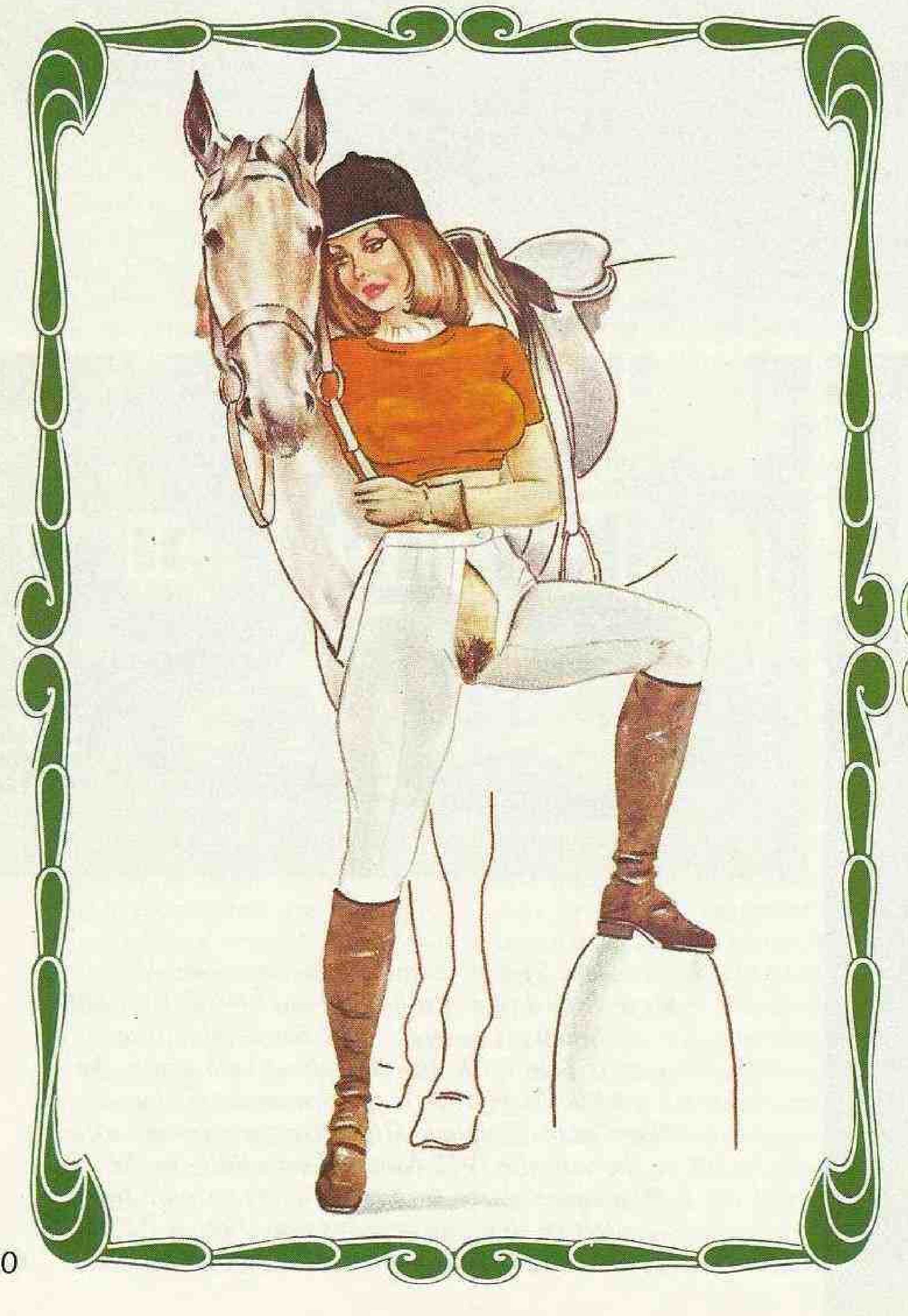
And in case you thought I had forgotten and were starting to dribble at the prospect of such a bevy of pulchritudinous beatitude thundering topless o'er the hilltops towards you – there are also other bits of kit known as hacking jackets, pullovers and hunting pink, all conforming with the dictates of decorum whilst preventing the stray nipple getting itself hooked up on a gorse bush or caught in a barn door on the way through.

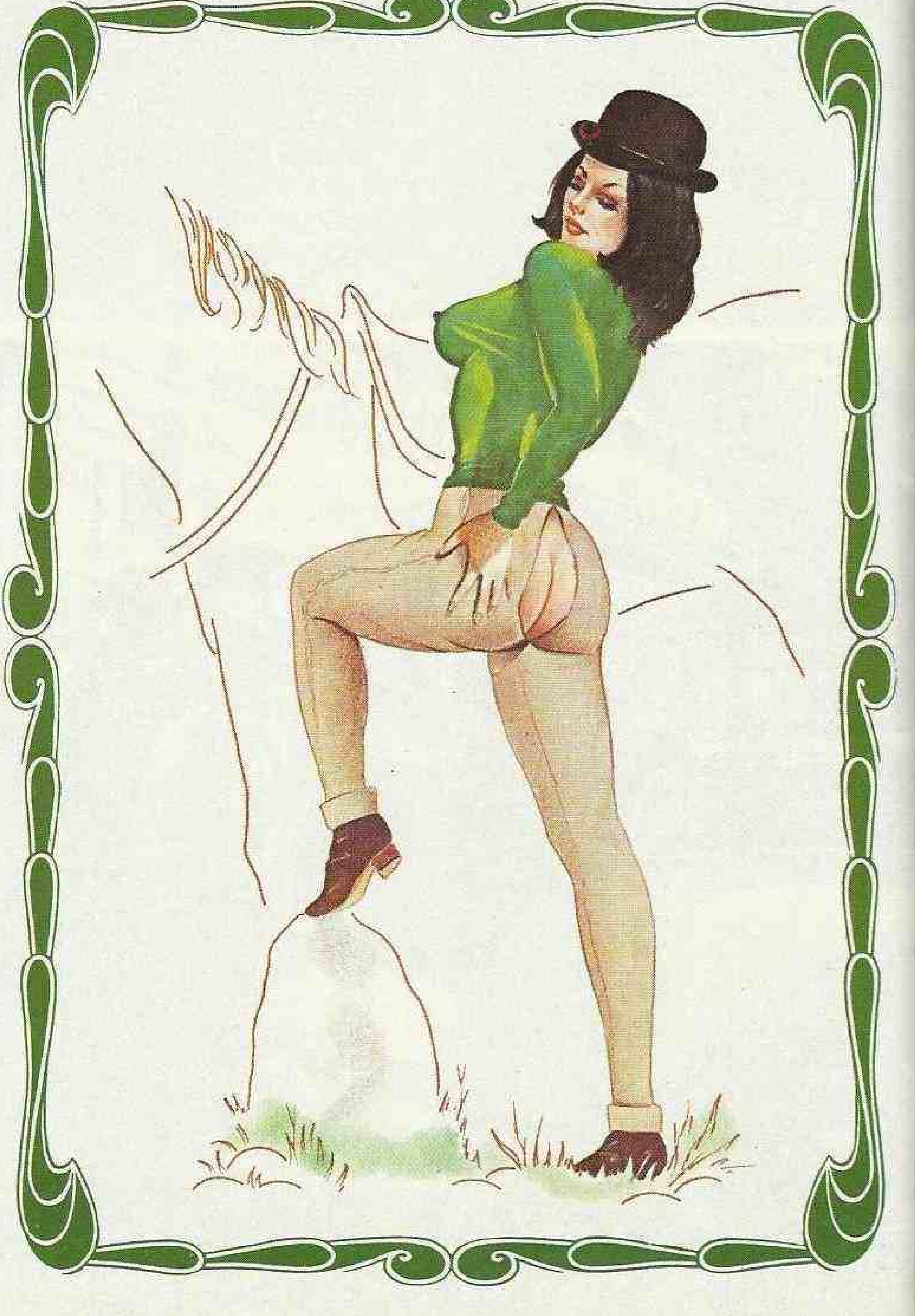
So, with our ladies now dressed for the kill it's 'Yoiks, tallyho and away we go.' Or is it? First of all Launcelot, Rex, Dobbin or whatever, has to be got aboard as artist Ronald Cobb has clearly shown us. Even while Samantha Jane I nuzzles her mount's mane and contemplates the thrill of the chase to come, fondly recollecting her first blooding and recalling the fox's mask, she is obviously unaware (you better believe) that her Savile Row sail maker failed to make sufficient allowance for the excessive exuberance of this particular vixen's brush. The possible sight of this must afford added piquancy to the huntin', fishin' and shootin' set as they sally forth on those hoary, dew soaked, leaf and twig strewn morns. Samantha Jane II, however, is hard pressed not to tear the arse out of her initial step.

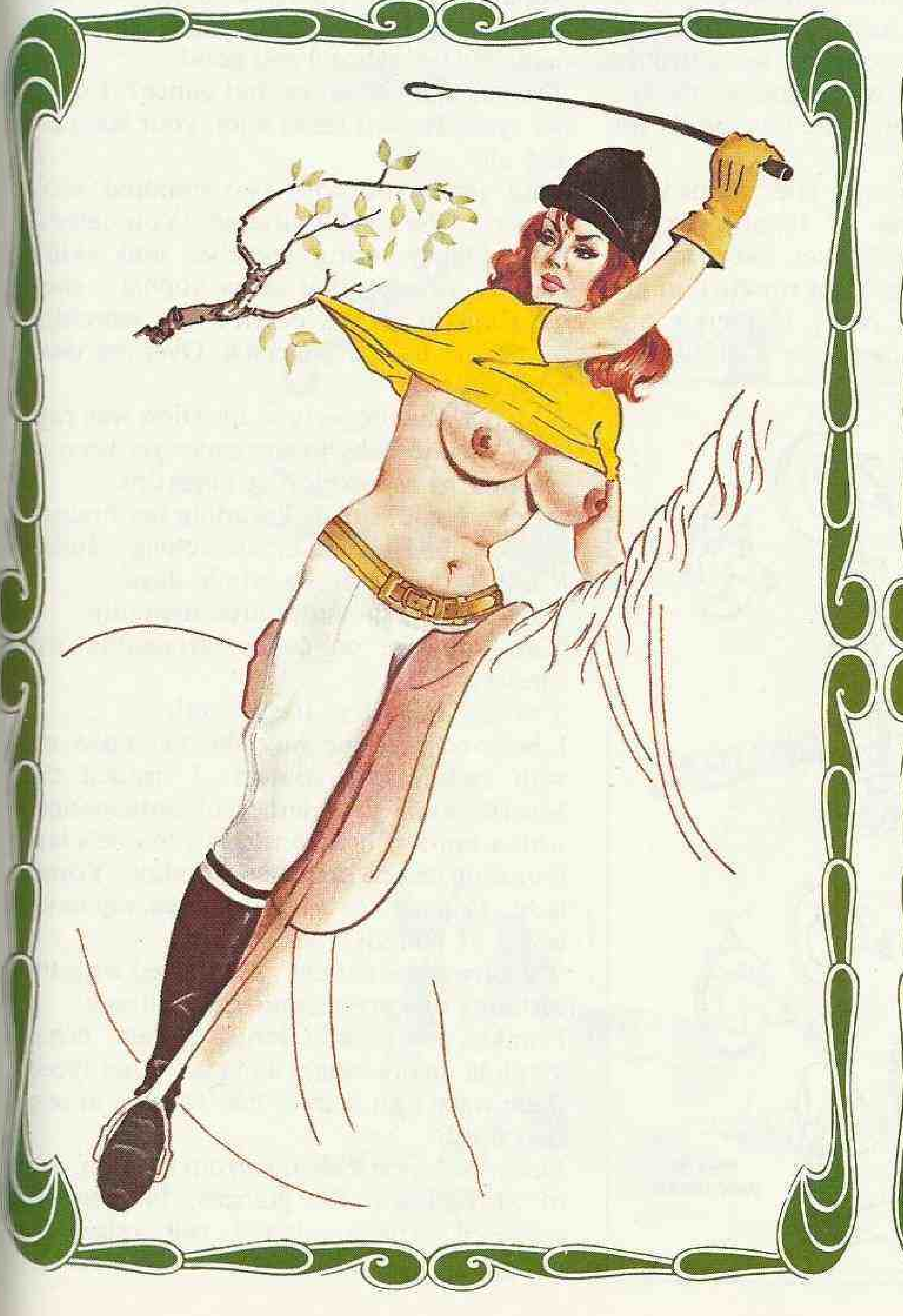
The hip straddled, long in the saddle riding posture adopted by red haired Samantha Jane III was popularised by the real (as opposed to Lavender) cowboys who plied the Chisholm Trail of The Old West's yesteryear. Men of wiry, supple, tough and swarthy physique, they cut a romantic dash astride their dust choked paint and pinto ponies. But if Samantha Jane III – whose long legged style so perfectly emulated them – had been alongside at the time, then those cowmen would surely have been delighted to admit to certain deficiencies in their own herd when confronted by the irrefutable evidence of the charming English girl's assets expressing themselves so freely after some mild *contretemps* with a passing thorn sprig.

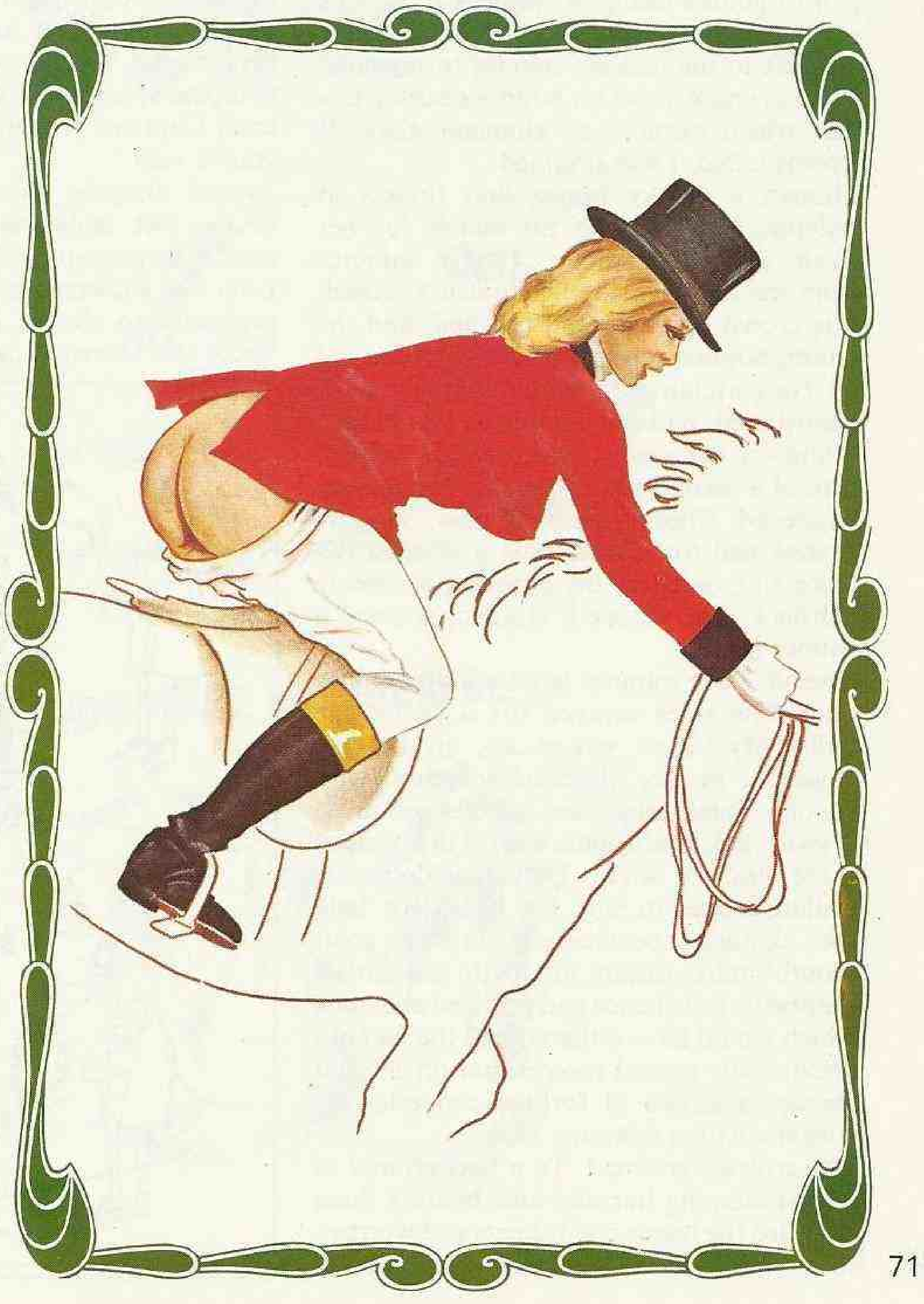
Lady Samantha Jane IV, of course, epitomizes everything that is classic in the English horsewoman. Honey blonde Anglo-Saxon mane flowing behind her in the cold morning air; broad and functional in the carriage with potential child bearing, horse bearing and especially man bearing, hips – knees that grip extremely well and an unabashed pride in riding bareback to hounds.

Blood sports, we call them. Can't be bad. Mine's tingling already!









Launching- a unique reader service

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr Charles Vintner

This month we introduce an authoritative new reader service. It began much earlier this year when we collated the steady flow of letters from readers who treated us as their confidant in asking help with medical or sexual problems. We were not qualified to advise them. Eventually we discovered a specialist medical practitioner who had the wide experience we sought. Dr Charles Vintner (a pseudonym for ethical reasons) has enormous knowledge in applied psychology and runs a clinic dealing with emotional and personal problems. He believes that most GPs do not have the time to deal fully with such cases. His guidance is intended to complement that of a reader's own doctor who should be consulted first.

I am 18 years old and my problem is that my penis has not grown in proportion to my body. It is still only 2½ ins when erect. This affects my sex life enormously. The greatest humiliation is that during intercourse my penis slips out. I have tried medications to make it larger during intercourse but these have failed. I seek your advice in desperation. J.A., Falkirk.

Under-development of the genitals (penis and testicles) is normally due to a form of hypogonadism to a greater or lesser degree.

The penis size may be helped by massage, preferably after a warm bath, when the organ should be well soaped and then squeezed from the base toward the tip. This should be done quite slowly, pausing frequently and grasping the shaft of the penis. The action should not be so fast as to bring about an ejaculation. Periodic masturbation will also help and especially if this can be combined with a form of massage. The penis should be well moistened with soap and the action should be carried out as slowly as possible.

Intercourse, even with a small penis, may be successfully undertaken if the amount of body movement is reduced and the actual penis movement with the vagina induced by contraction and expansion of the stomach muscles. This action may be practised while standing by pulling in and then releasing the stomach muscles.

It will be noticed that if this is carried out while an erection is present there will be a definite to and fro movement. During intercourse all long thrusting movements are eliminated. The penis is inserted just past the vaginal bridge and by contracting and releasing the stomach muscles the penis tip moves back and forth beneath the bridge, the pressure on the glans being sufficient to bring about an orgasm, while the semi-vertical movement at the base of the penis against the clitoris should help to produce a similar effect for the female.

A long-term cure for this complaint is achieved through a course of Perandren 'Linguets' (Methyltestosterone) which are available in strengths of 5 mg, 10 mg, 25 mg, and 50 mg. The precise dosage should be prescribed by your doctor, but once the initial cure has started the maintenance dosage daily is reduced.

Initially it may be desirable to have an injection of the Perandren solution and thereafter the Linguets provide for the maintenance boost. However, the full course of treatment may take up to two years and patience is needed.

Don't despair. Treatment can be extremely effective. In one case an increase of 100 per cent in the penis size was obtained. In virtually every case improvement is obtained.

Can you advise me how to fight the enemy of our marital life – the hot bath? It sounds odd, but it is true.

My wife first had sex at the age of 16 and had several lovers before she met me at 19. Most of her lovers were inexperienced and she enjoyed little real pleasure until she first had sex with me. I am six years older than she and my Christian name still has special meaning for her; to be rogered for her means to have a climax.

Our life was happy for two years of marriage but since the arrival of our baby things have gone wrong. My wife likes a hot bath before going to bed. This does not reduce her desires but it does reduce her performance, and her ability to enjoy sex.

Because I have an early starting job, sex in the mornings is not usually convenient.

I am sure that her failure is not due to tiredness. During a three week holiday, very carefree and relaxed, her lower parts remained numb in the evenings. In the mornings, however, when the effects of the bath had worn off, she was her old passionate self, even waking me up, she naked and spreadeagled with appetites reborn. It certainly puzzles me. R.L., Norfolk.

You do not say whether precisely similar effects were noticeable prior to childbirth so one must assume that these did not occur, and that your wife was able to respond to sex after an evening bath.

It is not known how much time has elapsed since the child was born but in many cases the woman suffers similar after-effects, mainly due to the stretching of the muscles and tissues around the vagina. If the birth were rather long drawn out or in any way difficult, if for example it was a 'breech' birth, then one could expect a variety of possibly post-natal effects.

It is possible that in the latter stages of pregnancy your wife may have suffered from pains of the lower limbs due to pressure on the sciatic nerves, and as these nerves run through the lower limbs it seems more than likely that the simple fact of sitting in a bath with a very hard surface may exert pressures on the lower sciatic nerves and give a numbness which overnight goes away.

I would suggest that your wife goes to her ante-natal clinic for an examination to locate just where the trouble lies. In the meantime she could avoid sitting on the very hard surface of the bath by putting a three-inch thick piece of foam rubber (as used for cushions) beneath her. Secondly, she could turn over in the bath so that she lies face downwards. In am sure the husband would enjoy soaping her back, but make sure she gets out straight away and does not put any weight on her buttocks. The third bathing alternative, of course, is to have a shower.

My problem is that since the day I joined the army I have taken a liking to nude boys. I don't think I am queer, as I like girls, but the sight of the boys in my room getting undressed gives me a sexual reaction. But there again so do the pictures of girls in your magazine. I think the boys in my room are starting to notice this and as I don't want to cause friction and ruin my army career I have started to make up stories about girls I have gone out with. I am only 19 and am still a virgin. R.G., Catterick.

The fact that the sight of a nude body arouses sexual feelings is perfectly normal. Where the bodies are of the same sex, or if an erection results, it can present certain difficulties, although this is far more common than generally realised, or will readily be admitted.

You say you are a 'virgin' and this in itself is part of the answer for you are equating a nude body with that of a nude woman, and this is then translated into the sexual desire with a consequent erection. If you had a girlfriend who could provide you with sexual relief, either by sexual intercourse, or even masturbation, you would find that male nudity would leave you less affected. It should not be impossible to arrange this. Even if you do not know any girls in the area, I am sure that some of your companions with rather more experience could provide the necessary introduction.

Please forgive a woman writing to your magazine but I would be grateful if you could help me with my problem. Compared with the models in your magazine, my nipples are very flat and small. Although I have a 36in bust I am very self-conscious about this. I am recently married and although my husband would never admit it I feel I should do something about it. Mrs S.C., Leicester.

From your letter one feels that you should have no reason to worry at all. After all, you do have a 36in bust. You obviously feel that your husband is very attracted to the more prominent nipple. You, of course, are judging your nipples in their normal state, but immediately prior to and during intercourse, the nipples become hard and firm, the bust engorges slightly and becomes more erect, and the nipples definitely protrude.

You state that you are recently married, and you will find that continuous intercourse, massage, and even nipple kissing or sucking will help to increase the size. I presume your husband will be only too willing to help in this exercise. You can also massage them regularly, for when not erect they should be more resilient and can be pulled out from the breasts. One manufacturer even supplies a little nipple exerciser. This takes the form of a small suction cup which fits over the breasts to keep them firm, and thus helping to produce that more extended appearance.

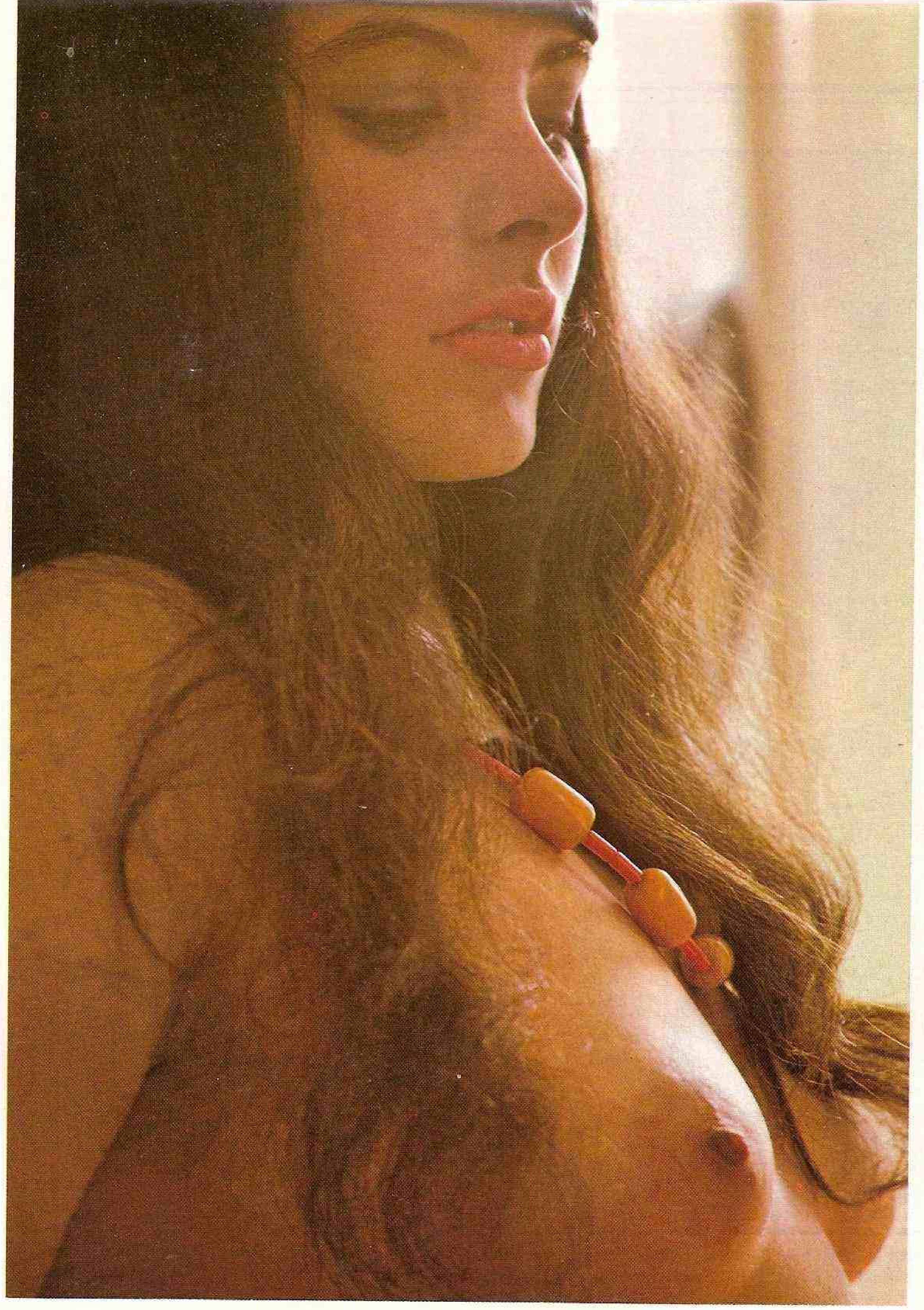
Should you and your husband have a child and decide to breast feed it, you will soon find that nipples extend very considerably.

In the absence of a child your husband could take your nipples in his lips, either prior to or during intercourse, and this will produce a similar effect in time. I would recommend that hand and mouth massage be used in the first instance, and after several more months of marriage the results should be all that is desired. If an exaggerated effect is required then the suction cups will provide this.

The letters answered on this page are not spurious. They are genuine queries from readers. Since advice of this nature often demands urgency, the replies you read were sent direct to the readers before publication of this page. We now invite readers to submit any queries or problems they feel Dr Charles Vintner can help with. All letters will be treated as confidential. No names or addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. Because of delay between receiving a letter and publishing an answer, letters to be used in the magazine may have the advice sent direct to the letter writer in advance of publication. Letters which are not to be used will not receive a private answer. No correspondence can be entered into.

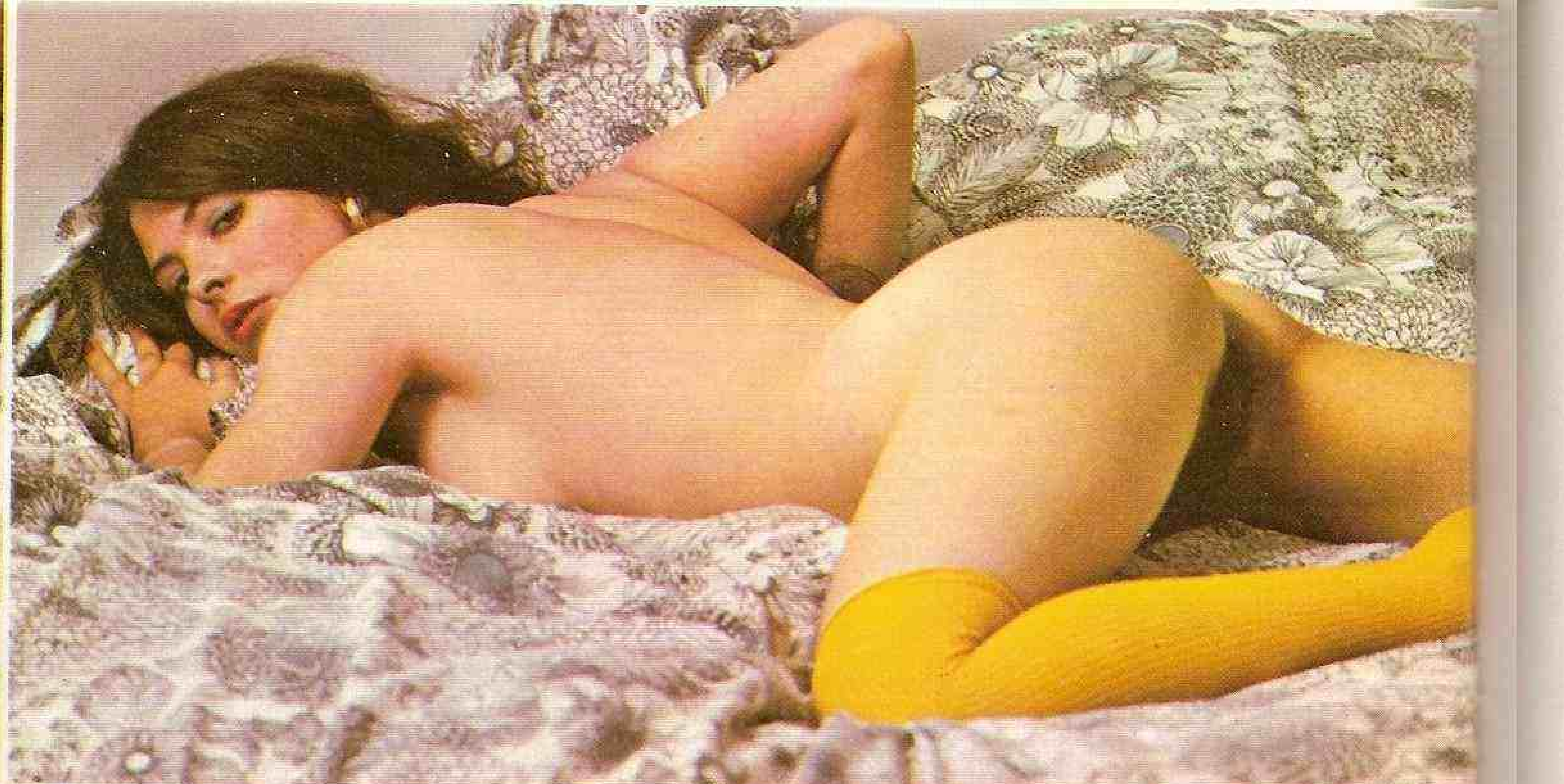
Please do not waste our time and yours with invented problems and spurious addresses.

Address your letters to: Dr Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.



Paula

The voice is friendly, cheerful and easy to chat to. The sort of voice you're delighted to get on a wet Wednesday when you've mis-dialled and deserve nothing more than a crow-voiced receptionist. Paula Fitzgibbon is one of those girls who does not disappoint. Her voice and her mind are as exhilarating and honest as her body is sensuous. 'Mind you,' she admits, 'often I'm moody and day dreaming, but then I'm a Piscean, which may explain it.' And what does a March born Piscean dream of at the eventful age of 21? 'Happy memories of old boyfriends, mostly, and daydreams like that.' If Paula is a dreamer it's fun to try the old psychological test. Imagine yourself in the situation of great physical attraction to the opposite sex. Most women say 'sweeping down a broad staircase in a glittering ball gown.' Others 'in bra and suspender belt gyrating in a strip club.'



And Paula? How does she see her dreaming secret self? 'Running with a tribe through the jungle. Primitive and basic and totally free. Really wild, I suppose.' With such candid if Freudian an answer, it's difficult to resist talking with a Plomley in the mouth: Do you think you would make a good castaway on a desert island? To which Paula with a wickedly sexual grin, replies: 'Only if I could share it with a tribe – virile and all male.' And her 37–23–36in figure wriggles with enjoyment at the thought. What tropical background gives Paula her luxuriant libido? None at all. She was born in Guildford, just beyond the Surrey commuter belt, and went to school at a convent in Sussex. 'I don't think I should tell you which one, it would hardly be fair to them.' At school Paula found she was hopeless at maths, but discovered a talent for languages that surprised even herself. As a result, Paula can try the natives of her jungle in fluent French and passable German and Spanish. Her other assessment of herself at school is that she was a 'very sporty person.' It is delivered with a knowing chuckle, as if only convent-educated girls could understand how lacrosse or other festivals of flashing blue-serge knickers have delicious sexual connotations.

Paula is articulate on her choice in men. She has a couple of casual boyfriends but the man who will really mean something to her will be ambitious, intelligent, understanding, but physically strong. Strong? we queried. You mean to dominate you? 'Yes please,' says Paula, demurely, 'I'm rather anti women's lib.' *Mayfair* can often ask what many men can only wonder about. At the risk of being a bore, can we spell it out? If you had a boyfriend who said you had been moody and bloody-minded all evening and you were going over his knee for a spanking, how would you react to that. 'I would enjoy it very much,' says Paula with engaging candour. Bare bottomed? we ask. 'I would expect so,' says Paula. Had she, in fact, ever had a boyfriend who had done just that? 'Two,' says Paula with a reminiscent, rueful grin.

Today, Paula works as a secretary in Holborn for a very pleasant boss who is party to the secret that Paula is appearing in *Mayfair* but who is giving a most convincing performance of not actually chewing his fingernails in impatient anticipation, and that's quite an achievement if you've ever seen Paula move round an office.

For her evening hours Paula favours the drive into the country and cheerfully admits to being an absolutely hopeless driver. 'I failed the test five times before finally passing. A boyfriend once told me that I was the sort of girl who gave women drivers a bad name.' Which is rather sad for Daddy, a public relations executive, and even more for his car. Paula still lives at home and when Daddy let her borrow his new car she promptly scratched it. Not another smacked bottom? 'Not from Daddy,' she said. Evenings often find her in the disco bar at the top of the Park Tower, the new hotel in London's Knightsbridge. Again let's play the pretend game. Imagine your perfect evening, how would it go? 'Firstly,' says Paula, 'a few drinks, preferably in a nice pub. Then dinner in one of the dark little restaurants I know. Then perhaps back to his place, some soft lights and soul music.'

And the big double bed? 'Anywhere,' says Paula. 'Not necessarily the bed. The rug perhaps. But there must be variety.' Of place? we ask. 'And position,' laughs Paula. Honey, we say. You're too honest for this world. Just no-one will believe that you actually say things like that . . .

MAYFAIR'S FABULOUS FIVE

No matter how you like your girls, at least one film in Mayfair's Film Society has something to please your tastes. There's five absolutely gorgeous girls. That's five different shapes, and five different sizes.

Latest addition to the Mayfair Film Society is that delectable Bournemouth beauty queen, Penny Mallett. Filmed at London's Latin Quarter night club, she plays a distressed beauty queen. Distressed because the other girls in the contest are so jealous that they cut up Penny's costume and there she is, stuck starkers. But Penny isn't beaten. A polythene laundry bag sets her initiative running wild and soon she's clad in a sexy transparent bikini. Before Penny came air-hostess Sophie who spills her duty free drink all over her on a train journey. With her crisp clean uniform soaking she decides to change on the train, with startling results. Contrasting the tall slim Sophie are the warm, well-rounded features of Victoria Jane, who decides that her pet dog needs a wash. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she goes about it. If you like them big and black there's Sylvia Bayo. Her huge breasts and full sensuous lips could turn on an ice cube. And for the man who likes the old-fashioned blonde type we have pert, Monroeish Caroline Dell. Mayfair colour films let you see our girls in living, moving colour. They are approximately 100 feet long and each costs £6.40. All the films are 8 mm but there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector and if you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 machines give a larger image.

CAROLINE *Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12*

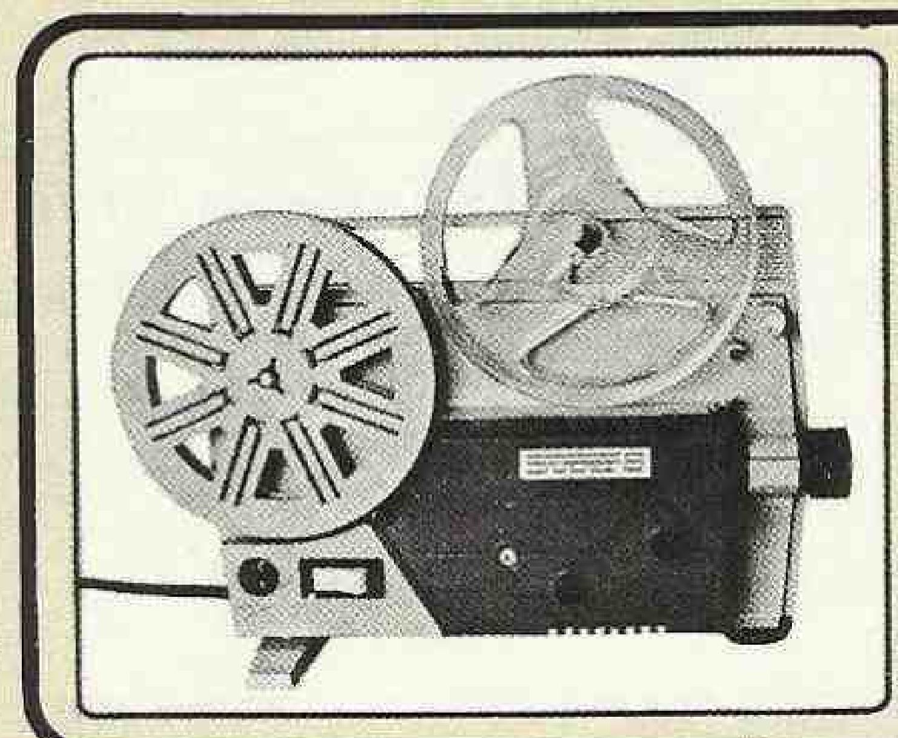
SYLVIA *Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia*

PENNY *The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene*

SOPHIE *Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four*

VICTORIA *Victoria Jane, as she was in Mayfair's Vol. 6 No. 5*

With five full colour films available to you through th Mayfair Film Society, every possible taste in dolly appreciation is amply catered for



FANTASTIC MOVIE PROJECTOR OFFER

Our great new projector is currently available to Mayfair readers for the bargain price of just £13.50. Packed in a special case, it comes complete with its own wall hung screen. Look around your local photographic store, and we are sure you won't find another projector with these features at the same price. It gives a needle-sharp image from 8 mm stock – making it ideal not only for Mayfair Film Society features, but for your home movies as well. Mains operated, it is finished in tough plastic and features an easy self-threading device. The screen measures 24″ by 17″ and rolls up for storage. A larger image can be projected on any light surface such as a wall or white sheeting. Note: due to high postal rates this offer can apply to the United Kingdom only.

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie/Penny Mallett film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose cheque/postal order for..............................

Please send me..............Standard 8/Super 8 Projector(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for..............................

Name..(I am over 18)

Address

.... Date.............. M91

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.

Reg. London No. 875169.

LETTERS

continued from page 15

geon's hands at work, cutting and pulling the vas, and occasionally pulling down my testicles. Twenty five minutes after entering the operating room I was pulling on a jock strap and ready to leave for home, one of six men being sterilised at the same time.

That night and most of the following day my balls ached and I was concerned about getting an erection. But on the third day I was free of pain and ready for action. My wife and I needed to use condoms for the 10 weeks it took to rid of remaining sperms but after that we started on a round of hectic sex activity such as we'd not had since our honeymoon 10 years ago. My wife tells me that intercourse is even better than ever and I look neater since the operation which, though it left no scars, has had the effect of lifting my balls and tightening the scrotum.

If only more couples knew the delights of unrestricted sex with the freedom given by male sterilization I am sure most men would ask to be 'fixed.'

J.B., Wolverhampton

I have just read Vol. 8 No. 11, which is as good as ever – but with one exception: the illustration for 'The Last of the Headhunters'. I don't think the illustrator, Mallard Griffiths, has much ken of primitive civilisations in Africa, South America (where the story is based), or wherever. The tall man with the flat headdress and the 'comb' in his brow, carrying a long bladed lance is a Masai warrior. The Masai are, and always have been, East African herdsmen. Wanderers, plainsmen, far-sighted and only given to eating the meat of buffalo they catch, or perhaps the 'Simba' (lion) that stalks the protected herd of cattle. He is distantly related to the North African Touareg by a thousand years, and more immediately the Kibuyu, also of Kenya. The man to his right is more resemblant of the bushfolk of South West Africa and the aboriginal Australasian. Southern Ethiopian tribesmen may also look similar. I suggest this because his clothing and ear decorations resemble those of a more 'civilised' nature of negro tribesmen. The only man who looks right is the one above and to the right of Mr Rensel. He, and only he, looks the South American, jungle-based, head-hunting descendant. I'm not an intellectual of long-standing study, but someone who can tell the difference between peoples of similar pigmentation, because I've taken the trouble to find out about our black brothers, and white and central Asian antecedents. I know Mr Rensel is meant to be an anthropologist, but this story is about headhunters, so no more mixups, and get your illustrators to do some homework.

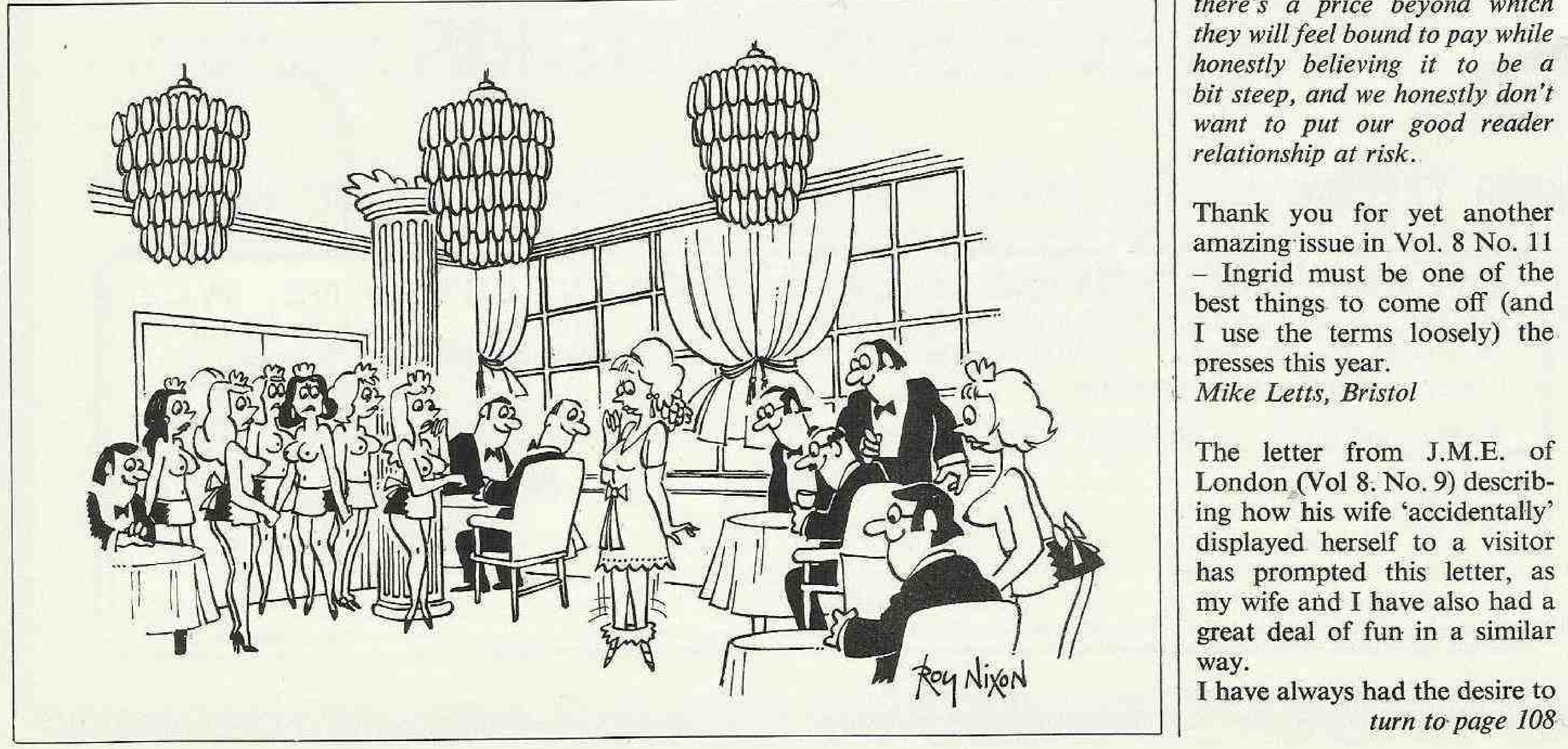
Alan Lancaster, Ealing, W5

I have just read Vol. 8 No. 10 and feel compelled to write to reassure your correspondent D.I. of Prestwick on the motives of women who wear capes. I am a cape wearer and have been for two years now, but the thought of using the cover it provides to parade nude in front of my boyfriends has never occurred to me (until now that is). Surely there are other ways of bringing a male into 'cape-tivity'? D.I. can rest assured that the motive of this girl, at least, in putting on a cape was associated more with keeping out the cold air than inviting itchy fingers in. However I will admit that my men all seem to prefer to have me at a physical disadvantage and when I have my cape on I do feel my movements are restricted. I can't push them off! Despite all that has been said I enjoy my cape and it seems I am going to enjoy it even more. So if any of your readers spot a bird in the centre of Manchester wearing a red mini-length cape, fur hood, black leather boots and bare breasts showing through the armholes give me a shout.

Miss A.D., Manchester

A recent visit to a topless restaurant in Europe introduced me to the perils of bare-breasted service. Our waitress, a lady with a magnificent 42-inch plus, brought us a second helping of potatoes and was about to leave when we noticed a small potato lodged in the underside of her generous cleavage. She declined our offer of help in extricating the offending vegetable and rushed off, but I for one will never feel the same about the humble spud again!

E.L., Bromley



In your reply to the letter from W.C. of Newcastle (Vol. 8 No. 11) you say you cannot do much about requests such as his for prints from photos appearing in *Mayfair*. Surely there can be no difficulty in producing prints from 35mm transparencies? I have prints made from my own transparencies all the time. Expensive? O.K., if readers want them simply charge whatever you feel is a fair price; it seems unlikely that anyone will mind if the cost is a little high. And if you produce many prints from one original the cost per copy will be reduced. Alternatively, why not offer duplicate transparencies? And copyright? If the pics are taken by your own photographers then it really is difficult to see the problem . . . If, as you say, you get many requests like this, it would be a good idea to feature one set of pictures of one particular girl each month specifically for readers to order prints. If the cost of colour is prohibitive then offer black and white. Surely there can be no real reason to make a total refusal for a service of this kind?

Ray Denton, Rotherham

Unfortunately there can, Mr Denton. To start with, copyright problems are a major stumbling block since Mayfair *uses a wide range of specialist photographers who are not necessarily members of staff. In addition each reader is likely to want a different picture reproduced, so that the cost is still going to be very high. In our experience of dealing with readers' requests there's a price beyond which they will feel bound to pay while honestly believing it to be a bit steep, and we honestly don't want to put our good reader relationship at risk.*

Thank you for yet another amazing issue in Vol. 8 No. 11 – Ingrid must be one of the best things to come off (and I use the terms loosely) the presses this year.

Mike Letts, Bristol

The letter from J.M.E. of London (Vol 8. No. 9) describing how his wife 'accidentally' displayed herself to a visitor has prompted this letter, as my wife and I have also had a great deal of fun in a similar way.

I have always had the desire to

turn to page 108

In Mayfair next month

WHY DO MAYFAIR'S GIRLS GET BETTER AND BETTER?

Because some of the most beautiful girls in this country are saying 'Why not?' when their boyfriends ask them to pose for us. *Mayfair* is now Britain's brightest, best-selling and most generally acceptable men's magazine. It's a natural home for girls like Deborah. Sleek, delicate, dark-haired girls. Girls with a sheen of sophistication over a warm-hearted, uninhibited enjoyment of life and of sex. She reminded us of a younger Elizabeth Taylor. Judge for yourself by looking in next month's *Mayfair*.

Plus three more sensational girls; the tragic story of one of the world's greatest ever motor racing drivers; a quizzical look at flashers; expert advice on the most economical way to stay on the road during a petrol freeze; more intimate readers' queries with *Mayfair's* new medical consultancy; a startling new Quest survey; Ronald Cobb on office girls; a specially enlarged page of choice after dinner jokes; pages of cartoons, pages of readers' letters, pages of extra colour, and of course, the continuing misadventures of our strip-girl Carrie.

SUBSCRIBE IT'S THE BEST WAY

There's a big demand for Britain's biggest-selling men's magazine. Don't find yourself out in the cold. Ensure that you get the next copy by taking advantage of our regular subscription service. For just £4.20 (£4.60 overseas) we will deliver direct to your door twelve copies of *Mayfair* magazine – entirely post free. And they'll reach you days before they appear on the news-stands. Each copy is sent in a sealed, plain, flat envelope (flat, padded bags overseas) so it's never bent or rolled like other magazines. Don't delay. Fill in the form now.

BEST OF ALL, SEND OFF A BANKER'S ORDER TODAY

If you have a current bank account save yourself time, trouble and the cost of regular cheques by filling in the banker's order form opposite and sending it straight off to us. Then your *Mayfairs* are guaranteed for the following year and for as long afterwards as you wish to receive copies. It's the one certain way to make a permanent place in your life for all the good things *Mayfair* has to offer: fabulous girls, exciting features, provocative informers, fiction and the choice of today's best jokes and cartoons. Can you honestly afford to be without it? Fill in one or either of the forms at once.

To Miss Pat Asquith, Mayfair Readers' Service, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me hot from the presses the next twelve issues of Mayfair, for which I enclose my cheque/postal order for £4·20.

Name ……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

……………………………………

…………………… Date …………………… M91

BANKER'S ORDER

To…………………………………… Bank Limited

Branch ……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

…………………………………… Date……………

Please pay to the order of Fisk Publishing Company Limited, Mayfair Members Account No. 12327661, Williams & Glyn's Bank Ltd., 69 Aldwych, London WC2 (16-00-11) the sum of £4.20 (U.K.) or £4.60 (overseas) on above date and thereafter on that date yearly, being my subscription to Mayfair Magazine.*

Signed……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

**Delete whichever is inapplicable*

LETTERS

continued from page 106

reveal my wife's body to other men and up until a year ago had to be content with showing photographs to my friends. I used to start with a fully clothed shot, gradually working through semi-clothed to completely nude shots, my excitement reaching a peak when I handed over the open crotch pictures. My wife once asked me if I ever showed anyone her photos and before answering I asked her if she would be annoyed if I had done. 'Why should I be?' she answered, so I admitted everything. To my amazement she was quite happy about it and told me that whilst posing for my camera she frequently had fantasies about being exposed to other men. I then told her that I would like to take pictures of her while another man was present. Again to my surprise she agreed and I rang an old friend who had once told me that he would like to be 'a fly on the wall' at one of our photo sessions. He was round within half an hour. We started in the usual way with my wife clothed, gradually removing her clothes and posing in different positions. By the time she reached her bra and panties it was obvious that my friend and I were becoming excited, and she asked if she should go on. I said, of course, and she stripped off completely, lying on the bed and exposing everything. After that we decided to have coffee. My wife said that as it was so late there wasn't much point in dressing again, besides which she enjoyed being naked.

When my friend had gone we enjoyed the best lovemaking session we had ever had and decided that we must repeat the performance. I suggested that it was a shame that my friend hadn't shared in the finale and perhaps next time? We both agreed that this would be so and the following week after the photography all three of us got into bed together. Since then another friend of mine has joined in the fun and games, alternating with the first friend. We hope soon to invite both to the same session.

G.W., Guildford, Surrey.

As a married woman, I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years and consider it to be one of the best of its kind. However, it amazes me that you do not consider enlightening the minds of those poor naive men who can see no further than their upbringing has dictated. You have articles on the ladies' underwear that men find attractive. You have letters from men who unashamedly admit that their women do not find them sexually attractive, or have no sexual feelings. I can completely understand why so many women close their minds to the needs of men. You expect women to dress themselves in a way to entice the men in our society, but what men do you offer us for our efforts? Surely you don't mean the spectacle of the average man in his crumpled suit jacket and baggy trousers.

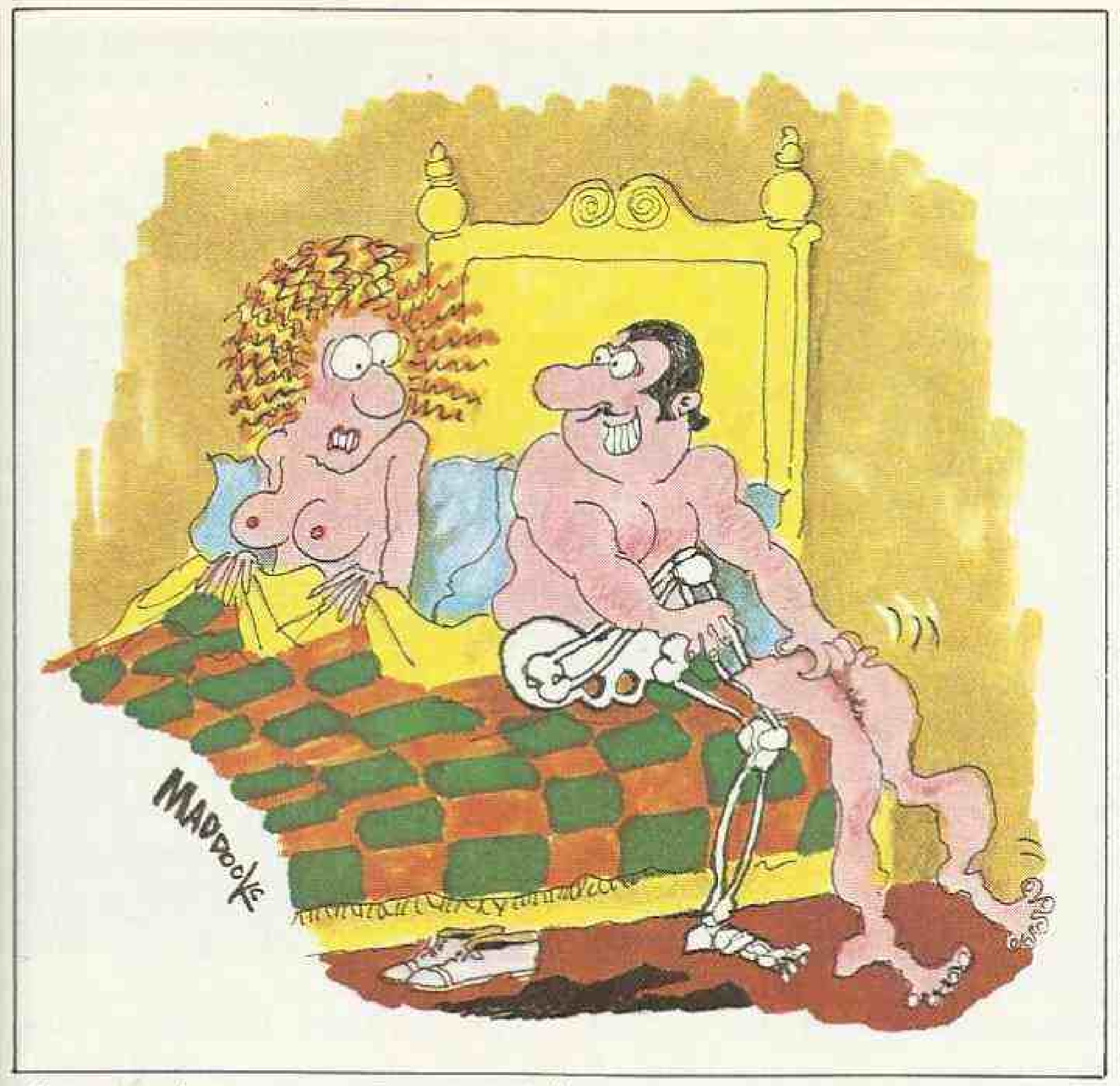
I put to you it is not the women who need liberating, it's the men. Not until they take the trouble to groom and dress themselves to please their women will they get the kind of reactions that both sexes will enjoy.

Mrs. D.H., London SW4

As an undergraduate in my second year of medicine I have recently completed a short spell in a general hospital. It was therefore interesting to read in *Mayfair* Vol. 8 No. 10 of the glorious Birgetta's belief in the confidence of the public schoolboy when it comes to chatting up women. As an ex-public schoolboy, and now as a student in one of the most hallowed academic centres in the world, I am quite convinced that I am at a sexual disadvantage. It would appear that women are immediately put upon their guard as soon as they learn of my current studies. One case I remember in particular concerns a young nurse of voluptuous proportions. She was nursing in the same intensive care unit as myself and in the course of the day we saw a lot of each other. One evening after a late duty, I invited her out for an early breakfast, this being at about five thirty in the morning. She accepted, we left and to cut a long story short decided that she would sleep with me, though how much sleep would have actually been 'slept' is dubious, and now I shall never know anyway. We all but had intercourse in my car, and we were both I believe looking forward to an uninhibited medical work-out. But, disaster. As soon as I stopped the car outside my college she asked if I was a student at Oxford. Naturally I replied yes, to which the answer was simply, 'Well, I think I ought to go.'

I do not know to this day if she thought my college was reserved for clergymen, but I would be most interested to learn of any other experiences – or rather non-experiences – of this kind had by any other students. Perhaps a lady reader would care to explain. Happily I have now solved my problem and claim to be the janitor.

P.M., Oxford



Your Quest article on girls who have sex out of spite (Vol. 8 No. 9) reminded me of something that happened to me about 12 months ago. My best friend was to be married on a Saturday and on the Friday before we went into town for his stag night. Four of us had been to a club and were just leaving with some girls we had picked up inside when I noticed my friend's fiancée walking towards us on the opposite side of the street. At the same time she saw my friend with his arm round the girl he had found inside. The fiancée took to her heels, crying, and vanished towards the main road. My friend still hadn't noticed, so I told everybody I had to go and relieve myself and pretended to rush off in search of a quiet alleyway or shop door. Instead I caught up with the fiancée, who was now sobbing her heart out and calling my friend all the names under the sun. I managed to quieten her down by telling her it was just her fiancé's last big night out and until now had been as faithful as they come. She said she had been in town for her hen party but had lost track of her friends moving between a pub and a club. She couldn't remember which club so I offered to run her home. On the way she told me she wanted to go to the new house she and my friend had bought in the suburbs. We arrived and she asked me in for coffee. We drank and talked to about half two, and all the time her conversation kept coming back to my friend and what a swine he was. Finally she said, 'You haven't seen the rest of the house yet, have you?' and she took my hand and showed me round. We stood at the door of the main bedroom and then she let go of my hand and asked me to unzip the back of her long green velvet gown. Only then did I realise the position I'd got myself into, and also how easily I could be caught out. 'Now hold on a minute,' I said, 'you're not taking your revenge out on me.'

She stepped out of her dress and replied, 'Oh, yes I am.' Then she turned round and showed the most beautiful pair of breasts I have ever seen. I thought I would explode.

Stepping forward she put one hand on the back of my neck and the other brushed the front of my trousers. We kissed and suddenly I was as convinced as his fiancée that my friend needed a lesson. We fell onto the bed and it was past five o'clock before we both fell to sleep exhausted. The

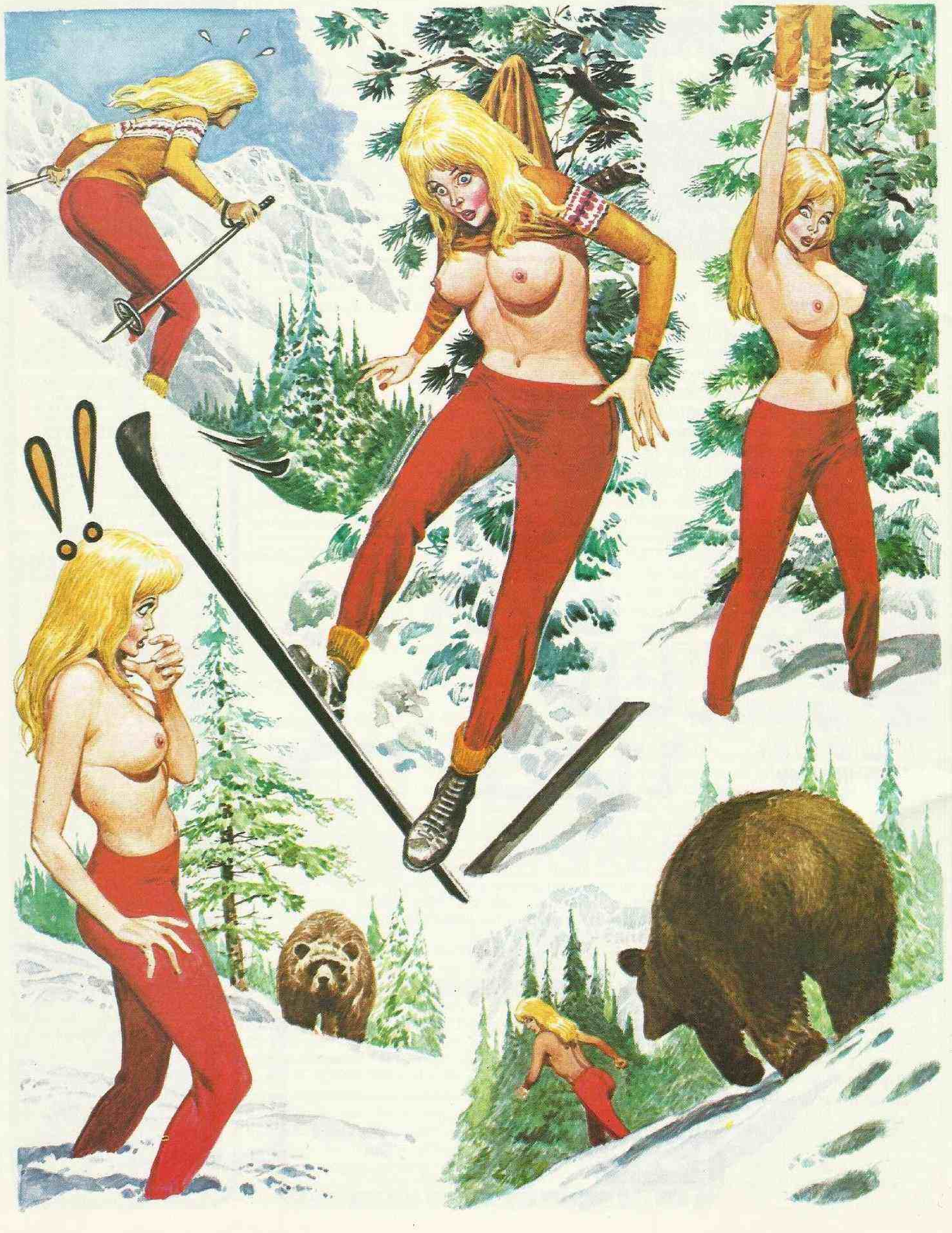
turn to page 110

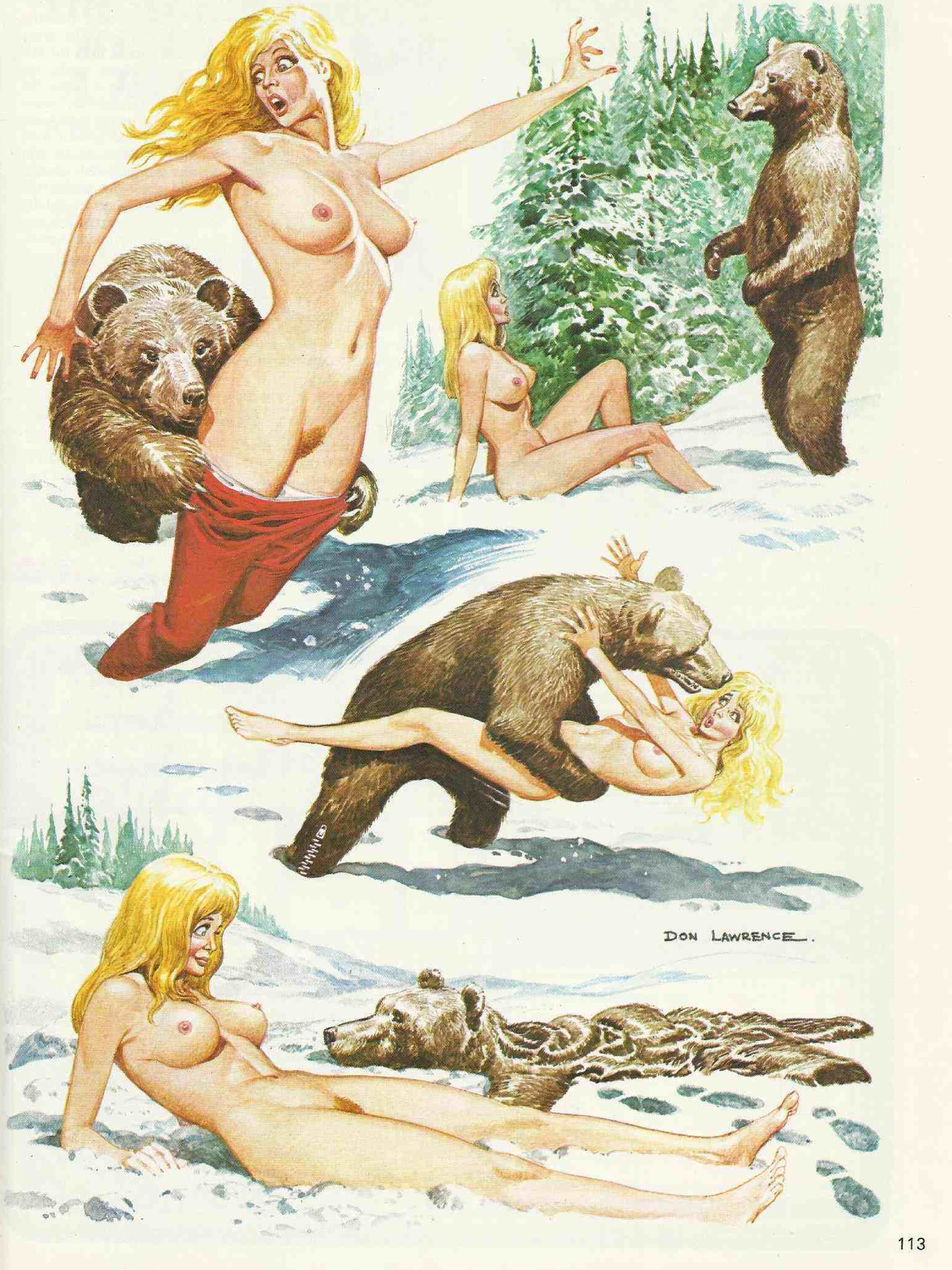
Get to know Peter Stuyvesant - smoothest by far.
Get to know the wide and wonderful world of Peter Stuyvesant. King Size. Special filter. Rich choice tobaccos. Smooth, smooth flavour. Youngest of the world brands.
So much more to enjoy.
CIGARETTES
Peter Stuyvesant
FILTER 20
1592 1672
RICH CHOICE TOBACCOS
KING SIZE
THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

CARRIE

Scooped out of the ski run Carrie falls foul of a bare-skinned lover




DON LAWRENCE.